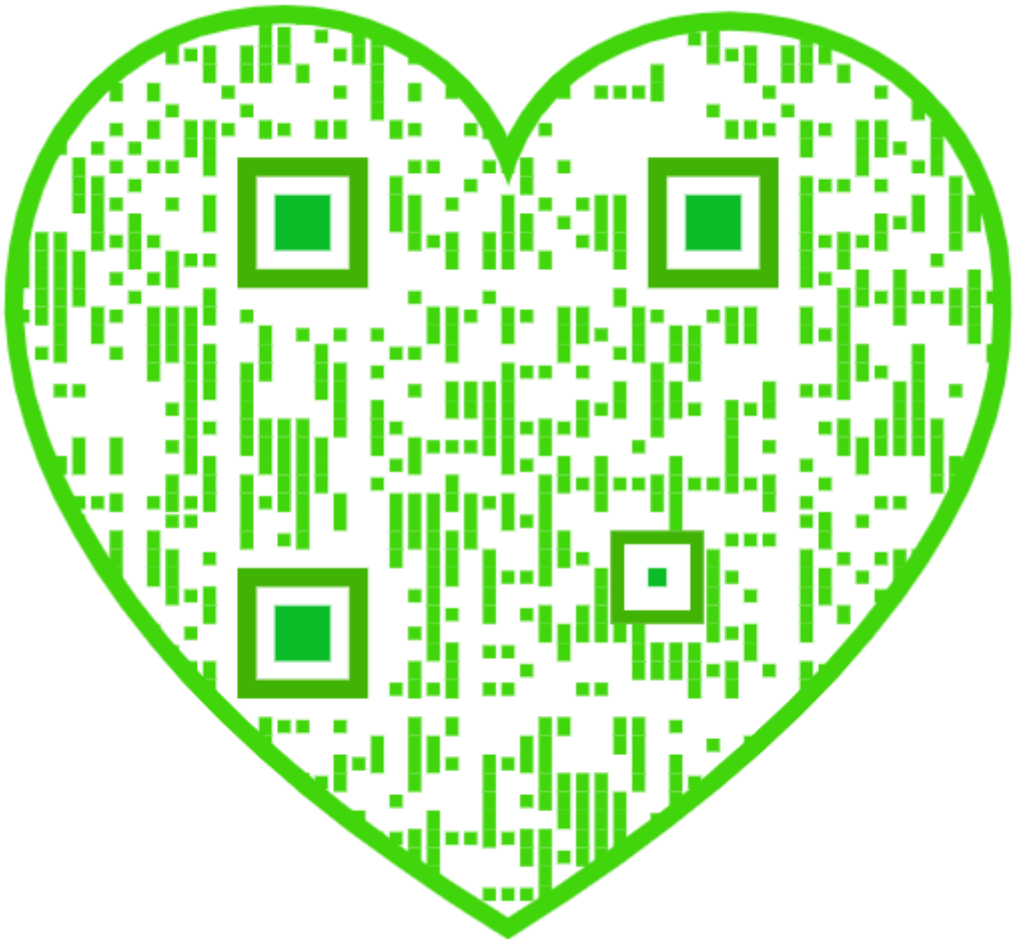

THE

EPISTLES

OF

LUCIUS ANNÆUS SENECA.

VOL. I.

THE

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OF

LUCIUS ANNÆUS SENECA.

WITH LARGE

ANNOTATIONS,

WHEREIN, PARTICULARLY,

THE TENETS OF THE ANTIENT PHILOSOPHERS

ARE CONTRASTED WITH

THE DIVINE PRECEPTS OF THE GOSPEL,

WITH REGARD TO THE

MORAL DUTIES OF MANKIND.

In TWO VOLUMES.

By THOMAS MORELL, D.D.

VOL I.

LONDON:
Printed by W. WOODFALL, Dorſet-ſtreet, Saliſbury-Square.
And ſold by G. G. and J. ROBINSON, Pater-noſter-row.
M,DCC,LXXXVI.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

A SKETCH of the LIFE and WRITINGS of *LUCIUS ANNÆUS SENECA*; ſo far as they concern the Engliſh Reader.

SECTION I.

L. ANNÆUS SENECA, the author and *publiſher* of the following Epiſtles (in *Latin)*, was born at *Corduba*, an old flouriſhing colony in *Bætic Spain*, ſtill retaining the name of *Cordova veia*. It was inhabited originally by a ſelect body of *Romans* and *Spaniards (a)*. It may be difficult therefore to determine, whether the *Annæan (b)* race were originally *Spaniſh*, or belonging to a colony from *Italy*: but this we may be certain of, from the teſtimony of *Seneca* himſelf, that they were of the equeſtrian order: *Am I*, ſaith he, (Tac. l. 14) *one, by rank no higher than a knight; by birth no other than a foreigner; am I numbered with the grandees of the Imperial city? Is it ſo indeed, that my* new *name, my modern quality has thus blazed forth amongſt the illuſtrious Lords of* Rome? His father therefore, and perhaps his grandfather, were of the equeſtrian order, but no higher; for ſcarce would he have mentioned his *new* name, if his anceſtors had attained to honours.

(a) And was in high repute by means of *Marcus Marcellus*, the prætor, who governed *Spain*, (according to *Livy*, l. 43) in the year U. C. DLXXXV. at that time it ſeems in peace and quietneſs; which inclines me, ſays *Lipſius*, to believe this to be the time when the colony was introduced, and the city greatly enlarged and beautified; for that it was not built anew we may learn from *Silius*, who in Hannibal's time called it Corduba.

Nec decus auriferæ ceſſavit Corduba terræ. 3. 406.

It obtained the privilege of being called *Colonia Patricia*. So *Pliny* (l. 3. c. 1.) expreſsly: and on the coin of *Auguſtus*, with his head, *Permiſſu Cæſaris Auguſti*; and on the reverſe, *Colonia Patricia*, as it was both a ſplendid and a rich city, and ſupplied the Roman commonwealth with fathers and ſenators. For in the age of *Auguſtus*, men were ſelected out of every province to make up the ſenate. L.

(b) Lipſius obſerves that this ſirname was uſed likewiſe in another family, *the Accian*; as, *M. Accio. Seneca* (Gruter. p. 490.)

His father, *L. Annæus Seneca*, who is generally diſtinguiſhed from the ſon by the title of *the orator*, or *declaimer (c)*, married a *Spaniſh* lady, named *Helvia*, a woman of great underſtanding and other accompliſhments. He came from Corduba to Rome in the time of *Auguſtus*, and was ſoon after followed by his wife and children. Here he continued ſome time managing his affairs with the favour and good report of all men, and I think, ſays *Lipſius*, he lived till about the latter time of *Tiberius*. Be that as it will, *Seneca* was brought to Rome as yet in his infancy, and of a weakly and ſickly conſtitution, under the care of his aunt *(d)*.

§ II. He had two brothers, one older, called *Marcus Annæus Novatus*, and the other younger, called *L. Annæus Mela*. The former ſoon after changed his name to that of *Junius Gallio*, by adoption *(e)*; and accordingly in the *Euſebian* Chronicle is ſtiled *Junius Annæus Gallio*, Seneca's brother; an excellent orator. He it is to whom our *Seneca* addreſſed his books (de Irâ), *concerning anger*, under the name of *Novatus*; and whom in his title to the treatiſe *on a happy life*, he calls his *Brother Gallio*, and in his epiſtles his *Lord Gallio*; properly enough, as he was his elder brother, ſays *Lipſius*; who likewiſe obſerves that *Annæus Mela (f)* the youngeſt brother, was *only* a Roman knight, (i. e. *not a ſenator)* but the father of *Lucan*, from whence (ſays *Tacitus)* accrued a vaſt acceſſion to his fame and ſplendor. Theſe then were the three brothers, of whom ſays *Martial*,

Et docti Senecæ tres numeranda domus.
The triple houſe of learned Seneca:

i. e. the three ſons or families of the learned orator.

(c) Declamation being his peculiar talent: though there are many declamations under his name, which were really not his own, but having been digeſted by him and diſtinguiſhed with titles and annotations, they ſufficiently ſpeak his pleaſing manner and ingenuity.

(d) As he teſtifies himſelf, when praiſing his aunt, he ſays, *By her tender care was I brought unto the city, and by her pious and motherly nurſing was I there recovered of a fit of ſickneſs.* Conſol. ad Helv. c. 16.

(e) Of one of this name, who is often mentioned by *Seneca*, the father, (in his *Declamations*) and is called *our Gallio*, either by reaſon of their common country *Spain*, or of the friendſhip that ſubſiſted between them.

(f) Mela or *Mella* (as Tacitus writes it) forbore ſuing for the great offices of ſtate, from a wayward ambition, that a Roman knight might be ſeen to vie with ſenators of conſular dignity: he likewiſe judged, that acting as comptroller to the prince in the miniſtration of his private revenues was a quicker road to wealth. He was accuſed however to *Nero* by *Fabius Romanus*, (a friend of *Lucan*, who had ſuffered before) and anticipated his fate by broaching his veins, as the quickeſt and moſt frequent paſſage to death in thoſe days. *Ib.*

§ III.

§ III. *Seneca* therefore, as before obſerved, came very young to *Rome*, and there, as he grew up, ripened his talents in the beſt and moſt proper ſtudies. At the time when foreign ſacrifices were removed from *Rome*, and aboliſhed, (which happened in the fifth year of *Tiberius*, and U. C. DCCLXXII.) *Seneca* was about 22 years old; inſtructed in eloquence, and thoroughly accompliſhed, under the tuition of his father *(g)*; as was alſo his brother *Gallio (h)*: as for *Mela*, we know not that he left any thing in writing.

Seneca, beſides his eloquence, addicted himſelf to philoſophy with great earneſtneſs, and thither virtue incited his elegant turn of mind, againſt the inclination of his father. He himſelf declares more than once, that he was withheld from philoſophy; and expreſsly that his wife having an averſion thereto, diſſuaded him from it; but his ardour got the better of all this; and he diligently attended the moſt famous and ſerious philoſophers of that age, particularly *Attalus* and *Sotio* of the ſame ſect *(i)*; though he ſeems more inclined himſelf to follow *Pythagoras*, and *Papirius Fabius*, whom he likewiſe mentions, and praiſeth in a grateful manner. He alſo admired *Demetrius* the cynic, and greatly honoured him, converſing with him both in public and private, as he advanced in years, and was at court, making him his companion both in his walks, and in his travels. Such was his forwardneſs in the liberal ſtudies, tho' often checked and reſtrained by his father, who intended him for the *bar*; and accordingly for ſome time he was engaged in pleading cauſes; even in the time of *Caius*; and was greatly careſſed and famed for his eloquence; nor indeed do we find any philoſophical works of his extant before that time.

§ IV. His father likewiſe perſuaded him to turn courtier, and offer himſelf as a candidate for ſome poſt of honour. He ſucceeded herein, and was appointed quæſtor, or *treaſurer*. But in the firſt year of the reign of the Emperor *Claudius*, he was baniſhed into *Corſica*. I would ſuppoſe him (ſays *Lipſius)* innocent of the crime laid to his charge, as *Tacitus* ſeems to be of the ſame opinion, who, ſpeaking of this baniſhment, ſays, Seneca *greatly reſented the* injury *done him by*

(g) As we may learn from his books of *Controverſies* and their *Prefaces*.

(h) The *Gallio* whom *Statius* recommends for the ſweetneſs of his eloquence.

Lucanum potes imputare terris,
Hoc pluſquam Senecam dediſſe mundo,
Et dulcem generaſſe Gallionem.

Not only to this line we Lucan *owe,*
But Seneca, *and ſweet-tongued* Gallio.

(i) Modo apud Sotionem puer ſedi: *While yet a lad, I attended the lectures of* Sotio. Ep. 49.

Claudius *(k)*. He lived about eight years in exile, with great courage; nay, (as he ſays himſelf) and happily too; always intent upon the beſt of ſtudies and ſalutary meditations: for thus he writes to his mother, (c. 4) *that he is even happy in thoſe things which are wont to make others miſerable*; and concludes, *learn now what opinion you ſhould entertain of me, that I am light-hearted and chearful, as if all my affairs were in the beſt ſtate in the world; and ſo indeed they are: when the mind diſcharged of all cares hath leiſure to attend thoſe notions that are proper for it; and ſometimes delights itſelf with more pleaſing ſtudies (l); and ſometimes thirſting after truth, ſtill riſeth in the contemplation of her own nature, and the diſpoſition of the whole world (m).*

(*k*) The crime laid to his charge was adultery with *Julia*, (the daughter of *Germanicus*) who was likewiſe baniſhed upon the accuſation of *Meſſalina*.

Tacitus therefore calls it an *enquiry*; for who knows not the many other accuſations of that moſt profligate harlot, *Meſſalina*, among the Roman quality; or the condemnations of that loathſome beaſt, *Claudius*? as they ſeldom practiſed miſchief but upon the good and innocent. To be accuſed by ſuch perſons is praiſe, as to be praiſed by them would create a ſuſpicion of guilt.

(*l*) *Sc.* poetry; and particularly *the Medea*; which, ſays *Lipſius*, I am half aſſured was written in his exile, at ſuch time as *Claudius* conquered *Britain*; and therefore *Seneca* made choice of that argument of *Jaſon*, on his having ſubdued the ocean; for it is impoſſible thoſe lines in the *chorus* ſhould have relation to any but *Claudius*.

Parcite, O Divi, veniam precamur,
Vivat ut tutus, mare qui ſubegit,—
Jam ſatis, Divi, mare vindicaſtis;
Parcite Divo.

Let him be ſafe, ye gods, we pray,
Who thro' the ſeas hath forc'd his way.—
Enough ye have aveng'd the ſea,
Spare the advent'rous god.

This under a poetical piece of adulation he applied to *Claudius* while living.

(*m*) Thus writes the author of the tragedy of *Octavia*, (for I am perſuaded, ſays *Lipſius*, it is not the philoſopher himſelf) under the character of *Seneca*:

——————— Melius latebam, procul ab invidiæ malis
Remotus, inter Corſici rupes maris;
Ubi liber animus, et ſui juris, mihi
Semper vacabat, ſtudia recolenti mea,
O quam juvabat (quo nihil majus parens
Natura genuit, operis immenſi artifex)
Cœlum intueri, ſolis et curſus ſacros!

Safer I ſojourn'd on the Corſic *ſhore,*
Remov'd from Envy's ever-hateful pow'r,
With earneſt zeal to learned lore inclin'd,
Fix'd on the ſtudies of the lab'ring mind:
With what content, with what heart-felt delight,
Did Nature's wonders charm the raviſh'd ſight!
When I beheld the ſun, or moon, on high,
And all the beauties of the ſtarry ſky! M.

§ V. We further learn from *Tacitus*, " That *Agrippina* obtained for *Seneca* " a revocation from exile, and with it the *prætorſhip:* favours which ſhe ſup- " poſed would be well pleaſing to the public, on account of his ſignal eloquence " and accompliſhments; beſides her own private views, *viz.* the education of " her ſon *Domitius (Nero)* under ſuch a maſter, and the uſe they ſhould make " of his counſels, both to obtain the empire and to govern it." *Seneca* was therefore prætor, Ann. U. C. DCCLII. But it is not ſo certain that he attained to conſular dignity: though ſome contend for it *(n)*, and mark the year U. C. DCCCXV: for in the beginning of that year, as we learn from the indiſputable authority of *Tacitus*, *Nero's* affection began to cool: he had withdrawn his wonted affability from *Seneca*, and the various efforts of his calumniators daily encreaſed; whereupon *Seneca* himſelf addreſſed the Emperor in a ſpirited oration, imploring a retreat, and offering to refund his treaſures. *Nero* neither permitted the one, nor accepted the other. Seneca *however changed the methods, and ſymptoms of his former power, ſtopped the uſual conflux of a leveé; avoided any train of attendance abroad, and his appearance there was exceeding rare; as if by ill health or the ſtudy of philoſophy he was confined at home.* This indeed is not acting like a new conſul, or even a candidate, and his death followed ſoon after. We ſhall therefore reſt this matter here, and only obſerve further, that he was undoubtedly the governor and tutor of the young prince, who behaved himſelf exceeding well ſo long as he was attentive to the good counſels and admonitions of *Seneca*, and his coadjutor, *Burrus*. " A torrent of ſlaughter, ſays " *Tacitus*, had now enſued, had not *Afranius Burrus* and *Annæus Seneca* pre- " vented it. Theſe were the governors of the Emperor's youth; two men, " though engaged in partnerſhip of power, yet by a rare inſtance well united: " different in their accompliſhments, but of equal weight and authority. *Bur-* " *rus*, his inſtructor in arms, and the gravity of manners; *Seneca* in the pre- " cepts of eloquence and polite addreſs. In this office they helped and ſup- " ported each other, the eaſier to manage between them the dangerous age of " the prince; or if he rejected the purſuits of virtue, to reſtrain him at leaſt " within the bounds of guiltleſs pleaſures."

erratum pro DCCLXXXII.

But to go on with *Seneca*.

(*n*) According to *Ulpian*—" *In the time of* Nero, *in the octaves of the kalends of September, when* Annæus Seneca *and* Trebellius Maximus *were conſuls, it was ordained.*"——*And in the common* Faſti, U. C. DCCCXIV. *Coſſ.* P. Murius Celſus, et L. Aſinius Gallus, quos excep. ex Kal. Jul. L. Annæus Seneca, et Trebellius Maximus. *But they who compiled the* Faſti, *ſuppoſe* theſe conſuls only ſubſtitutes, (for ordinary they were not.) *So in* Auſonius,—Dives Seneca, nec tamen conſul; *the rich Seneca, yet not conſul.*

§ VI. With regard to his private life; I find, or rather collect, says *Lipsius*, that *Seneca* was some time in *Ægypt*; on account that his uncle was there in the office of præfect: for he writes to his mother, setting forth the example of his aunt, of which he was an eye-witness. Hence it is that he intermingleth many things so curiously concerning *Ægypt*, and the *Nile*, especially in his books of *Natural Questions*. Perhaps too he went to the coasts of *India* by the Red Sea, which qualified him to comment on the writings of *Pliny*, relating thereto. But being at *Rome*, we learn that he there took to him a wife, though her name is not mentioned; by whom he had a son called *Marcus*, whom, writing to his mother *Helvia*, with great praise and affection he styles his dearest boy; and, among other good wishes, prays,

Sic dulci Marcus qui nunc sermone fritinnit
Fæcundo patmos provocet ore duos.
So may sweet Marcus, *prattling now, and young,*
Challenge his uncles in a fluent tongue.

In Ep. 56, he speaks of one *Harpestè*, his wife's fool, left as an hereditary burthen upon the family. This then must relate to a former wife, as he married *Paulina* after his return from exile, a lady of great ability, who vouchsafed to take him in his old age, when he had a place at court. This is what *Dio*, or whoever it is that writes under this name, objects to him, viz. *his marrying a young wife in his old age.* He seems to have been happy, however, as in Ep. 104; *This I told my* Paulina, *who always desires me to take care of my health, remembering that in this old person of mine there lives a much younger in participation of it.* And she certainly loved her husband, as he boasts in many places; and that unfeignedly; which she expressed at his death; being desirous, as far as was in her power, to accompany him therein. But of this hereafter.

§ VII. As so much has been said with regard to his immense wealth, it will be requisite to communicate a few things relating thereto; and we will take them on his own confession, according to *Tacitus: Thou hast encompassed me about (says Seneca to Nero) with an accumulation of imperial benignity and grace, beyond all expression and limits, and with wealth without measure or end; insomuch that I often reason thus with myself:* " where is that philosophic spirit, which professes " to be satisfied with a scanty lot, and humble necessaries? Is *Seneca* that man? " he who thus encloses and adorns such spacious gardens; he who travels in pomp " through a variety of seats in *Rome*, all contrived for magnificence and luxury?" All this is very great without having recourse to the exaggeration of either friends or enemies. There is no doubt, but that with regard to fine gardens and plea-

ſure-houſes, he had divers, well ſtocked and ornamented, as taken notice of by *Juvenal*— Senecæ prædivitis horti; *the gardens of the very rich Seneca.* He mentions ſome of his ſeats himſelf, as the *Nomentanum*, *Albanum*, and *Baianum.* He had likewiſe a houſe within the city, which many years retained the name of *Seneca's* houſe, in the tenth *region.* His rich furniture alſo may be ſuppoſed to have created great envy (*o*). But it muſt be remembered, that *Seneca*, before he came to court, had a great patrimonial revenue. And no wonder he encreaſed it in ſo plentiful a court, and amidſt ſo great felicity of the *Roman* ſtate. Yet it cannot be denied, but that, when at court, and in his old age, he bitterly inveighs againſt this ſort of madneſs, and ſeverely reprehends all manner of luxury and extravagance, as you may read in his books *concerning benefits:* and in the beginning of his treatiſe *on tranquillity*, he profeſſedly denies that he took any pleaſure in his fine variegated tables, or that he was wont to uſe them: but the reader is particularly recommended to his book *Of a happy Life*, wherein his chief point is, to defend himſelf againſt the aſperſions of his enemies. An admirable treatiſe, ſays *Lipſius*, and more valuable in this behalf was the calumny itſelf, being productive of ſo excellent a defence.

§ VIII. His *Morals* then ſufficiently refute this objection concerning his riches, and proclaim his uſe, not abuſe of them. He ſtands quite clear from any charge of pride, exceſs and pomp. And with regard to his diet and manner of living, the reader needs only to be referred to that part of *Ep.* 108, where *Seneca* ſpeaks of the ſalutary lectures he received from *Attalus*, and the happy impreſſion they made upon him, with regard to temperance and frugality. As to the reſt of his life, it was both ſerious and ſevere. The court corrupted him not, nor was he inclined to flattery, (a vice almoſt familiar and allied to ſuch places). No; ſo far from it, that he ſaid to *Nero*, *Suffer me to ſtay a little longer with thee, not to flatter thine ears, (for this is not my cuſtom) I had rather offend thee by truth, than pleaſe thee by flattery.* And even at the point of death. he deſired it might be told the prince, *he never had a genius addicted to flattery, as no man better knew than* Nero; *who from* Seneca *had felt more frequent proofs of freedom* than ſervility. We cannot paſs by the commendable cuſtom he ſpeaks of in his third book of *Anger*, *viz.* his nightly ſelf-examination, with regard both to his words and actions: *I conceal nothing from myſelf*, ſays he; *I let nothing ſlip; for why ſhould I fear my own errors? It will be eaſy for me to ſay,*

(*o*) *Dio* objects to him, as having 500 tables of cedar with ivory feet to them, all alike and of equal ſize. It may be ſo; for in great banquets it was cuſtomary to ſet a table before every ſeveral gueſt. But as *Dio* was no friend to *Seneca*, he muſt be read with caution.

" See,

" See, thou doeſt this no more, *Seneca*; and for this time I pardon thee." Can the ſtudy of wiſdom diſplay itſelf in a better or clearer light?

Laſtly, how manifeſt is his piety and ſubmiſſion towards God! *If you believe me*, (ſays he, Ep. 96) *I will lay open to you my inmoſt thoughts and affections: thus then, when any thing ſeems adverſe, or hard to me, do I behave myſelf; I obey not God forcibly, but willingly; I follow him not of neceſſity, but with all my mind, and all my ſoul: nothing can befall me that I will receive either with a heavy heart, or ſorrowful countenance: I will pay no tribute grudgingly.* Many the like obſervations, ſays *Lipſius*, have I collected in my *Manuduction*, and *Phyſiology*; and ſome indeed of ſuch unſtained piety as would do honour to the *Chriſtian (p)*. In ſhort, ſo great an opinion was held of theſe his eminent virtues, that *there was a deſign*, ſays *Tacitus*, *of transferring the empire to* Seneca, *as one exempt from all reproach, and only for the fame and reſplendency of his virtues preferred to the ſupreme dignity.* O *Rome*, ſo great happineſs was denied thee by the will of Providence! Or,

> Libera ſi dentur populo ſuffragia, quis tam
> Perditus, ut dubitet Senecam præferre Neroni.
>
> Juv. viii. 211.

> *Who ſo vile*, Nero, *if his vote were free,*
> *As would not* Seneca *prefer to thee?*

Whoever doubts the reality of his virtues, let him look upon *Seneca* in his death, and obſerve how ſlightly he eſteemed all earthly things, and with what zeal and ardour he devoted himſelf to heaven!

(*p*) *Next to the goſpel itſelf*, ſays Sir R. L'Eſtrange, *I do look upon the works of* Seneca, *as the moſt ſovereign remedy againſt the miſeries of human nature.* Happy am I, that, by the bleſſing of God, I cannot join with him in the following; *and I have ever found it ſo, in all the injuries and diſtreſſes of an unfortunate life:* for, old as I am, I never knew an injury, that was not eaſily to be forgiven; nor a diſtreſs, but what was tolerable; and, as the world goes, rather required a contemptuous ſmile than a tear. M.

An

An Extract from Tacitus *concerning the Death of* Seneca.

GRANIUS SYLVANUS, Tribune of a Preterian Cohort, having been ordered to enquire into a converſation, which was ſuppoſed to have paſſed between one *Natalis* and *Seneca*, relating to *Piſo's* conſpiracy, being further aſked, *whether he thought* Seneca *was determined upon a voluntary death?* anſwered, that Seneca *had manifeſted no one ſymptom of fear; and neither in his words nor looks was ought of anguiſh to be diſcovered.* Hence he was commanded to return, and carry him the denunciation of death.

But this in no wiſe diſmayed *Seneca*, who called calmly for his will, and as this was prohibited by the centurion, turning to his friends, he told them, "that ſince he was diſabled from a grateful requital of their benefits, he be- "queathed them that which alone was now left him, yet ſomething more glo- "rious and amiable than all the reſt, the pattern of his life: if they retained "the impreſſions and reſemblance, they would thence reap the applauſe of vir- "tuous manners as well as that of perſevering in their friendſhip." He withal repreſſed their tears, ſometimes with gentle reaſoning, ſometimes in the ſtile of authority and correction, and ſtrove to recover them to reſolution and conſtancy. "Where (he often aſked) where are now all the documents of philoſophy? "where that philoſophical principle, for ſo many years premeditated, againſt "the ſudden encounter of calamities? for to whom was unknown the bloody "nature of *Nero?* nor, after the butchering of his mother, and the murdering "of his brother, did ought remain, to conſummate his cruelty, but to add to "theirs the ſlaughter of his nurſing-father and inſtructor."

Having uttered theſe and the like reaſonings, directed to the company in general, he embraced his wife; an affecting object, which ſomewhat abated his firmneſs, and ſoftened him into anxiety for her future lot: he preſſed and beſought her, "to moderate her ſorrow, to beware of perpetuating ſuch a diſmal "paſſion, but to bear the death of her huſband by contemplating his life ſpent "in a ſteady courſe of virtue, and to ſupport his loſs by all worthy conſola- "tions." *Paulina*, his wife, on the contrary, urged her purpoſe to die with him, and called for the aid of a miniſter of death. Upon this declaration,

Seneca would not bereave her of ſo much glory: ſuch beſides was his fondneſs for her, that he was loth to leave one beloved by himſelf above all things, expoſed to inſults and injuries: "I had laid before thee, ſaid he, the delights and "ſolacements of living: thou preferreſt the renown of dying: I ſhall not envy "thee the honour of the example. Between us let us equally ſhare the fortitude "of an end ſo brave; but greater will be the ſplendour of thy particular fall." Preſently after this converſation they had the veins of their arms opened, at the ſame inſtant: *Seneca* was aged *, his body cold, and extenuated by feeble diet; ſo that the iſſues of his blood were exceeding ſlow: hence he ordered to be cut the veins of his legs, and thoſe about the joints of his knees. As he was ſuccumbing under grievous agonies, he perſuaded her to retire, leſt his own ſufferings might vanquiſh the reſolution of his wife, or he himſelf by beholding her pangs, lapſe into weakneſs and impatience: and his eloquence flowing even to the laſt moment of his life, he called for his ſcribes, and to them dictated many things †.

Towards *Paulina*, *Nero* bore no perſonal hate, and, to avoid feeding the public abhorrence of his cruelty, ordered her death to be prevented. Hence, at the perſuaſion of the ſoldiers, her domeſtic ſlaves and freedmen bound up her arms, and ſtaid the blood: but whether with her own concurrence is uncertain. However, ſhe added to her life but a few years, ever retaining for the memory of her huſband a reverence worthy of all praiſe. *Seneca*, the while, affected with the tedious protraction of life, and the ſlow advance of death, applied to his old friend and phyſician, *Statius Annæus*, for a doſe of poiſon, ſuch as they gave at Athens to condemned criminals. This he ſwallowed, but in vain, for already his limbs were chilled, and his juices ſtagnated, and impenetrable to the rapidity of poiſon. He therefore had recourſe to a hot bath, from whence he beſprinkled ſome of his ſlaves, adding, that, *Of this liquor he made a libation to* Jupiter the Deliverer. From thence he was conveyed into a ſtove, and ſuffocated with the ſteam. His corpſe was burnt without any funeral ſolemnity, as he had enjoined in his will; when in the plenitude of his opulence and authority, he had provided for his deceaſe and obſequies.

There was a rumour that *Subrius Flavius*, in a ſecret conſultation with the centurions (and even with the privacy of *Seneca*) had determined, that as ſoon

* Suppoſed about 63, from what the Emperor ſays to him—*Thy age moreover ſtill retains ſoundneſs and vigour; is ſtill capable of managing thy revenues with ſufficiency, and of enjoying them with pleaſure.*

† This is great (as *Lipſius* obſerves) in *Seneca*, to conſult in his laſt moments the good of poſterity; and to treat his friends and family with a lecture on morality and virtue.

as by the aid of *Piſo Nero* was ſlain, *Piſo* too was to have been diſpatched, and the empire transferred to *Seneca*, as one that well deſerved it for his integrity and virtue.

An Extract from Lipſius, Manud. I. 18. *relating to* Seneca, *and his Writings in general.*

GIVE me leave to obſerve, what I have learned from experience, that they cannot but love *Seneca*, who ſincerely love and eſteem virtue: for this is what he has beautifully ſet off, and effectually maintained in all his writings. There are, or have been, many works of the ſame Author, *political*, *rhetorical*, *phyſical*; but his *ethics* are particularly eminent, which I wiſh had come down to us pure and entire: but his book of *Exhortations*, and the peculiar treatiſe of *Morals*, are loſt, with others of the like kind: yet ſufficient for his everlaſting honour are thoſe that are ſtill extant, *among which we may reckon his Epiſtles, even in their preſent condition, having ſuffered ſo much from tranſcribers, conjecturers, and critics.*

In general, *(ſpeaking of the original)* his words are ſelect, proper, and ſignificant: his frequent alluſions and metaphors every where entertaining, while they inculcate the matter in hand, and ſtill point at ſomewhat more: there is care without affectation, dreſs without foppery, and expreſſions purely natural, without being forced or finical. Even in brevity appears a happy copiouſneſs; the words flow, but not rapidly; like a river, not a torrent; *ſtrong without rage, without o'erflowing full.* In ſhort, as good trees, whoſe excellency conſiſts in producing fruit, as well as leaves and bloſſoms; ſo *Seneca*, whom for improvement we may well read and admire, delights us alſo, and joins beauty with ſtrength.

As to his *Matter, (ſtill in general)* how noble and ſublime! uſeful and ſalutary! All his writings, even where not profeſſedly, breathe generous virtue. How frequently, and how ſtrenuouſly does he aſſert the being of a God; the fountain of all good; his providence, and care of us mortals; his power, wiſdom, juſtice, and the like attributes! How often does he recommend ſubmiſſion in all

quiet and peaceableneſs to the will of God, and *fate*; (i. e. *the everlaſting order of things, from the beginning, which he ſometimes calls* God!) The affections and paſſions from whence originate all evils, how acutely does he deſcribe, how ſeverely reprehend, and cloſely contract them! Fear, hope, mirth, grief, how does he moderate, extenuate, or take away! while he ſeverely falls upon ambition, avarice, luſt, luxury, and every kind of vice! Nay he treats them with ſo much acrimony, as paſſionately to ſhew, he holds them in the utmoſt deteſtation and abhorrence! Taken up entirely with the admiration and recommendation of virtue, he ſpurns and rejects all external things, and tramples upon the ſpecious but deceitful ſplendour of fortune.

For the benefit of the attentive reader, ſo great vigour and warmth are every where diſplayed, that the moſt idle cannot but be rouzed, and the moſt frigid warmed. Indeed we do not read his writings, but hear him ſpeak. We ſee not his pourtrait in his book, but his very perſon. Happy genius! We may apply to *Seneca* what he ſays of *Sextius* in Ep. 64. *How full of energy and ſpirit, ſuch as you ſcarce find in all the tribes of philoſophers! Some of their writings indeed have a great name, but in all other reſpects are weak and languid in compariſon. They propoſe, they debate, they cavil; they inſpire us not with courage, and conſtancy, becauſe they have them not themſelves. This man is alive, he exults, he is free, and ſomewhat more than man. He ſends me away full of conviction and confidence.*

If ſuch then were the admirable writings of *Seneca*, it is natural enough to enquire whether his life was conſonant thereto. Report, I confeſs, will not allow him this however, but rather charges him with the reverſe. What then? it is the way of the world: the ſame was objected to *Zeno*, to *Epicurus*, to *Plato*. We propoſe not *Seneca* as a perfect pattern in the conduct of life; but recommend to attention his wiſe inſtructions and learning: yet think at the ſame time that many objections to him will admit a defence.

He followed the Court. And where is this forbidden the philoſophers?—it were to be wiſhed, that ſuch more frequently attended courts, and inſtructed them with their counſels. How happy would *Rome* have been, if *Nero* had continued to follow the advice of *Seneca* as he begun! For what could be more commendable than the earlier years of his life, while under the direction of *Seneca?*

But

But Seneca amaſſed great wealth. How ſtrangely are men divided in their cenſure! Some they accuſe of wealth, others of poverty; in ſome they find ambition, in others avarice! And who in his ſenſes would condemn wiſdom to perpetual poverty? The philoſopher may poſſeſs great riches, provided they come not by wrong or robbery, and which may be diſpoſed of as honourably as they came. Theſe then are the conditions by which riches are allowed the wiſe man: let them be ſought, or come, honourably, and honourably expended. And was not this the caſe of *Seneca?* He received them from the munificence of a prince (maſter of all the world), as did many others with not half his merit: and ſays another *Seneca,*

Quis influentis dona fortunæ abnuat?
Who e'er refus'd the flow of fortune's gifts?

And our Author, *No wiſe man thinks himſelf unworthy the favours of fortune. He will not reject them, nor regret their departure, when they take wing: and where can fortune entruſt them more ſafely, than in the hands of thoſe who are ready to reſign them?*

Behold our Author, and admire his coming to *Nero*, and ſaying, *Order the auditors of thy revenue to undertake the direction of my fortune, and annex it to thine own; nor ſhall I by this plunge myſelf into indigence and poverty; but having only ſurrendered that invidious opulence, which expoſes me to the offenſive blaze of ſo much ſplendour, I ſhall redeem the time, which at preſent is ſequeſtered to the care of pompous ſeats and gardens, and apply it to the repoſe and cultivation of my mind.* Behold the philoſopher who admitted wealth into his treaſury, but not into his boſom. He poſſeſſeth riches as light and tranſitory things, without ſuffering them to be burthenſome to himſelf, or injurious to any one. It is manifeſt to me (ſays *Lipſius*) they were only lent to *Seneca* for the benefit of others. He gave them either to the good; or to thoſe whom he thought he could make ſo. He gave them to the moſt deſerving; as being perſuaded, that he muſt give an account both of his receipts and diſburſements. Public fame ſpeaks of his liberality:

Nemo petit modicis quæ mittebantur amicis
A Seneca,——quæ Piſo bona, et quæ Cotta ſolebat
Largiri——
——*Not that I ſuch largeſs crave,*
As Seneca, *or* Piſo, *or* Cotta *gave*
To their poor clients.——

The ſame are mentioned together on the ſame account by *Martial,—Piſones, Senecaſque*

Senecaſque Memnioſque. He beſtowed very little upon himſelf, by the account he gives of his temperance and frugality, or rather auſterity, in his Epp. 107, 87, 84. And *Tacitus* expreſsly; Seneca, *with a diet exceeding ſimple, ſupported an abſtemious life, ſatisfying the call of hunger by wild fruit from the wood, and of thirſt by a draught from the brook.*

Away then with that calumny in regard to wealth. He was rich, ſays *Lipſius*, and yet poor; or not rich for himſelf but for others. Upon the whole, we would fain ſuppoſe his life to be *good*; and make no doubt it was ſo in general; but for his writings, with which alone we are now concerned, they undoubtedly deſerve this character; and are not only good in themſelves, but tending to the good of mankind. There is a divine providence, and we acknowledge it in *Seneca*, whom God was pleaſed to give us as a teacher of ſtrict morality and virtue, introductory, as it were, to the more ſublime truths of the Goſpel. *Tertullian* therefore is often pleaſed to call him *ours*. *Auguſtin* ſpeaks of his being converſant with the *Apoſtles*. *Jerom* would have had him reckoned in the number of ſaints. But we ſhall conclude our remarks with the eulogium of *Fronto*, a celebrated orator, and the grandſon, ſome ſay, of *Plutarch*; Seneca *hath ſo exterminated all vice and error, that he ſeems to have reſtored the* Golden Age; *and by his labours to have recalled the gods from their long baniſhment, in their wonted care and converſe with* mankind. May it prove ſo; may the preſent age be gratefully ſenſible of the providence of God in the further declaration of his will! May all the depravity be purged away; what is low and mean exalted; and all by faith and virtue raiſed again to an affiance with God; by the bleſſing and aſſiſtance of the ſame divine power!

An Extract from the Preface of Sir R. L'Eſtrange, *to what is called* Seneca's Morals.

SOME few fragments however of thoſe books of *Seneca* that are loſt are yet preſerved in the writings of eminent authors, and particularly *Lactantius*.

Seneca,

Seneca, ſays he, *who was the ſharpeſt of all the ſtoics, how great a veneration has he for the Almighty! as for inſtance, diſcourſing of a violent death*, "Do you "not underſtand the majeſty and the authority of your Judge! He is the ſu- "preme Governor of heaven and earth, and the God of all your Gods; and it "is upon him that all thoſe powers depend which we worſhip for deities." *Moreover, in his exhortations*; "This God, *ſays he*, when he laid the foundations of "the univerſe, and entered upon the greateſt and the beſt work in nature, in the "ordering the government of the world, though he was himſelf *All in All*, yet "he ſubſtituted other ſubordinate miniſters as the ſervants of his command." *Divin. Inſtit.* l. 1. c. 1.

Which the acute Seneca *ſaw in his exhortations.* "We, ſays he, have our "dependence elſewhere, and ſhould look up to that power to which we are "indebted for all we can pretend to that is good." *Ib.* c. 2.

An invective (ſays *Seneca* in his exhortations) is the maſterpiece of moſt of our philoſophers; and if they fall upon the ſubject of *Avarice, Luſt, Ambition*, they launch out into ſuch exceſs of bitterneſs, as if railing was a mark of their profeſſion. They make me think of gallipots in an apothecary's ſhop, that have remedies without and poiſon within. *Ib.* l. 3. c. 15.

He that would know all things, let him read Seneca, *the moſt lively deſcriber of public vices, and manners, and the ſmarteſt reprehender of them.* Ib. l. c. 9.

Seneca *has it in his books of* Moral Philoſophy, "He is the brave man, whoſe "ſplendour and authority is the leaſt part of his greatneſs; that can look death "in the face without trouble and ſurprize; who if his body were to be broken "on the wheel, would be leſs concerned for the pain itſelf, than for the dignity "of bearing it." *Ib.* l. 6. c. 17.

Let no man think himſelf the ſafer in his wickedneſs for want of a witneſs; for God is omniſcient, and to him nothing can be ſecret. It is an admirable ſentence that Seneca *concludes his exhortations withal.* "God, ſays he, is a great (I know not "what) incomprehenſible power. It is to him that we live, and to him that we "muſt approve ourſelves. What avails it that conſciences are hidden from men, "when our ſouls lie open to God?" *What could a Chriſtian have ſaid more to the purpoſe in this caſe than this divine* Pagan? And again, "What is it that we do? "To what end is it to ſtand contriving, and to hide ourſelves? We are under "a guard, and there is no eſcaping from our keeper. One man may be parted

"from

" from another by travel, death, and ſickneſs; but there is no dividing us from " ourſelves. 'Tis to no purpoſe to creep into a corner where nobody ſhall ſee " us. Ridiculous madneſs! Suppoſe no mortal eye could find us out; he that " has a conſcience gives evidence againſt himſelf." *Ib.* c. 14.

It is truly and excellently ſpoken of Seneca: " Conſider, ſays he, the majeſty, " the goodneſs, and the venerable mercies of the Almighty; a friend that is " always at hand. What delight can it be to him, the ſlaughter of innocent " creatures, or the worſhip of bloody ſacrifices! Let us purge our minds, and " lead virtuous and honeſt lives. His pleaſure lies not in the magnificence of " temples made with ſtones, but in the piety and devotion of conſecrated " hearts." *Ib.* c. 25.

When Seneca *comes to reflect*, ſays *Auguſtin, upon the paſſages which he himſelf had ſeen in the capitol, he cenſures them with liberty and reſolution; and no man would believe that ſuch things would be done unleſs in mockery and phrenzy. What lamentation is there in* Ægyptian *ſacrifices for the loſs of* Oſiris! *And then what joy for the finding him again! which he makes himſelf ſport with; for in truth it is all a fiction.* And yet theſe people, *that neither loſt nor found any thing, muſt expreſs their ſorrows and their rejoicings in the higheſt degree.* " But there is only " a certain time, ſays he, for this treat, and once a year people may be allowed " to be mad. I came into the capitol, ſays *Seneca*, where the ſeveral deities had " their ſeveral ſervants and attendants, their lictors, their dreſſers, and all in " poſture and action, as if they were executing their offices; ſome to hold the " glaſs, others to comb out *Juno's* and *Minerva's* hair; one to tell *Jupiter* what " o'clock it is: ſome laſſes there are, that ſit gazing upon the image, and fancy " *Jupiter* has a kindneſs for them. All theſe things, ſays *Seneca*, a wiſe man " will obſerve for the law's ſake, more than for the gods: and all this rabble " of deities, which the ſuperſtition of many ages has gathered together, we are " in ſuch manner to adore, as to conſider the worſhip rather to be matter of " cuſtom, than of conſcience." Whereupon *Auguſtin* obſerves, that *this illuſtrious Senator worſhipped what he reproved, acted what he diſliked, and adored what he condemned.*

Extract

Extract of a Letter from Lord Bolingbroke *to Dr.* Swift.

Hawkeſworth, Vol. II. p. 179.

YOU call *Tully* names to revenge *Cato's* quarrel. I am ready to *fall foul* on *Seneca*. You churchmen have cried him up for a great ſaint; and, as if you imagined, that to have it believed he had a *month's mind* to be a Chriſtian, would reflect ſome honour on Chriſtianity, you employed one of thoſe *pious frauds* ſo frequently practiſed in the days of primitive ſimplicity, to impoſe upon the world a pretended correſpondence between him and the great Apoſtle of the Gentiles *. Your partiality in his favour ſhall bias me no more than the pique which *Dion Caſſius* and others ſhew againſt him. Like an equitable judge I ſhall *only* tax him, with avarice in his proſperity, adulation in adverſity, and affectation in every ſtate of life †. Was I conſiderable enough to be baniſhed from my country ‡, methinks I would not purchaſe my reſtoration at the expence of writing ſuch a letter to the Prince himſelf, as your Chriſtian Stoic wrote to the Emperor's ſlave *Polybius* §. Thus I think of the man, and yet I read the author with

* It conſiſts of thirteen letters, which ſeemed to *Jerom*, *Auguſtin*, and before them to Pope *Linus*, to have been genuine. *Johannes Sariſbenienſis* more boldly: Deſipere videntur, qui non venerantur eum *(Senecam)* quem apoſtolicam familiaritatem meruiſſe conſtat: *They ſeem to me to be very ſilly, who reverence not the man that was thought worthy of apoſtolical converſe.* But *Du Pin* acknowledges that the letters, now exhibited under this character, contain nothing worthy of the Apoſtle or Philoſopher; and have not the leaſt reſemblance to the ſtyle of either. This is likewiſe the judgment of the moſt learned among the modern critics. However I propoſe to give a tranſlation of them, for the ſatisfaction of the curious reader.

† So in Letter 14. "The founder of your ſect, that noble original, whom you think it ſo great "an honour to reſemble, (*Seneca*) was a ſlave to the worſt part of the world, the court. And all "his big words were the language of a ſlighted lover, who deſired nothing ſo much as a reconci-"liation, and feared nothing ſo much as a rupture." This, I think, is going a little too far at the diſtance of near 2000 years from the time of *Seneca*. And I was not a little pleaſed to find a change of this kind ſo judiciouſly anſwered by the learned *Lipſius*.

‡ His Lordſhip certainly was conſiderable enough to be, at leaſt, ſelf-baniſhed for ſome years; which were eminently employed, as they will think, who can diſtinguiſh the grain from the chaff; and are candid enough to impute the latter to an unhappy prejudice and partiality; contracted in a country notorious for *Voltairiſm*, and levity.

§ This treatiſe is ſuſpected by *Lipſius*. And *if it be genuine*, ſays he, Pudet, pudet. Inimicus Senecæ fuit, et gloriæ ejus, quiſquis vulgavit. *I am ſo much aſhamed of it, as to declare, that whoever publiſhed it, was no friend to* Seneca *or his honour.*

 pleaſure;

pleaſure; though I join in condemning thoſe points, which he introduced into the *Latin* ſtyle, thoſe eternal witticiſms, ſtrung like beads together, and that impudent manner of talking to the paſſions before he has convinced the judgment; which *Eraſmus* *, if I remember right, objects to him. He is ſeldom inſtructive †, but is perpetually entertaining: and when he gives you no new idea, he reflects your own back upon you with new luſtre.

An Extract from an After-thought, *by Sir* R. L'Eſtrange.

——IN few words, *Seneca* was a man made for meditation. He was undoubtedly a maſter of *choice thoughts*, and he employed the vigour of them upon a moſt illuſtrious ſubject. Beſide that, this *ranging humour* of his (as Mr. *Hobs* expreſſes it) is accompanied with ſo wonderful a felicity of *lively* and *pertinent* reflections, even in the moſt ordinary occurrences of life; and his applications ſo happy alſo, that every man reads him over again within *himſelf*, and feels and confeſſes in his own heart the truth of his *doctrine*. What can be done more toward eſtabliſhing of a right *principle?* For there is no teſt of the truth and reaſon of things, like that which has with it the aſſent of *univerſal nature*. As *Seneca* was much given to thinking, ſo he wrote principally for *thinking men*. The periods that he lays moſt ſtreſs upon, are only ſo many detachments, of *one ſelect* thought from another; and every freſh *hint* furniſhes a *new text* to work upon. So that the reading *Seneca*, without reading *upon him*, does but the one half of our buſineſs: for his *innuendoes* are infinitely more inſtructive than his words at length; and there is no coming at him in thoſe heights without a *ſerious reflection*.

P. S. Books and diſhes of meat have this common fate; there never was *any one* of *either* of them, that pleaſed all palates. And in truth, it is a thing as little to be wiſhed for, as expected: for an univerſal applauſe is at leaſt two-

* Quin ubique plurimus videtur jocorum affectator, etiam in rebus maximè ſeriis. *Eraſm.* de Sen.

† Perhaps ſo, to a man of Lord *Bolingbroke's* ſpirit, learning and knowledge of the world. But I flatter myſelf, that many of a lower claſs, for whom this work is principally calculated, will, upon a peruſal of theſe ſheets, (with an humble and well-diſpoſed mind,) find and acknowledge their ſatisfaction, and, it may be, improvement, in the beſt of all knowledge, the knowledge of *moral duty*.

thirds

thirds of a ſcandal. So that though I deliver up theſe papers to the preſs, I invite no man to the reading of them: and whoſoever reads and repents, it is his own fault. In ſhort, *as I made this compoſition principally for myſelf (ſome years ago,) ſo it agrees exceeding well with my conſtitution*; and yet if any man has a mind to take part with me, he has free leave and welcome: but let him carry this conſideration with him, *that he is a very unmannerly gueſt, that preſſes upon another body's table, and then quarrels with his dinner.*

I make little doubt but that the Reader will excuſe my ſupplying this blank page with the honeſt apology of my predeceſſor in this work, *Mr. Doctor Lodge*, the tranſlator of *Seneca's* works in 1620.

Let me intreat this favour at thy hands, curteous Reader, to pretend this tranſlation to bee a garden, wherein though thou maieſt find many holeſome herbs, goodly flowers, and rich medicines; yet can it not be but ſome weedes may rankly ſhoot out, which may ſmoother or obſcure the light and luſtre of the better. Play the good gardner I pray thee, and pulling up the weeds, make thy profit of the flowers. If thou wilt correct, bee conſiderate before thou attempt, leſt in pretending to roote out one, thou commit many errors. What a Stoicke hath written, reade thou like a Chriſtian. *If any doubts entangle thy judgment, have recourſe to the ſacred ſynod of learned and pious divines; whoſe judgment will ſelect thee out that which is for thy ſoules profit, and diſſuade thee from admitting that, which may either deprave thy judgment or corrupt thy ſoule. The fruite I expect for my labour at thy hands, is onely this; to interpret mine actions to the beſt, and to correct with thy pen, that which other men leſs adviſed, have omitted by overhaſtie labour. Farewell, and enjoy the fruits, which I have planted for thy profit; which though theſe times may haply neglect, the future may both applaude and allow.* Vale.

Thine in all vertuous endeavór,

THOM. LODGE.

THE EPISTLES OF *LUCIUS ANNÆUS SENECA.*

EPISTLE I.

On the Value and Uſe of Time. (a)

THIS do, my *Lucilius*; vindicate the dignity of man: be your own maſter: and ſuch hours as have hitherto been forcibly taken from you, or ſtolen unawares, or have ſlipped by inadvertently, recollect, and for the future turn to ſome account. You may be aſſured what I ſay is true: part of our time we are obliged to ſacrifice to office and power; friendſhip and common occurrences ſteal another part; and another ſlides away inſenſibly: but moſt ſcandalous is the loſs of it when owing to negligence and diſſipation: and yet ſmall attention will evince, that great part of life *(b)* is ſpent in doing ill, a greater in doing nothing, and too often the whole in doing little or nothing to the great purpoſe of being. Where will you find *(c)* a man who ſets any value upon time? who rates a day, or ſeems to underſtand that *he dies daily? (d)* For herein are we deceived; we look forwards at death; whereas death, in a great meaſure, is already paſſed: all the lapſed years of life are in the tenure of death *(e)*. Act therefore, my *Lucilius*, as you inform me you do. Embrace every hour *(f)*: the ſtronger hold you have on to-day, the leſs will be your dependance on to-morrow. Life, however unimproved, ſtill glides away. There is nothing *(g)* we can properly call our own, but *Time:* all other things are foreign to us: nature hath put us in poſſeſſion of this one fleeting tranſitory boon;

which any one deprives us of at pleaſure *(b)*: and ſo great is the folly of mortals, that, when by entreaty they have obtained things of the loweſt value, mere trifles, at leaſt ſuch as are payable again, they ſuffer them to be ſet to their account; but no one thinks himſelf indebted, who hath borrowed *Time*; whereas this is the only thing that the moſt grateful heart cannot repay.

You will aſk, perhaps, how I act myſelf, who am giving you this advice? I will confeſs ingenuouſly; it is with me, as with thoſe who are luxurious, and yet not quite negligent of their affairs. I ſtill keep an account of my expences; I cannot ſay, I loſe nothing; but I can tell you what I loſe, and why, and in what manner. I am not aſhamed *(i)* to own the cauſe of my poverty: but it happens to me, as to many who have been reduced to indigence, not merely by their own miſconduct: all men are ready to excuſe and pity, but none to aſſiſt them. What then? I can by no means think him a poor man, who hath ſtill enough *(k)*, however ſmall a portion it be, wherewith to be content. But may you, my friend, ſtill keep your own; and ſeize the opportunity to uſe it properly. For as our anceſtors wiſely judged,—Sera parſimonia in fundo eſt,—*It is too late to be ſparing, when the veſſel is almoſt out* (*l*). As not only a little (*m*) but the worſt of every thing generally remains at the bottom.

ANNOTATIONS, REFERENCES, &c.

(a) The antients had ſeveral curt and wiſe ſentences among them, which they ſuppoſed ſome *God* the author of, (as if they had been always ſenſible of the neceſſity of divine revelation, and were ready to acknowledge the obligation,) ſuch were, *Know thyſelf*, *Obey God*, *Nothing too much*, and the like; but one of the moſt celebrated among them, is, χρόνῳ φείδε, Tempori parce, *Huſband well your Time*. (*See* Cic. de Fin. l. 3. Clem. Alex. Strom. I. Stobæ l. III. Eraſm. Adag. Muret. in loc.) This then *Seneca* makes the ſubject of his firſt Epiſtle: and parallel to it, is the exhortation of his cotemporary, our Apoſtle, *Epheſ.* 5. 16. *Col.* 4. 5. *Redeeming our Time*, &c. (See Ep. 117. Plin. Ep. l. 9.

(b) That great part of life] Opſopæus from four MSS. reads it, Maxima vitæ pars elabitur malè agentibus, magna nihil agentibus, tota vita aliud agentibus. (See this paſſage explained in Alciat Parergon Juris, l. 4, c. 14.

(c) Where will you find——

On all-important Time, through every age,
Tho' much and warm the wiſe have urg'd; the man
Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an hour.
I've loſt a day; the prince who nobly cried,
Had been an Emperor without his crown.——*Young.*

(d) He

(d) He dies daily] 1 Cor. xv. 31. Καθ' ἡμέραν ἀποθνήσκω.

(e) In the tenure of death] Ἡμεῖς ὅπερ τι ἀρχόμεθα ζῆν τότε ἀποθνήσκομεν. Theophraſt. *As ſoon as we begin to live, we die.* Or, *When to live, we then begin to die.* Οὕτως καὶ ἡμεῖς γενηθέντες ἐξελιπόμεν, *ſo we as ſoon as we were born, began to draw to our end.* Wiſdom. v. 13. (See Epiſt. 12. 24. 58. 120.)

(f) Embrace every hour] —— Throw years away!
Throw empires, and be blameleſs. Moments ſeize;
Heav'n's on their wing: a moment we may wiſh,
When worlds want wealth to buy.—— *Id.*
—— Sapere aude:
Incipe. Qui rectè vivendi prorogat horam
Ruſticus expectat, dum defluit amnis, at ille
Labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.—— *Hor.*
Dare to be wiſe: begin. By virtue's rule
Whoſo defers to live, is like the fool,
Who ſtays, expecting the whole river gone;
Which flows, and will for ever ſtill flow on.

(g) There is nothing—] All ſenſual man, becauſe untouch'd, unſeen,
He looks on Time as nothing; nothing elſe
Is truly man's; 'tis fortune's—— *Young.*

(h) Which every one deprives us of at pleaſure]
Ex quâ nos expellit, quicunque vult.
Where is that thrift, that avarice of Time,
(O glorious avarice!) thought of death inſpires;
As rumour'd robberies endear our gold?—
O Time, than gold more ſacred!—— *Young.*

But we are ſo perverſe, that however avaritious and tenacious we are of other things, we are extreme y prodigal of Time; we fr ely grant, at leaſt, part of it to any one that aſks it, and are never upon our guard againſt thoſe thieves, that in a friendly way ſteal it from us. *The pilferer of a ſixpence upon th road is without remorſe committed to the gallows, whilſt he who ſteals* my Time, *is under no obligation to apologize for his conduct.* May we not complain here of the inequality of the legiſlature? For ſurely nothing is more precious than *Time.* Nu lâ re ita nos egemus ut tempore. *There is nothing we are ſo much in want of as Time.* Zeno ——And *Theophraſtus* was uſed to ſay, Πολυτελὲς ἀναλωμα χρόνε, *Nothing is more expenſive than the loſs of Time.*—And this, according to *Gronovius*, is undoubtedly the ſenſe of the place: but ſome read it, Ex quâ non expellit—i. e. *No one is deprived of this treaſure, but he that will not uſe it aright,* or *who ſuffers it to be taken, or ſtolen from him.*—— *Oſiander* from a MS. Ex quâ non expellitur—and *Eraſmus* ſtill differently, Ex quâ expellit quemcunque vult; i. e. *Nature hath given man this poſſeſſion, but reſumes it at pleaſure.* And ſo the old French, *De laquelle elle chaſſe quiconque elle vent.*

(i) I am not aſhamed] Alluding to his attendance at court.

(k) Who hath ſtill enough] Old as I am, I complain not of the few days that remain for me in this life, but am ſatisfied with them, and am determined to improve them to the beſt advantage.—— Happy reſolution!

(l) It is too late] From Heſiod, c. 366.

Ἀρχόμενον δέ τιθθ καὶ λήγοντος κεῖσαςθαι·
Μεσσόθι φειδίςθαι· δηλὴ δ' ἐνὶ νυθμίνι φιδώ.
The barrel full, drink deeply, if you pleaſe;
Then ſpare: 'twill be too late, when on the lees.

Perſius alludes to the ſame in Sat. II.

—— Donec deceptus et exſpes
Nequicquam fundo ſuſpiret nummus in imo.
Thus vainly dreams the wretch, and ſtill ſpends on,
'Till a poor deſperate guinea left alone
In ſilence mourns his dear companions gone.

And not unlike this is our proverb, *When the ſteed is ſtolen, he ſhuts the ſtable door.* Quandoquidem accepto claudenda eſt janua damno. *Juv.* Sat. III. Προμηθεύς ἐστι μετὰ τὰ πράγματα. *Lucian.* And that of the French. Apres la mort le medicin. *After death the doctor.* (*See* Eraſm. Adag. 2. 2. 64.)

(m) As not only a little] *Antiphanes* ſpeaking of life, ſays,

Σφοδρ' ἐστὶν ἡμῶν ὁ βίος ὥσπερ προσφερής· / οἶνῳ
Ὅταν ἡ τὸ λοιπὸν μικρὸν, ὄξος γίνεται.
Our life like wine, when but few years are paſt,
Is briſk and ſtrong; but vinegar at laſt.

EPISTLE II.

On Study; and true Riches. (a)

I AM happy, *Lucilius*, in conceiving great hopes of you, both from what you write, and from what I hear of you: it ſeems, you are no wanderer, nor apt to diſquiet yourſelf in vain with change of place; a reſtleſſneſs which generally ſprings from ſome malady in the mind. The chief teſtimony, I apprehend, of a mind truly calm and compoſed, is, that it is conſiſtent with, and can enjoy itſelf.

Be pleaſed likewiſe to conſider that the reading many authors, and books of all ſorts, betrays a vague and unſteady diſpoſition. You muſt attach yourſelf to ſome in particular, and thoroughly digeſt what you read, if you would entruſt the faithful memory with any thing of uſe. He that is every-where, is no-where (*b*). They who ſpend their time in travelling, meet indeed with many an hoſt, but few friends. This is neceſſarily the caſe of thoſe, who apply not familiarly to any one ſtudy, but run over every thing curſorily and in haſte. The food profits not, nor gives due nouriſhment

nouriſhment to the body, that abides not ſome time therein. Nothing ſo much prevents the recovery of health, as a frequent change of ſuppoſed remedies. A wound is not ſoon healed, when different ſalves are tried by way of experiment. A plant thrives not, nor can well take root, that is moved from place to place. What profits only accidentally, *in paſſing*, is of little Uſe. Variety of books diſtracts the mind; when you cannot read, therefore, all that you have; it is enough to have only what you can read (*c*). But you will ſay, you have a mind ſometimes to amuſe yourſelf, with one book and ſometimes with another: it is a ſign, my friend, of a nice and ſqueamiſh ſtomach, to be taſting many viands, which, as they are various and of different qualities, rather corrupt than nouriſh. Read therefore always the moſt approved authors, and if you are pleaſed at any time to taſte others, by way of amuſement, ſtill return to thoſe as your principal ſtudy. Be continually treaſuring up ſomething to arm you againſt poverty, ſomething againſt the fear of death and other the like evils, incident to man. And when you have read ſufficiently, make a reſerve of ſome particular ſentiment for that day's meditation.

Such is my own practice: of the many things I read, I generally ſelect one for obſervation: for inſtance, to-day I have been reading *Epicurus* (*d*): (for you muſt know I ſometimes make an excurſion into the enemy's camp, not by way of deſerter, but as a ſpy;) *chearful poverty*, ſays he, *is an excellent thing*. Now I cannot conceive, how that ſtate can be called *poor*, which is *chearful*. The man, whoſe poverty ſits eaſy upon him, is rich (*e*). Not he that hath little, but he that deſireth more, is the poor man. For what avails it, how much a man hath in his cheſt, or in his barns; what ſtock he has in the field, or what money at intereſt; if he is ſtill hankering after another's wealth: if he is ever counting, not what he has got already, but what he may get (*f*)? Do you aſk me, what I take to be the proper *mean of wealth?* I will tell you:—firſt, a *ſupply of neceſſaries*; 2dly, *an eaſy competency* (*g*).

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) Was I to have inſcribed this Epiſtle to any one, according to my firſt deſign, it would have been to a Rev. D. D. whom I know to have read as many books as any one of the preſent age; and wrote not a few: and yet he is thought very deficient in his manner, and elegance of ſtyle: but he is my friend;—and ſo I will take the cenſure upon myſelf, as conſcious of having richly deſerved it. In 1725, of the firſt ſermon I preached upon a publick occaſion, I ſubmitted the MS. to my friend Doctor Gretton, who returned it with the following compliment. —

" In polite writings we uſe no parentheſes; in philoſophical the fewer the better. You do not want " invention; your thoughts crowd upon you; but I think a little claſſical arrangement is wanting, " and a few connecting particles; or rather a more perpetuated thread of diſcourſe: you come nearer *Seneca* than *Tully*; the *Arena ſine calce.*"

And, I fear, I cannot boaſt any great improvement in 1780: the reaſon, (as Seneca here expreſſeth it) becauſe Nullius me ingenio familiariter applicavi, ſed omnia curſim et properans tranſmiſi. The courteous reader will excuſe an old man's talking of himſelf. Perhaps it may have ſome uſe.—— N. B. The 28th Epiſtle turns upon much the ſame argument with this.

(b) He that –] Quiſquis ubique habitat, Nævole, nuſquam habitat.—*Martial.*

Fig: Οξυμωρον—Reviviſcentis imperii ſpes Fabius fuit. Qui novam de Hannibale victoriam commentus eſt, *nolle pugnare.*

(c) When you cannot –] Fig. Antimetatheſis —So *Pliny. Paneg.* Non ideo viciſſe videris, ut triumphares, ſed triumphare, ut vinceres.

(d) You will recollect here that *Seneca* was not an *Epicurean* but a *Stoic.*

(e) The man whoſe—] So in the foregoing Epiſtle,

Non puto pauperem, cui quantulumcumque ſupereſt, ſat eſt. *I cannot think him poor, who hath wherewithal to be content.*

(f) Is ever counting—] Non quod habet numerat tantum quod non habet optat. *Manil.*

(g) Quod ſat eſt.] *Lucilius*, the old Roman poet, argues thus——

Nam ſi, quod ſatis eſt homini, id ſatis eſſe potiſſet,
Hoc ſat erat: nunc cum hoc non eſt, qui credimus porro,
Divitias ullas animum mi explere potiſſe?

No wealth can ſatisfy the man, who thinks,
What is ſufficient, not enough for him.

EPISTLE III.

On Friendſhip.

YOU inform me, *Lucilius*, that you have ſent letters to me by your *friend*, and then deſire me not to communicate with him all that I know of you; for this, you ſay, is not what you would chuſe to do yourſelf: and is not this to own, and deny him, at the ſame time, to be your friend (*a*)? You ſeem to uſe the word as a common appellation, and to call him *friend*, as we call all candidates for an office, *good men*; and accoſt thoſe whoſe name does not immediately occur, with, *Dear Sir* (*b*). Be this as it will; yet know, that if you think any one your friend, whom you dare not truſt as far as you would your ownſelf, you are greatly miſtaken, and know not the importance of true friendſhip.

It may be neceſſary to conſult and adviſe with a friend in everything, but it is proper firſt to know him (*c*). After friendſhip contracted all truſt is due; but a judicious choice muſt precede it. They ſtrangely blend the duties relating to friendſhip, who, contrary to the precept of Theophraſtus, when they have fixed the fancy, think it time enough to judge, rather than, having judged, embrace the friend. Conſider with yourſelf, for ſome time, whether ſuch a one is worthy to be received into your boſom, and if he ſeems a proper perſon, admit him with your whole heart. Converſe as frankly and boldly (*d*) with him, as you would with your ownſelf. Yet live ſo, *Lucilius*, as to commit nothing but what you dare truſt even with an enemy.

However, as many things may intervene, which, from their own nature or cuſtom, are termed *ſecrets*; theſe belong to the province of a friend; with whom you muſt communicate all your cares, and all your counſels. This is the way to make him faithful (*e*) indeed: for many have taught others to deceive by an apprehenſion of being deceived themſelves; and, by an unjuſt ſuſpicion, given others a right, as it were, to offend in this point.

Why then ſhould I be upon the reſerve with my friend? Why ſhould I not think myſelf alone, even in his preſence?

Some people are apt to blab to every one they meet what ought to be entruſted only with friends; and to diſburthen themſelves of whatever may chance to wring them, by teazing every ear with the doleful tale: there are others, who are afraid of the conſciouſneſs of their deareſt converſants; nay, they are ſo obſtinately cloſe, with regard to every ſecret, that, if poſſible, they would not truſt their own conſciences with them. They are both in the wrong; it is no leſs a fault to truſt every one, than to truſt no one (*f*): only the former I take to be a more generous error, the latter a more ſafe one.

In like manner are they worthy reprehenſion, who are always reſtleſs, or always indolent: for to delight in buſtle and tumult is not *induſtry*, but the conflict of a diſorder'd mind; nor is it to be called *eaſe*, that thinks every the leaſt motion irkſome, but rather languor, and diſſipation. I will therefore recommend to you what I read in *Pomponius* (*g*). *There have been thoſe*, ſays he, *who have ſo devoted themſelves to ſolitude, in ſome dark corner, as to think every thing* without *to be trouble and confuſion.* Theſe two things are to be interwoven, as it were, together, *Reſt* and *Labour*. If you examine Nature; ſhe will tell you, ſhe made both the Day and the Night.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) To be your friend] In this double ſenſe of the word is that of *Socrates*, Ω φιλοι παντες φιλος, *ye are all my friends, and yet I have no friend.*

(b) Sir] Dominum. So, *Martial.*

Cum te non noſſem, Dominum Regemque vocabam.
Cum voco te Dominum, noli tibi, Cinna, placere,
Sæpe etiam ſervum ſic reſaluto meum. *Id.*
Be not proud, Cinna, *that I call you*, Sir;
Oft hears my ſlave the ſame, an idle cur!
Or thus:
I call you Sir, *yet ſmile not at the name,*
For, Cinna, *oft my ſervant hears the ſame.*

Muretus likewiſe quotes a Greek epigram, but as all the wit lies in the pun, it is not worth tranſlating.

Ην ὁ φιλος τὶ λαθῃ, δομινε φρατερ ἄυδις εἰπω·
Ην δὲ λαθῃ μηδὲν, τὸ φρατερ ἴσως μονον.
Ωνια γὰρ καὶ ταῦτα τὰ ῥηματα· αυτὰρ ἐγωγε
Οὐκ ἐθελω δομινε· ου γὰρ ἐχω δομινον.

(Vid. Torrent. in Suet. Aug. 33. *Claud.* 39. *Lipſ. in l.* 2. *Tac. Ann. Briſſon. l.* 8. *de Form.*

(c) Firſt

(c) First to know him] Sidonius, p. 304. Eſt enim conſuetudinis meæ, ut eligam ante, poſt deligam. *It is my way, to chuſe firſt, and love afterwards.*—The precept of *Theophraſtus* here referred to, is, ὅτι δεῖ κρίναντα φιλεῖν, ἀλλ' ὲ φιλοῦντα κρίνειν, *It is proper to judge, before we fix our affection, rather than to fix it before we have formed our judgment.* An excellent precept for the young of both ſexes, but eſpecially for the fair ſex!

(d) As boldly] This has not always been thought true policy, Ita crede amico, *ſaith* Publius, ne ſit inimico locus. *So truſt a friend, as to leave no room for his becoming your enemy.* *And* Sophocles Aj. 690.

—— Ὡς τε τὸν φίλον
Τοσοῦδ' ὑπουργῶν ὠφελεῖν ζηλήσομαι,
Ὡς αὖθις οὐ μενοῦντα· Τοῖς πολλοῖσι γὰρ
Βροτῶν ἄπιστος ἰσθ' ἑταιρίας λιμήν.

And ſo aſſiſt and love my friend, as if
One day he would forſake me; for to many
The hav'n of friendſhip proves a faithleſs hav'n.

(e) To make him faithful] So *Livy*, Vult ſibi quiſque credi et habita fides ipſam obligat fidem. *Every one is deſirous of credit; and to truſt, is the way to be truſted.* And *Plutarch*, in his *Connubial* Precepts, Ποιεῖ καὶ τὸ πιστεύειν δοκεῖν πιστεύεσθαι, καὶ τὸ φιλεῖν φιλεῖσθαι· *To believe, is an inducement to be believed; and to love, to be beloved.*

(f) To truſt no one] So, *Phædrus*, Periculoſum eſt credere et non credere. *To believe, and not to believe, are alike dangerous.* Πιστεὶς δ' ἄφρα ὁμῶς κ' ἀπιστίαι ὠλεσε ἀνδρας.

Both truſt, and diffidence, are alike deſtructive. *Heſiod.*

(g) Pomponius] There was a tragic poet of this name, and others; but as this ſentence has not a poetical turn, *Lipſius* reads it *Pompeius*, the philoſopher.

(h) Oſborne, in his diſcourſe, *On the greatneſs and corruption of the Church of Rome*, having juſt before ſpoken of *Seneca*, ſeems to have fallen into his ſtyle; ſo widely different from any other part of his writings.—"There is nothing, ſays he, idleneſs and peace makes not worſe; labour and exerciſe "better: the tree that ſtands in the weather, roots beſt and deepeſt: the running water and air that is "agitated are moſt wholeſome and ſweet. The cauſe of this, muſt be deduced from God's eternal "decree, that nothing in nature ſhould remain idle and without motion."

EPISTLE IV.

On the Study of Philoſophy; from whence the Contempt of Death, and alſo of Wealth and Grandeur.

PErſevere, *Lucilius*, as you have begun; and be as expeditious as poſſible; that, being once maſter of a regular, and well-informed mind, *(a)* you may the longer enjoy it. There is a pleaſure indeed in endeavouring to

regulate and reform the mind, but how much more exquiſite is that, which ariſes from the contemplation of a mind ever innocent and pure? You yet remember the joy of heart you felt, when, laying aſide *the veſt and tunic*, you put on the *manly robe*, and was introduced to the *Prætor*. Expect ſtill greater joy, when you ſhall have caſt off all puerile inclinations, and philoſophy has ranked you in the claſs of *men*. We may have paſſed indeed our childhood, when what is more grievous, childiſhneſs ſtill remains: and, what is yet worſe, we are old men in authority, but boys in vices and imperfections; not only boys, but meer infants *(b)*. As thoſe are afraid of the moſt light and trivial things, and theſe of vain bugbears; ſo we are afraid of both.

Only purſue your ſtudies; and you will find, that ſome things, the more they are dreaded, are the leſs to be feared: the laſt evil is nothing: Death approaches: what then? you might have been afraid of him, could he abide with you; but he no ſooner comes, than he is gone *(c)*. It is hard however, you ſay, to bring your mind to a contempt of life. See you not upon what frivolous occaſions it is often contemned? One hangs himſelf, at the door of his cruel miſtreſs; another breaks his neck from the top of an houſe (*d*), to avoid the threatening wrath of his maſter; and another, when he has played the runaway, ſtabs himſelf, to prevent his being carried home.

Think you that Virtue cannot as effectually diſſipate the fear of Death, as baſe timidity? No man can enjoy life with complacency, who is too ſollicitous to prolong it, and eſteems as the greateſt happineſs the number of Conſuls he lives to ſee. Let ſuch be your daily meditation, as will enable you, with an equal mind, at any time, to let go your hold of life; which ſome are ſo tenacious of, as to embrace it with painful endurance: like thoſe, who, being carried along by a torrent, catch at briars, or any thing, be it ever ſo ſharp, that is within their reach. Moſt men are apt to waver, miſerably, between the fear of death, and the torments of life. They are unwilling to live, and know not how to die (*e*). Render life therefore pleaſant to you, by caſting away all ſollicitude about it. No good can truly delight the poſſeſſor, unleſs his mind be prepared againſt the loſs of it: and no loſs is eaſier to be borne, than of that which cannot

be recalled, or again expected. Againſt all accidents therefore, which even the moſt mighty are ſubject to, exhort and harden yourſelf continually. Conſider that a fatherleſs child (*f*), and an eunuch, bore ſentence againſt the life of *Pompey*, and put it in execution. A cruel and inſolent *Parthian* ſlew *Craſſus* (*g*). *Caius Cæſar* (*h*) commanded *Lepidus* to bow down his neck to the ſtroke of *Decimus* the tribune; and he did the ſame himſelf to the rake *Chærea*. Fortune hath advanced no one ſo high, as not to threaten him with the ſame treatment, with which ſhe had permitted him to treat others. Truſt not your preſent tranquillity. The ſea in a moment is ruffled into a ſtorm; and the ſhips that were dancing in ſafety upon the wave, are, in that inſtant, wrecked, and ſwallowed up. Conſider that a robber as well as an enemy may cut your throat: and ſuppoſing you are ſafe from any higher power; life and death (*i*) are at the will of a menial ſervant: yes; let any one not fear death, and he is maſter of your life. Recollect the inſtances you have known of thoſe, who have fallen by domeſtic treachery, either by open force, or ſurprize; and you will find that as many have periſhed by the reſentment of ſlaves, as of kings. What avails it therefore to you, how powerful he is, whom you are afraid of; if what you fear, is in every one's power to execute? Or if you ſhould be taken by an enemy, and he ſhould command you to be led where he pleaſes, even to death; why do you deceive yourſelf, and think this the firſt time of your ſuffering that, which you have daily undergone! For I affirm that, from the hour you was born, Nature led you the ſame way (*k*). In theſe and the like conſiderations the mind muſt be continually exerciſed; if, with a pleaſing ſatisfaction, you would expect that laſt hour, which makes all the reſt diſagreeable.

But to conclude this epiſtle; be pleaſed to accept a ſentence, which, this very day, gave me no ſmall delight; and which flower I likewiſe ſtole from another's garden. Magnæ divitiæ ſunt lege naturæ compoſita paupertas. *Poverty meaſured by the law of Nature is great riches.* Now, do you know what this law of nature requires? Only not to hunger, not to thirſt, or be cold for want of clothing. To expel hunger and thirſt, there is no neceſſity of ſitting in a palace, and ſubmitting to the ſupercilious brow, and contumelious favour of the rich and great: there is no neceſſity of ſailing upon the deep, or of following the camp. What nature wants is every-where

to be found, and attainable without much difficulty: whereas ſuperfluities require the ſweat of the brow; for theſe we are obliged to dreſs anew; are compelled to grow old in the field; and driven to foreign ſhores. A ſufficiency is always at hand.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) See Ep. 1. Traditi boni perpetua poſſeſſio eſt, &c. *The poſſeſſion of good is everlaſting; no one who hath once learned virtue can forget it,* &c.

(b) See Ep. xxiv. cxv. Lucret. ii. 54.

Nam veluti pueri trepidant, atque omnia cæcis
In tenebris metuunt: ſic nos in luce timemus.
Interdum nihilo quæ ſunt metuenda magis, quam
Quæ pueri in tenebris pavitant finguntque futura.
For like as children in the dark of night
Tremble and ſtart; ſo we ev'n in the light;
Fearful like them, of ſhadows, light and vain,
The idle fancies of a childiſh brain.

(c) Than he is gone] How deep implanted in the breaſt of man
The dread of death! I ſing its ſovereign cure.
Why ſtart at death? Where is he? Death arriv'd,
Is paſt; not come, or gone; he's never *here.*
Imagination's fool, and *Error's* wretch,
Man makes a death which Nature never made;
Then on the point of his own fancy falls,
And feels a thouſand deaths in fearing one. *Young.*

(d) Another breaks his neck] Hic ſe præcipitem tecto dedit, ille flagellis
Ad mortem cæſus. *Hor.*
A deſperate leap one luckleſs caitiff tries;
Torn by the flagrant laſh another dies. Francis.

(e) Unwilling to live] Such the rebuke of *Epictetus.* Θαυμασοὶ ἀνθρωποι, μήτε ζῆν θέλοντες, μήτε ἀποθνησκειν. *Strange men as ye are, who are neither willing to live, nor to die.*

(f) A fatherleſs child] A ſtronger inſtance of the inſtability of human greatneſs is ſcarce to be found in hiſtory than this, the fall and death of *Pompey* the Great: having fled to Egypt for protection in his laſt diſtreſs, where reigned young *Ptolemy,* (who was juſt come of age, and had been highly obliged to *Pompey,* for the friendſhip and favour which he had ſhewn his father) he was there aſſaſſinated, (by order of the young King, and one *Pothinus,* his tutor, and prime miniſter of ſtate) his head cut off, and his body thrown and expoſed upon the ſhore.——But not long after, the generous *Cæſar* ordered *Pothinus,* and *Achillas* the aſſaſſin, to be ſlain; and the young King, having been overthrown in battle, fled away in diſguiſe, and was never heard of afterwards. *See Plutarch's* Life of *Pompey.*

(g) M. Craſſus killed in a tumult by a Parthian, called *Pomaxaithres.* His ſon was before ſlain by the Parthians; and his head brought to his father by way of inſult. *See his Life in* Plutarch.

(h) Caius Cæſar] *Caligula,* Emperor, ſlain by *Caſſius Chærea,* tribune of the Prætorian Cohort, in the 29th year of his age, and the 4th of his reign. *See his Life by* Suetonius.

(i) Life and Death] Contempſit omnes ille, qui mortem prius. *Sen.*
Nihil eſt difficile perſuadere, perſuaſis mori. *Juſtin.*
There is nothing ſo difficult but what you may perſuade a man to do, who is not afraid to die.

(k) Nature led you the ſame way] See Epiſt. 1, xxiv.

EPISTLE V*.

Againſt the Affectation of Singularity—On Hope and Fear.

IT demands my approbation, and gives me infinite pleaſure, to find, *Lucilius*, that you purſue your ſtudies with attention, and make it the chief, to improve daily in goodneſs and virtue. I not only exhort, but earneſtly beſeech you, to perſevere. But this too I muſt adviſe you, that you affect not to be ſingular, either in your dreſs, or manner of life; like thoſe who are ambitious, not with a deſign of doing any good, but of being taken notice of *(a)*. Pretend not to an uncouth habit, ſlovenly to neglect the hair and beard, to declare a ſworn averſion to a piece of plate, to lie on the ground, or to exhibit any other extraordinary mark of perverſe ambition *(b)*. The very name of *Philoſophy*, however modeſtly and decently purſued, is inviduous enough, and ever ſubject to calumny. What if we have determined to withdraw ourſelves from the ordinary converſe of men; let all the difference lie *within*, but let our outward appearance *(c)* be the ſame with that of other people. Let not the outer garment be either gawdy, or mean and ſordid: let us not ſigh after plate, ſilver or gold, emboſſed, and decorated with arms and mottos; nor think it a ſign of frugality to be quite deſtitute either of gold or ſilver: let us act upon this principle, not to lead a life *contrary* to the generality of men, but a better *(d)*: otherwiſe, they, whom we propoſe to inſtruct and reform, will fly from and avoid us; beſides, our converſants will think nothing worthy their imitation, when they are afraid they muſt imitate all we do. Now this is what philoſophy chiefly recommends to her pupils, *ſound ſenſe*, *common humanity*, and the *ſocial virtues*; ſo as to converſe with thoſe, whom the diſparity of our profeſſion ſeparates us from.

Let us alſo beware, leſt intending to be admired, we make ourſelves ridiculous and odious. Our buſineſs is to live according to Nature *(e)*; but it is contrary to Nature, to afflict the body, to hate decency and cleanlineſs, and to diet one's ſelf, not only with cheap food, but with ſuch as

is groſs and horrid *(f)*. As it is luxury to covet dainties, it is folly and madneſs to reject ſuch things as are in common uſe and eaſily to be obtained. Philoſophy preaches temperance and frugality, not ſevere mortification: and frugality may be decent, and not inelegant. This then is the mean that I ſhould chuſe, a life tempered between politeneſs and vulgarity; let all men admire it, but at the ſame time ſee and acknowledge, that there is nothing ſo extraordinary in it, but what is practicable. What then? Muſt we act, in all reſpects, like other men? Shall there be no difference between us and the commonalty? Yes ſurely; he will find a great difference, who more narrowly inſpects our conduct. Whoever comes into a houſe of ours, let him admire the *man*, and not the furniture. He is great, who uſeth his earthen veſſels as contentedly as if they were ſilver; nor leſs to be eſteemed is he, who uſeth ſilver not more proudly than if it was earthenware. It betrays a weak mind not to be ſufficient for the ſupport of wealth.

But to make you a ſmall preſent of the fruit I gathered to-day, know, that I have learned from our *Hecaton* (*g*), that to ſet bounds to our deſires is a ſure remedy againſt fear. Deſines timere, ſi ſperare deſieris. *If you ceaſe to hope*, ſays he, *you will ceaſe to fear*. But you will ſay, how can things ſo very diſſimilar have any effect upon each other? I will tell you; diſſimilar as they ſeem to be, there is a connection between them. As the ſame chain holds both the priſoner and his guard (*h*), ſo do theſe two affections, however contrary they may ſeem to each other, march linked together: and fear follows hope. Nor do I wonder at this; ſince both belong to a mind in ſuſpenſe; and anxious concerning what may happen. But the principal cauſe of both is, that we diſregard the preſent, and extend our views to things at a diſtance. Forecaſt therefore, an indiſputable good to man, is turned into evil. Brute beaſts fly ſuch dangers as they are ſenſible of; and, having eſcaped them, reſt ſecure. But we are tortured, both with what is paſt, and with what is to come. Thus many things, really good in themſelves, hurt us: for, memory recalls, and forecaſt anticipates, the torment of fear. No one is wretched from what is preſent only.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

• According to my firſt deſign, I had inſcribed this Epiſtle to my late friend Dr. Rawlinſon: the propriety of it, I believe, would not be doubted by thoſe who knew him.

(a) Of being taken notice of] Conſpici. In Scripture language, πρὸς· τὸ θεαθῆναι τοῖς ἀνθρώποις, *To be ſeen of men.* Matth. xxiii. v.—*Horace* ridicules ſome of his time, who in like manner affected to be thought poets.

Nanciſcetur enim nomen pretiumque poetæ—
Si tribus Anticyris caput inſanabile nunquam
Tonſori Licino commiſerit.——
A poet's fame and fortune ſure to gain,
If long their beards; incurable their brain. Francis.

(b) Muretus obſerves, that not only wiſdom, but oſtentimes ambition affects a ſordid garb; nor are any men more ſollicitous for fame and glory, than they who purſue it under a pretence of flying from it.

So when *Diogenes*, the cynic, told *Plato*, "that he deſpiſed and trampled upon his pride," "*True, ſaid* Plato, *you do ſo; but with more pride.*"—And *Ariſtotle* imputes the ſordid and negligent dreſs of the *Lacedæmonians* to pride and arrogance.

(c) Our outward appearance] Though the Apoſtle ſays *our converſation is in heaven*, Phil. iii. 20, *yet he condeſcends to be made all things to all men, that, at leaſt, he might ſave ſome.* 1 Cor. ix. 18, 22.

(*d*) *But a better*] I ſhould be ſorry, if any of my brethren, who may chance to read this Epiſtle, did not effectually feel this, and other excellent precepts exhibited herein.

(e) According to Nature] See Epiſt. 41. De vit. beat. c. 3.

(f) Eraſmus juſtly thinks this applicable to the beaſtly crew of monks and friers, and all ſuch as affect ſingularity and unneceſſary wretchedneſs in dreſs and diet. And the ingenious *Francis Oſborne* reckons this among the cauſes of the defection from the church of *Rome*. "The ſeeking to maintain a greater "ſhew of piety, than was ſuitable to human frailty and the comforts of life." The frier's habit being no leſs naſty than unſeemly, and therefore ſhunned by nicer judgments, and thoſe of parts, not ſo capable of temptation from any thing, as pleaſure and profit. Or if ſuch auſterity was called for, in relation to external zeal, (the parade of all religions, and fit to be muſtered up often in the eyes of the people) yet the generality might have been left to more decent accoutrements, by which they had become ſociable unto others, and not loathſome to themſelves.

(g) Hecaton, the Stoic philoſopher, a diſciple of *Panætius*. He lived at *Rhodes*.

(b) And his guard] This ſort of military guard *Manilius* ſuppoſed born under the influence of the conſtellation *Andromeda*.

Vinctorum Dominus, ſociuſque in parte catenæ,
Interdum pœnis innoxia corpora ſervat *l.* 5.
The priſoner's keeper, partner of his chain,
Oft ſaves the guiltleſs from the threaten'd pain. See Ep. 70 and 78.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE VI.

On Friendſhip and Converſation. (*a*)

I AM very ſenſible, *Lucilius*, that I am not only improved (*a*), but, as it were, transformed (*b*); and yet I pretend not to ſay, or expect, that there is nothing, in the common courſe of life, that requires further improvement. There are many things that ſtill call for reformation: ſome affections to be checked and lowered, others to be encouraged and raiſed. And indeed I think this is a ſign of the mind's being improved, when it can ſee thoſe faults, of which it was ignorant before. In ſome maladies, a ſenſibility of pain gives hopes of recovery. I was therefore deſirous to acquaint you with my ſudden change; as I then began to have more confidence of our friendſhip; *that* true friendſhip, which neither hope, nor fear, nor any intereſted view can diſunite; *that*, which men carry to the laſt, and for which they would not ſcruple to die. I could name ſeveral, who wanted not a friend (*c*), but friendſhip. Now this cannot happen, where minds are poſſeſſed with an uniformity of will, to act honourably. And why can it not? Becauſe they know that all things, and more eſpecially adverſity, are to be held in common.

You cannot imagine what new improvements I collect every day. "Inform me, you ſay, of the means, which you have experimentally found of ſo great efficacy." It is my deſire ſo to do: I will tranſmit every thing to you; and am glad to learn, in order to inſtruct (*d*). Nor indeed would any thing give me pleaſure, however excellent and ſalutary it might be, was I to keep the knowledge of it to myſelf. Was wiſdom offered me under ſuch reſtriction, as to be obliged to conceal it, I would reject it. No enjoyment whatever can be agreeable without participation. I will therefore ſend you the books themſelves; and that you may not waſte much time, in ſearching after the uſeful and profitable, as it lies ſcattered in ſeveral places, I will ſet ſome mark, *(in the margin, or otherwiſe)* whereby you may immediately recur to thoſe paſſages, which I both approve and admire.

Yet

Yet after all (*e*), converſation and familiarity will have better effect than any thing written, or a formal ſpeech. You muſt come hither, and be preſent with us; firſt, becauſe men give greater credit to their eyes, than to their ears; and ſecondly, the way by precept is long and tedious; whereas that of example is ſhort and powerful. *Cleanthes* had never reſembled *Zeno*, if he had been ſatisfied only with his lectures. He was intimate with him, privy to all his ſecrets, and diligently obſerved, whether he lived up to his own rule. *Plato* and *Ariſtotle* (*f*), and the whole tribe of philoſophers of various ſects (*g*), learned more from the morals of *Socrates*, than from his preachments. It was not the ſchool of *Epicurus*, but familiarity that made *Metrodorus* (*h*), *Hermachus*, and *Polyænus*, ſo eminent in the world. Nor do I invite you hither, merely for *your* good, but my own; as in conference each may aſſiſt the other in many points. In the mean while, as, according to cuſtom, I owe you every day ſomething by way of a ſmall preſent, I will inform you, wherein *Hecaton* to-day gave me great pleaſure: "*Do you aſk*, ſays he, *what improvement I have made of late?*— Amicum eſſe mihi cæpi; *I have learned to be a friend to myſelf.* Great improvement this indeed! Such a one can never be ſaid to be alone: for know, that he, who is a friend to himſelf, is a friend to all mankind.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) There is an excellent commentary on this ſubject in *Plutarch*, entitled, *How a man may know the improvement he makes in virtue.*

(*b*) *Tranſformed*] Tran figurari, which relates entirely to the *mind*, or *inner man*. So the Apoſtle—*Circumciſion availeth nothing, nor uncircumciſion, but a new creature.* Gal. 6. xv. If a man be in Chriſt, he is *a new creature. Old things are paſſed away, behold, all things are become new.* 11 Cor. 5. 17.

(*c*) *A friend*] i. e. A common friend. *See* Epiſt. iii.

(*d*) *I am glad to learn, in order to inſtruct*] Cato ap. Cic. de Fin. 3.——Impellimur natura ut prodeſſe velimus, imprimiſque docendo rationibuſque prudentiæ tradendis. Itaque non facile eſt invenire, qui quod ſciat ipſe, non tradat alteri. *A natural impulſe directs every man to do good to as many as he can, and eſpecially by inſtructing and forming them to the purpoſes of wiſdom. And indeed it is not eaſy to find a man who is not communicative to another of the knowledge he poſſeſſes himſelf. We therefore have a propenſity to teach as well as to learn.*

So the old Poet *Lucilius* —— Id me.

Nolo ſcire mihi, cujus ſum conſcius ſolus,
Ne damnum faciam. Scire eſt neſcire, niſi id me
Scire alius ſcierit.——

Which *Perſius* in fewer words——

Scire tuum nihil eſt, niſa te ſcire hoc ſciat alter.
For it is nothing worth that lies conceal'd:
And ſcience is not ſcience till reveal'd. Dryden.

(*e*) *Yet after all*] Plus tamen tibi viva vox—proderit.

—Præterea multo magis, ut vulgo dicitur, *viva vox* afficit.
Nam licet acriora ſint quæ legas, altius tamen in animo
Sedent quæ pronuntiatio, vultus, habitus, geſtus etiam dicentis affigit.

Plin. Ep. iii. l. 2.

Beſides, according to the proverb, what the ear hears ſtands in no need to be gueſſed at. *And ſuppoſe what you read in itſelf more affecting, yet certainly the pronunciation, the countenance, the dreſs, the geſture, of an orator, imprint his leſſons more deeply upon the mind.*

(*f*) *Ariſtotle*] *Lipſius* obſerves here that there muſt be ſome miſtake, or that *Seneca* wrote too haſtily; for ſo far was *Ariſtotle* from converſing with *Socrates*, that he never ſaw him: as *Socrates* died in the firſt year of the 95th *Olympiad*, or according to *Diodorus* in the 97th; and *Ariſtotle* was born in the firſt year of the 99th, according to *Laertius*, *Dionyſius*, *A. Gellius*, *Euſebius*, and others. And conſequently *Ammonius* is likewiſe miſtaken; when in his life of *Ariſtotle* he talks of his living three years with *Socrates*.

(*g*) *Of various ſects*] Hæc autem, ut ex Appennino, fluminum, ſic ex communi ſapientiam jugo ſunt doctrinarum facta divortia.—Cic. de Orat. l. 3. 19. *From this common ſource of philoſophy (the Diſcourſes of* Socrates) *as rivers from the* Appenines, *learning began to run in different channels*; &c. You know, ſays *Ariſtides* to *Socrates*, that I never learned any thing from you profeſſedly; yet great benefit did I reap from you while in the ſame houſe; ſtill greater, if at any time in the ſame room; and much more when my eyes were fixed upon you, as you was ſpeaking; but moſt of all, when I was ſitting by you, and hung as it were upon your garment. *Plato* in *Theagn.*

(*h*) *Metrodorus*] There were two of this name, diſciples of *Epicurus*: the one *Metrodorus*, of *Stratonica*; who left *Epicurus*, and followed *Carneades*: the other, the Athenian, who ſtill kept with *Socrates*, and in many treatiſes propagated his doctrine; who is the perſon here ſpoken of.

Hermachus) The ſon of *Agemarchus*, of *Mitylene*, who ſucceeded *Epicurus* in his ſchool.

Polyænus) The ſon of *Athenodorus* of *Lampſaca*. He was the diſciple of *Epicurus*, but died before him.

(*i*) *I have learned*] Cæpi. This word not in the MS. nor the laſt ſentence, Qui ſibi amicus eſt.—So in the old French, which renders the place thus: ſçhaches que chacun peut avoir un tel amy. *Know that it is in the power of any one to have ſuch a friend.* But it is a ſtoical maxim, *That he who loves himſelf*, i. e. who ſtudies wiſdom and goodneſs, *will alſo love others*. Nec ſibi, ſed toti genitum ſe, credere mundo, *Not born as for himſelf, but all the world.*

EPISTLE VII.

On public Shows, particularly the Gladiators (*a*)*—and Converſe with the World.*

DO you aſk, *Lucilius*, what I would have you principally to avoid? The rabble. You are not yet ſtrong enough to be ſafe among the many. I will confeſs to you my own weakneſs: when I venture abroad, I never

return the ſame moral man I went out. What I ſettled before, is diſcompoſed; or ſomething that I rejected returns. It is with us, who are juſt recovered from ſome inveterate diſorder, as with thoſe who, by long indiſpoſition, are ſo weakened, that the being brought into the air, gives them a diſagreeable ſenſation.

Intercourſe with the world (*b*) is prejudicial: ſome one or other, either by example or diſcourſe, will paint vice in ſuch agreeable colours, as to taint the mind inſenſibly; ſo that the more company we keep, the greater is our danger. But nothing is more hurtful to a good diſpoſition than to while the time away at ſome public ſhew: for then vice ſteals upon us more eaſily under the maſque of pleaſure. Would you think it? I really return from ſuch entertainments, more covetous, more ambitious, more diſſolute, nay, even more cruel and inhuman, from having converſed with men. By chance, I fell in with a public ſhow at *mid-day*; expecting ſome ſport, buffoonery, or other relaxation, when the eyes of the ſpectators had been ſatiated with the ſight of human gore. Nothing leſs: all the bloody deeds of the morning were mere mercy: for now, all trifling apart, they commit downright murder: the combatants have nothing to ſhield the body: they are expoſed to every ſtroke of their antagoniſt; and every ſtroke is a wound: and this ſome prefer to their fighting in pairs, matched, and well accoutred; or of ſuch as were men of great art and experience in the profeſſion: and why ſhould they not? There is no helmet or ſhield to repel the blow: no defence, no art: for theſe are but ſo many balks and delays of death. In the morning men are expoſed to lions and bears: at noon to the ſpectators themſelves. Menſlayers are ordered out againſt one another; and the conqueror is detained for another ſlaughter. Death alone puts an end to this buſineſs; while fire and ſword are employed as inſtruments. And all this is carried on after the ordinary ſlaughter of the day is over. But ſome one hath committed a theft: what then? He deſerves to be hanged: another ſlew a man; it is but juſt he ſhould be ſlain himſelf. And what haſt thou deſerved, O wretch, who canſt take delight in theſe horrid ſolemnities (*c*)? "*Kill, burn, ſcourge,*" is all the cry. "*Why is he ſo afraid of the ſword's point? Why is he ſo timorous to kill? Why does he not die more manfully?*" They are urged on with ſtripes, if they refuſe to encounter; and are obliged to give and take wounds with a forward and open breaſt. Is the appointed

ſhow at a ſtand, that ſomething may be doing, they are called out to cut one another's throats. But, do you not conſider, that bad examples often recoil to the prejudice of thoſe who ſet them? Thank the immortal gods, that you are inſtructing him (*d*) to be cruel, who cannot learn.

Hence it is manifeſt, that a mind, that is tender and not over-tenacious of what is right, is not to be entruſted with the converſe of *the many*. Vice is catching. The varying populace can ſhake a *Socrates*, a *Cato* or a *Lælius*, from his purpoſe; ſo that none of us, however poliſhed the diſpoſition, can ſtand againſt the violence of vices, that aſſail us in ſuch a numerous body. Nay, even one example of luxury, or avarice, is capable of doing much miſchief. A delicate coxcomb by degrees ſoftens and effeminates his converſants: a rich neighbour incites covetouſneſs: an ill-minded man is apt to taint with malignity his companion, however ſimple and candid.

What then, think you, muſt be the conſequence when a man ſubjects himſelf to every public attack? You muſt either imitate, or hate the aſſailants: both are to be avoided; leſt, you become like the bad, becauſe they are many; or inimical to many, becauſe unlike them. Retire therefore into thyſelf, as much as poſſible: converſe with thoſe, who are capable of making you better; and admit thoſe, whom you think yourſelf capable of inſtructing. Theſe are reciprocal duties. Men often learn, while they teach. There is no reaſon however, that the glory of publiſhing your ingenuity ſhould introduce you to the public, either by way of recital, or diſpute: which indeed I ſhould not be averſe to, was your art adapted to the level of the vulgar: ſcarce any one can underſtand you: or if one or two of better parts than ordinary, ſhould by chance fall in your way, it will demand ſome pains to inſtruct them, and bring them to your taſte. "For whom then, you will ſay, have you taken ſo much pains to learn?" Fear not; your time was not thrown away; if it was for yourſelf only.

But, that I may not have learned all that I have picked up to-day for myſelf alone; I will communicate with you three ſentences of great importance, though almoſt in the ſame ſenſe. One of which I ſhall pay you, as the uſual debt; and I beg your acceptance of the other two beforehand. *Democritus* ſaith, unus mihi pro populo eſt et populus pro uno, *One is to me a thouſand,*

a thouſand, and a thouſand as one. And well hath he ſpoke, (whoever he was, for the author is not known) who to one that aſked him, "*why he ſpent ſo much diligence in an art, which but few could be the better for?*" replied, ſatis ſunt mihi pauci, ſatis eſt unus, ſatis eſt nullus, *A few are enough for me, nay, one is enough, or no one at all.* And more excellent is the third: when *Epicurus* was writing to one of his fellow-ſtudents, *Theſe things,* ſays he, *I write not to the many, but to you alone;* ſatis enim magnum alter alteri theatrum ſumus, *for we are to each other a theatre large enough.* Theſe, my *Lucilius,* are the things which I would have you treaſure up in your mind, that you may deſpiſe the vain pleaſure, that accrues from the approbation of the world (*e*). Many praiſe thee: but are you ſatisfied with yourſelf, if you are what they take you for and applaud? Let your goodneſs be approved *within.*

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) *The gladiators*] The firſt ſhow of gladiators exhibited at *Rome,* was that of *M.* and *D. Brutus,* upon the death of their father, A. U. C. 489, ante Chriſtum, 264. But the honour of removing this barbarity out of the Roman world was reſerved for *Conſtantine* the Great, A. U. C. 1096, about 600 years after their firſt inſtitution; yet under *Conſtantius, Theodoſius,* and *Valentinian,* the ſame cruel humour began to revive; 'till a final ſtop was put to it by the Emperor *Honorius,* A. D. 396. —There were ſeveral orders or kinds of gladiators who owed their diſtinction to their country, their arms, their way of fighting, and the like. The three kinds mentioned in this Epiſtle, are the *Meridiani,* who engaged in the afternoon; the *Poſtulatitii,* commonly men of great ſkill and experience, whom the people particularly deſired the Emperor to produce; and the *Ordinarii,* ſuch as were preſented according to the common manner, and at the uſual time, and fought the ordinary way. *Kennett's Roman Antiq.*

(*b*) *Intercourſe with the world*] When I who paſs a great part, very much the greateſt part of my life alone, ſally forth into the world, I am very far from expecting to improve myſelf, by the converſation I find there; and ſtill further from caring one jot for what paſſes there.

Bolingbroke, Letter 212, vol. ii.

In driving me out of party, they have driven me out of curſed company; and in ſtripping me of titles, rank, and eſtate, and ſuch trinkets, which every man, that will, may ſpare, they have given me that which no man can be happy without. *Id.* vol. ix. p. 45.

(*c*) *Horrid ſolemnities*] Dr. *Kennett* concludes his account of the gladiators with the following paſſage from *Cicero.*—Crudele Gladiatorum ſpectaculum et inhumanum nonnullis videri ſolet, &c. *The ſhows of the gladiators may poſſibly to ſome perſons ſeem barbarous and inhuman; and indeed, as the caſe now ſtands, I cannot ſay that the cenſure is unjuſt: but in thoſe times, when only guilty perſons were the combatants, the ear perhaps might receive better inſtructions; but it is impoſſible that any thing which affects the eyes, ſhould fortify us with more ſucceſs againſt the aſſaults of grief and death.* Tuſc. En. 2. See Epiſt. xcv.

(*d*) *Inſtructing him*] He is ſuppoſed to mean the Emperor *Nero,* who at the beginning of his reign was far from being cruel. His predeceſſor *Claudius,* when addreſſed by ſome of theſe poor wretches, as they paſſed before him, with, *Ave, Imperator, morituri te ſalutant,* returned in anſwer, *Avete vos;* which when they would gladly have interpreted as an act of favour, and a grant of their lives, he ſoon gave them to underſtand, that it proceeded from the contrary principle of barbarous cruelty and inſenſibility *Suet. Tacit* Ann. xiv.

(*e*) *The approbation of the multitude*] Or *do I ſeek,* ſaith the Apoſtle, *to pleaſe men? for if I yet pleaſed men, I ſhould not be the ſervant of Chriſt.* Gal. i. 10.

EPISTLE VIII.

On Temperance, and the Benefit of Philoſophy.

YOU ſeem, *Lucilius*, to be ſurprized, that I ſhould command you to ſhun the public, to retire, and reſt ſatisfied with the complacency of your own conſcience: as if I was regardleſs both of my own, and the precepts of my principals *(a)*, who recommend an active life: know then it is for this purpoſe I conceal myſelf, and ſhut my doors; that I may ſee no one, in order to profit many. No day, I can aſſure you, paſſes by unemployed: and even part of the night I claim for ſtudy. I lie down indeed, but keep my eyes, tired and heavy as they are, ſtill at work. Moreover, I have withdrawn myſelf not only from men, but from all manner of worldly affairs, even my own: I am at work for poſterity *(b)*: I am continually writing ſomething, I hope for their benefit; intending to treat them with ſome ſalutary preſcriptions, and the compoſition of certain medicines, that I myſelf have happily experienced, in my own malady; which if not perfectly cured, hath been prevented from growing worſe. I am endeavouring to ſhew to others the right path, which I am perſuaded I have found, after much wearineſs and travail.—Beware of thoſe things, I ſay, which are apt to pleaſe the vulgar, and are merely accidental; be ſuſpicious and diſtruſtful of every caſual good. It is for wild beaſts, and fiſh, to be deceived by ſome alluring bait. Think ye that ſuch and ſuch things are the effects of fortune (*c*)? No; they are ſnares. Whoſoever would lead a ſafe and pleaſant life, let him avoid ſuch falſe and treacherous benefits, which thinking to catch, we are miſerably deceived; and caught ourſelves, as with birdlime (*d*). An ambitious courſe of life leads to a precipice: the end of an high ſtation is, to fall: for it is not in our power to ſtop, when our ſeeming happineſs hath taken a wrong bias. Either abide firm in your ſtation, or confide in yourſelf (*e*). So ſhall not Fortune overthrow you, but only daſh againſt you, like a wave, and be beat back again.

Maintain therefore this ſound and ſalutary way of living: ſo far only to indulge the body, as to preſerve it in good health *(f)*. It muſt be treated more roughly, if you would have it obedient, or ſerviceable, to the ſoul (*g*). Food ſatisfies hunger; let drink aſſuage thirſt; clothes keep off the cold,

and

and an houſe defend you, from whatever elſe might injure the body: it matters not whether the houſe be of turf, or foreign marble: a man may be as ſafe and happy under a thatched, as under a golden roof. Deſpiſe the ſuperfluities, which needleſs labour acquires, by way of ornament or credit. Think, there is nothing admirable in thee, but the ſoul (*b*). Nothing ſo great, as to be compared with the greatneſs of it. Now, while I am meditating on theſe reflections, and am deſirous to convey them to poſterity, ſeem I not to be doing more good, than in being ready, when called upon, to bail my friend, or to be witneſs to his will, or to give him my hand and ſuffrage in the ſenate, when a candidate for ſome public office? Believe me, they who ſeem to be doing little or nothing, are ſometimes engaged in matters of the greateſt moment, while they are employing themſelves on things, at the ſame time, both human and divine.

But to conclude this Epiſtle, and therein diſcharge my uſual payment; not out of my own ſtock I confeſs; for I have ſtill in hand *Epicurus*; in whom I this day read, Philoſophiæ ſervias oportet, ut tibi contingat vera libertas; *you muſt be the ſlave of philoſophy, if you deſire to enjoy true liberty.* He that hath once ſubjected and delivered himſelf up to her, is inſtantly made free: for, this her ſervice, I ſay, is perfect freedom (*i*). Perhaps, you may aſk me, why I am ſo fond of reciting the excellent ſayings of *Epicurus*, neglectful of thoſe of my own ſchool? Are not theſe then of *Epicurus* ſpoken in general, and ſuitable to every ſect? How many things occur which are ſaid or might have been ſaid by the philoſophers? Not to mention the tragedians, or our *togatæ*, which are ſometimes ſerious, being a ſort of a tragi-comedy? How many excellent ſentences do we find even in a *Mime* or farce? There are ſeveral in *Publius* full worthy the buſkin: one I ſhall quote, which belongs to philoſophy and the ſubject before us; where he denies all caſual things to be properly our own:

> Alienum eſt omne, quicquid optando venit.
> *What we muſt wiſh for, is a foreign good.*

But I remember one from you, *Lucilius*, which I think better, and more terſe;—

> Non eſt tuum, fortuna quod fecit tuum.
> *That is not thine, which you to fortune owe.*

And

And I cannot paſs by another ſaying of your's, which I ſtill prefer to the foregoing—

Dari bonum quod potuit, auferri poteſt.
The good that's giv'n, may be taken from us.

Obſerve, I expect no acquittance for theſe; what I now ſend you, is your own.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) The precepts of my principals] *Zeno, Chryſippus*, and others of the Stoics aſſert, that a wiſe man ſhould not be ſo reſerved, as, when called upon, to refuſe the management of public affairs; knowing that he may be the means to prevent the growth of vice; and to excite his fellow citizens to virtuous actions: nay, that they are the only perſons fit for magiſtracy and judicature. *Diog. Laert.*

(b) At work for poſterity] The great *Cato*, invincible as he was, and often the leader of armies, thought however that he could be of more ſervice to the commonwealth by the publication of his military diſcipline in writing: ſince brave actions benefit only the preſent age; but ſuch things, as are wrote for the public good, laſt for ever. *Veget. de re Mil.* l. 2. —What Engliſhman can read this, without being put in mind, to his great ſorrow and deteſtation, of the horrid tranſactions of laſt week (June 12, 1780), when the houſe of that great and good man, Lord Mansfield, Chief Juſtice of England, was cauſeleſsly attacked; and, with the rich furniture, all the notes and obſervations of ſo conſummate a lawyer and judge, (the whole work and labour of a long life, contained in a number of manuſcript volumes and papers) were all committed to the flames with undiſtinguiſhing rage, and conſumed, by the moſt villainous crew of inſurgents that ever diſgraced a people!

(c) Such gifts] *Pliny* has an excellent Epiſtle to this purpoſe (l. ix. ep. 30) *My opinion is, that a man who would be truly bountiful ought to exert his liberality, towards his country, his neighbour, his relations, his friends, and let me ſay, by way of diſtinction, his* friends in the greateſt indigence. (Such a precaution Lord *Orrery* obſerves, was neceſſary in an age, where liberality ſeldom was directed by innate goodneſs of heart, but often ſkulked under the maſk of craft and deſign) *not like thoſe perſons who chuſe to apply their gifts, only where they ſee a probability of finding a moſt ample return. Such gifts are like baited hooks. They are not meant to beſtow your own property, but the property of others.* Alluding to the *Hæreditipetæ* or *Captatores*, who were ſo numerous a band of miſcreants in the days of *Pliny*, that they are mentioned with ridicule and abhorrence, by all the ſatyriſts of that time; and particularly by *Martial*—To *Gargalianus*, (l. iv. 56.)

Munera quôd ſenibus viduiſque largentia mittis
Vis te munificum Gargaliane vocem?
Sordidius nihil eſt, nihil eſt te ſpurcius uno,
Qui potes inſidias dona vocare tuas.
Sic avidis fallax indulget piſcibus hamus:
Callida ſic ſtultas decipit eſca feras.
Quid ſit largiri, quid ſit donare, docebo;
Si neſcis: dona Gargaliane mihi.

For gifts you to the old and widows ſend,
Would you, Gargal. *be deem'd a generous friend?*
Nothing can be more ſordid or more baſe,
To think ſuch baits will for kind preſents paſs:

Anglers

Anglers thus hooks for greedy fiſh prepare;
And ſilly beaſts are driv'n into a ſnare.
How to be truly generous would you know,
Something on me, for friendſhip ſake, beſtow.

(d) And caught themſelves] Vid. Ep. 119. Valer. l. 9. c. 4. Proculdubio hic non poſſedit divitias, ſed a divitiis poſſeſſus eſt.—*Plin.* Ep. ſup. cit. Ea invaſit homines habendi cupido ut poſſideri magis quam poſſidere videantur. *The thirſt of gain is ſo exceſſive, that men ſeem to be poſſeſſed by their wealth, not to poſſeſs it.*—Bionæ vetus dictum ad avarum, Οὐκ ἔστι τὴν οὐσίαν κεκτῆσθαι, ἀλλ' ὑπ' οὐσίας τοῦτον. Sic D. Cyprian. ad donat. l. 2. Vid. Not. ad Sidon. Apoll. p. 512.

(e) Or conſide in yourſelf] I read this paſſage with *Gronovius*, Aut ſtatum rectus, aut temet tene. *Remain firm in your place or ſtation, without being allured by any blandiſhment of fortune*; or, if you have been ſo already, check your purſuit, ſo as ſtill to be maſter of yourſelf, and not ſubject altogether to her caprice. *So, the old French,* Il faut donc ſe contenter de choſes quò ſont bounes et certaines, ou plutôt de ſoi meme.—*Muretus,* Aut rectus ſta, aut ſemel fuge.—*Malherbe,* Il faut favire teſte, ou s'enfuir.

(f) In good health.] Our divine precept runs much higher, *Take no thought for your life what ye ſhall eat; neither for the body what ye ſhall put on.—But rather ſeek ye the kingdom of God, and all things ſhall be added to you.* Matth. vi. 31.

(g) To the ſoul.] *If thine eye offend thee pluck it out*; Matth. 5. 19. And let Chriſtians alſo remember what the Apoſtle ſaith, *If ye live after the fleſh ye ſhall die; but if, through the ſpirit, ye mortify the deeds of the body, ye ſhall live.* Rom. 8. 3. *Therefore,* ſays he, *I keep under my body and bring it into ſubjection.* 1 Cor. 9. 27. *And who indeed is the perfect man,* ſaith St. James, *but he that is able to bridle the whole body?* 8. 2.

(h) But the ſoul] *For what is a man profited, if he ſhould gain the whole world, and loſe his own ſoul?* or, *what ſhall a man give in exchange for his ſoul?* Matth. 16. 26.

(i) Perfect freedom] *Ye ſhall know the truth, and the truth ſhall make you free.* John 8. 32.—*Stand faſt in the liberty, wherewith Chriſt hath made you free.* Gal. 3. 1. *If then the Son ſhall make you free, ye ſhall be free indeed.* John 8. 56.—See Ep. 75. ad fin.

EPISTLE IX.

On Friendſhip; Self-Complacency, and Contentment.

YOU deſire, *Lucilius*, to know, whether *Epicurus* juſtly reprimands thoſe, who are pleaſed to affirm, *that a wiſe man is ſatisfied in himſelf, and conſequently wants no friend.* This is objected by *Epicurus* againſt *Stilpo*, and all thoſe who place their *ſummum bonum* (or, *chief good*) in a certain

indifference of ſoul. We cannot help being obſcure, while we endeavour to expreſs the Greek ἀπάθειαν *(apathy)* in one word, and call it *impaſſibility*; for the contrary to what we mean may be underſtood thereby *(a)*. We mean one, who denies any ſenſe or feeling of any kind of evil; but it may likewiſe be underſtood of one, who cannot *bear* any kind of evil. Conſider therefore, whether we may not better define it, *A ſoul invulnerable*, or *beyond the reach of ſufferance*. Now this is the difference, between us *(Stoics,)* and them, (the *Epicureans.*) Our wiſe man gets the better of every evil, but yet he feels it: whereas their wiſe man pretends not to feel it. In this however we agree, A wiſe man is contented and ſatisfied in himſelf: and yet, as ſufficient as he is in himſelf, according to our tenets, he deſires to have a friend, a neighbour, a companion. And as to the contentment we are ſpeaking of, he is contented with a part, as it were, of himſelf: for ſhould he have loſt a hand by any diſeaſe, or by the ſword of an enemy; or ſuppoſe, by ſome accident, an eye; he is contented with that which is left; and will live as chearfully with his maimed body, as if it were entire. What is wanting, he will not ſigh for in vain; though at the ſame time, no doubt, he had rather not want it. And thus is a wiſe man ſatisfied in himſelf, not that he deſires to have no friend, but he knows how to be content without one: I mean, he can bear the loſs of a friend patiently; though perhaps he will not be long without one; as it is in his power to repair the loſs when he pleaſes. As when *Phidias (b)* hath loſt, or diſpoſed of, a ſtatue, he will ſet about making another; ſo the wiſe artiſt, in forming friendſhips, will ſubſtitute another friend in the room of him he hath loſt. You may aſk, perhaps, what method a man muſt take, ſo ſoon to gain a friend? I will tell you, provided you accept of this in full payment of the debt I owe you in the epiſtolary way.

Saith *Hecaton*, "*I will diſcloſe to you an excellent philtre, without the uſe of love-powder, herb, or bewitching charm*,—ſi vis amari, ama; *love, that you may be beloved (c).*" Now, there is a pleaſure, not only in the habit of a ſure and laſting friendſhip, but alſo in the acquiſition and beginning of a new one: the ſame difference that is between the huſbandman, who hath got in his crop, and him that ſoweth, is there between him who hath got a friend, and him who is endeavouring to get one. *Attalus*, the philoſopher, was wont to ſay, Jucundius eſſe amicum facere, quàm habere; *there*

is

is more pleaſure in making a friend, than in having one. As the artiſt takes more delight in the act of painting, than in having painted: for why? that earneſtneſs and anxiety with which he purſued his work, gives a more pleaſing ſenſation, than what he taſtes in having finiſhed his piece: he now enjoys indeed the fruit of his art, but while he was painting, he enjoyed the art itſelf: to have our children grown up, ſuppoſe to twenty years of age, may be of more ſervice indeed; but their prattling infancy is ſweeter and more entertaining. But to return to our purpoſe—

The wiſe man, I was ſaying, however ſatisfied in himſelf, is yet deſirous to have a friend; and for this reaſon, was there no other; that ſo great a virtue, as the exerciſe of friendſhip, may not lie dormant: not, as *Epicurus* ſays (*e*) in the Epiſtle before me, that he may have a friend to comfort him on the bed of ſickneſs, or relieve him, when poor, or in priſon; but that he may have ſome one, on whom to diſplay the like merciful diſpoſition, whether by comforting him in ſickneſs, or delivering him from inimical durance. He thinks very wrong, who regards only himſelf, and makes ſelf-intereſt the ground of friendſhip: he will end as he begun: he profeſſes to ſerve his friend even in bonds, but as ſoon as he hears the clinking of the chain, deſerts him. Theſe are what are commonly called *temporary* (*f*) friendſhips; which laſt no longer than to ſerve a turn. Hence the proſperous are ſurrounded with a number of friends; while the wretched bemoan themſelves in ſolitude: for then is the time of flight, when put to the trial. From whence we ſee ſo many ſcandalous examples of friends, either deſerting, or betraying one another through fear: whereas the end of friendſhip ought to correſpond with the beginning. He that hath undertook to be a friend, becauſe it is expedient, or dreams of other gain than what naturally ariſes from friendſhip, will never be true to the obligation, but will be tempted, upon the leaſt view of intereſt, to act contrary to the laws of friendſhip. To what purpoſe then have I choſe a friend? Why, to have one whom I would ſerve to the utmoſt in caſe of neceſſity, would follow him into baniſhment; and for whoſe life and preſervation I would expoſe myſelf to danger and death (*g*). What you are pleaſed to call friendſhip, is not friendſhip, but mere traffick (*h*), having regard only to ſome advantage that may accrue therefrom. No doubt, the affection of lovers hath ſomething in it very like friendſhip: but it is ſtill

imperfect, and may be called a ſort of *inſane* friendſhip. Is it then founded on the views of profit, of ambition, or of glory? No; love of its own pure motive, neglectful of all other conſiderations, incites the mind to the deſire of beauty, not without hopes of mutual endearments. And what then? Does a vile affection ſpring from, or form an alliance upon, a more honourable cauſe? But this, you ſay, is not the point in queſtion; whether friendſhip is deſirable merely upon its own account: for if ſo, the man who is ſatisfied in himſelf, may well accede thereto, as to the moſt lovely object; not allured by any hope of gain, or diſheartened at any change of fortune. He detracts from the majeſty of friendſhip, who enters upon it merely as a preſervative againſt evil accidents. The wiſe man (dreads no accident, he) is ſatisfied in himſelf. But this quality, my *Lucilius*, is generally miſinterpreted: men are apt to exclude the wiſe man from all community with the world; contracting him, as it were, within his own ſkin. It will be proper therefore to diſtinguiſh, and explain what we mean, by *ſelf-complacency*.

Now, a wiſe man is ſatisfied in himſelf, not merely with regard to life, but to his living happily: the former indeed wants many things, but the latter nothing more than a ſound, elevated mind, contemptuous of the power of fortune. Accept alſo of a nice diſtinction (*i*) made by *Chryſippus*: he affirms, *that a wiſe man can want nothing; yet many things are neceſſary for him:* on the contrary, *A fool ſtands not in need of any thing, for there is nothing he knows how to uſe; but he wants every thing.* The wiſe man ſtands in need of eyes and hands, and other requiſites for daily uſe; but he *wants* nothing; for *to want* is to be neceſſitous; but a wiſe man is a ſtranger to neceſſity. However ſatisfied therefore he may be in himſelf; he may ſtill make uſe of a friend; nor does he act againſt principle, if he deſires more than one; not that he thereby may live happily, for he can be happy without a friend. The *ſummum bonum* ſeeks not any external proviſion, it is maintained within, and is entire in itſelf; if it looks out for any foreign acceſſion, it becomes ſubject to the caprice of fortune. But what ſort of life muſt a wiſe man lead, when, without a friend, he is caſt into priſon, or left deſtitute in a foreign country, or is detained in a long voyage by contrary winds, or caſt aſhore upon a deſert iſland? Why as *Jupiter*, (when, at the conflagration of the world, all the reſt of the gods

are

are confounded, in the wreck of nature,) will acquieſce in himſelf, taken up entirely with his own ideas: ſomewhat like this is a wiſe man diſpoſed, through life: he is collected within himſelf: there he dwells: and notwithſtanding, ſo long as it is in his power, he orders, and buſies himſelf with, worldly affairs, he is contented in himſelf; he marries a wife, ſtill contented; he brings up his children, ſtill contented; and perhaps had rather not live at all, than live without a companion: it is not however with a view to advantage, that invites him to cultivate friendſhip (*l*), but a ſort of inſtinct, or natural inclination: there is a certain innate ſweetneſs in friendſhip; as ſolitude is generally odious and diſtaſteful, the deſire of ſociety is pleaſant and agreeable: as nature ingratiates man with man, ſuch is our incitement to friendſhip. The wiſe man however, though he proves the moſt affectionate of friends, to ſuch as he hath acquired, nay, though he equals, and ſometimes prefers them to himſelf, yet terminates all good in himſelf, and aſſumes the words of *Stilpo (m)*; that *Stilpo*, whom *Epicurus* here attacks in the Epiſtle before me; and whom (when his country was taken, and he had loſt his children, and his dearer wife, and had eſcaped from the flames, alone; and yet ſeemed happy,) being aſked by *Demetrius Policrates* (ſo called from his having deſtroyed many towns) *whether he had loſt any thing*; *No*, ſays he, *all the goods I have I carry with me.* Behold a truly brave and great man; he is victorious over victory itſelf. *I have loſt nothing*, ſays he: he makes *Demetrius* even doubt of his conqueſt: *I carry every thing with me*, viz. juſtice, virtue, temperance, prudence, and the diſpoſition, to think nothing to be really good that can be taken from us. We admire ſome animals in that they can paſs through fire without detriment: how much more admirable is this philoſopher, who without loſs or harm, made his way, through fire, ſword, and ruin! You ſee how much eaſier it is to conquer a whole nation than one man.

The like noble ſentiment and language holds the *Stoic* (*n*). He carries his *all*, undamaged, through a city on fire; for he is contented in himſelf; and under this character rates his happineſs. Yet think not that the *Stoics* alone fling out ſuch generous expreſſions; even *Epicurus*, who is here reprimanding *Stilpo*, ſays ſomething not diſſimilar thereto; which I beg your acceptance of, though I had before paid you the debt of the day.—Si cui ſua non videntur ampliſſima, licet totius mundi dominus ſit, tamen miſer eſt.

If, ſays he, *what a man poſſeſſeth ſeems not amply ſufficient, was he maſter of the world, he would be wretched:* or perhaps it may ſeem better expreſſed in this manner, (for we are to regard the ſentiment, rather than the expreſſion) Miſer eſt qui ſe non beatiſſimum judicat licet imperet mundo; *He who does not think himſelf happy, is miſerable, though he command the world.* And that you may know this to be the common voice of nature, you will find in the comic poet;

Non eſt beatus, eſſe qui ſe non putat (*o*).
He is not bleſs'd, who thinks himſelf not bleſs'd.

It matters not what condition you are in, if you think it a bad one. What if that villainouſly rich man; or, that lord of many, but ſlave to more, call themſelves happy, will this their declaration make them ſo? No: it avails not what a man ſays of himſelf, but what he thinks: nor what he thinks to-day, but continually. Nor need you be concerned that any one hath amaſſed great wealth, which he is unworthy of: for no one but the wiſe man is capable of ſelf-complacency: and a fool will be diſguſted at his own condition, be it what it will.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) For the contrary] So in *Cicero*, explaining the tenets of the Stoics. The word *ineſtimable*, which is generally uſed for ſomething ſo great, as to be invaluable, ſignifies a thing of *no value*, and not worthy of any eſteem.

(b) Phidias] The celebrated ſtatuary of *Athens*: he flouriſhed, A. M. 3511. Or, ſuppoſe, any other ſtatuary.

(*c*) So in the Epigram—Marce, ut ameris ama.

And Theocritus——Στεργετε τὰς φιλεοντας, ἰν' αν φιλεητε, φιλεοισι.
Quiſquis amatur amet, ut et ipſe ubi amarit, ametur.
Love thoſe who love you; if you fain would prove
The kind and mutual tenderneſs of love.

(d) Attalus] A Stoic philoſopher, in the time of *Tiberius*. See Epiſt. 108.

(e) Epicurus *ſays, theſe creatures, (brutes,) upbraid the remorſeleſſneſs of humanity,—in not being capable of gratuitous love, nor knowing how to be a friend without profit. Well therefore might the comedian be admired, who ſaid,* For reward only man loves man. Epicurus *thinks that after this manner children are beloved of their parents, and parents of their children. But if the benefit of ſpeech was allowed to brutes, and if horſes, cows, dogs and birds, were brought upon the ſtage, the ſong would be changed; and it would be ſaid, that neither the cow loved the calf for gain, nor the mare her foal, nor fowls their chicken, but that they were*

were beloved gratis, *and by the impulſe of nature*, &c. Plutarch. de amore in Liberos.—Vid. Lipſ. Manuduct. l. 3. Diſſ. 16.

So Horace, Sat. I. 1. 81. At ſi aliquis caſus lecto te affixit, habes qui
Aſſideat, fomenta paret, medicum roget, ut te
Suſcitet, ac reddat natis, cariſque propinquis.
If, by a cold ſome painful illneſs bred,
Or other chance, confine me to my bed,
My wealth will purchaſe ſome good-natur'd friend
My cordials to prepare, my couch attend;
And urge the doctor to preſerve my life,
And give me to my children and my wife.—Francis.

(f) Temporary] Ονομα γαρ, ἐργῳ δ' οὐκ ἐχουσιν οἱ φιλοι,
Οι μὴ 'πι ταῖσι συμφοραις ὀντες φιλοι.—Eur.
They're friends by name, but not in deed,
Who are not friends in time of need.

(g) Danger and death] *And greater love hath no man than this, to lay down his life for his friend.* John 15. 13. *See* Epiſt. 6.

(h) Traffick] Negotiatio. *So* Cicero (II. De Nat. Deor.) Amicitiam ſi ad fructum noſtrum referremus, non erit iſta amicitia; ſed *mercatura* quædam utilitatum ſuarum.

(i) A nice diſtinction] *Muretus* obſerves that *to want*, δεῖσθαι, *egere*, here ſignifies, ſo to *want* a thing, as to be anxious after, and not able to bear the loſs of it: and that ἐνδεῖσθαι, *indigere*, *to ſtand in need of*, means, to *want* a thing that is abſolutely uſeful and neceſſary, and which a man knows how to make a right uſe of. *Cicero* has treated on this queſtion in his firſt book of *Tuſculan Queſtions*: but *Plutarch* with more perſpicuity hath ridiculed it, in his treatiſe, *Of Common Notions againſt the Stoics.*

(*k*) The Stoics ſuppoſed that *Jupiter*, or Nature, and the firſt principle of all things, was *fire*; that part of it, being of a groſſer conſiſtence, was turned into animal life: and the ſtill groſſer part was made water, and of water earth: but that at a certain time all things ſhall again be reduced into their firſt principle, *fire*. And this they called ἐκπυρωσις, or *the conflagration of the world*. Vid. Lipſ. Phyſiol. l. 2. Diſſ. 22.

Chryſippus ſays, that *Jupiter* is like to man, as is alſo the world and Providence to the ſoul. When therefore the conflagration ſhall be; *Jupiter*, who alone of all the gods is incorruptible, will retire into *Providence*, and they being together, will both perpetually remain in one ſubſtance of the æther.—*Plutarch.* Ib.

(*l*) *To cultivate friendſhip*] *Epicurus* publickly profeſſed, that all friendſhips were founded on a view to pleaſure or intereſt; and this they carried ſo far, as to maintain, that fathers had no other love for their children than what ſprung from the profit or pleaſure they enjoyed, or expected to enjoy from them. But the *Stoics* thought much better; that not only parental love was a natural affection, but that man is formed by nature for ſociety; and that they have an inſtinctive love and relationſhip for each other; and conſequently that the friendſhips of all wiſe and good men are pure and diſintereſted, without the leaſt view to any recompence whatever. *See the above quotation from* Plutarch.

(*m*) *Stilpo*] See this ſtory related differently in *Laertius'* Life of *Zeno*, who was the diſciple of *Stilpo*, p. 177.

(*n*) This ſtoical doctrine is what *Horace* ridicules, Ep. 1. 1. 106.

Ad ſummum ſapiens uno minor eſt Jove, dives,
Liber, honoratus, pulcher, rex denique regum,
Præcipue ſanus, niſi cum pituita moleſta eſt.
In ſhort this Stoic, this wiſe man, is all
That free and beauteous, good, and great, we call.

A king

A king of kings, inferior to none
But to the Ruler of the ſkies alone;
As ſtrong in health too;—could he but take off
The painful grievance of a curſed cough.

(o) Non eſt beatus, &c. But it is equally true from what follows in *Seneca*, that
Non eſt ſtatim beatus, eſſe qui ſe putat.
He is not always happy, who thinks himſelf ſo.
Vid. Lipſ. Manuduct. L. 2. Diſſ. 32.

EPISTLE X.

On Solitude and Prayer. * (*a*)

BE aſſured, *Lucilius*, that I have not alter'd my opinion. Shun, I ſay, the rabble: ſhun a few; nay, every one: I know not whom to recommend to you as a proper converſant; and upon this I form my judgment; I dare truſt you with yourſelf (*b*). *Crates* (as they ſay) a follower of that *Stilpo*, (*c*) whom I mentioned in my former epiſtle, when he ſaw a young man walking in private by himſelf, aſked him, "*what he was doing there alone? I am converſing with myſelf*, ſays he: to whom *Crates* replied, *take care, young man, I beſeech you, and diligently conſider with yourſelf, whether you are not converſing with a bad man.* We are apt to ſet a watch upon the melancholy in diſtreſs; leſt they ſhould make a bad uſe of ſolitude: and, indeed, no imprudent perſon ſhould be left alone; for then it is, that his thoughts are ever buſy: he lays ſchemes to endanger himſelf or others; and plans his wicked purpoſes; then it is, he utters what the mind before concealed, either through fear or ſhame; he emboldens his courage; he enflames the luſtful paſſions; and, in his wrath, meditates revenge. In a word, the only advantage, that ſolitude pretends to, in truſting no one, and not fearing to be betrayed, is loſt upon a fool; he betrays himſelf.

Know

Know then, *Lucilius*, what I hope of you; rather what I am confident of, (for hope belongs to an uncertain good) I cannot, I ſay, find any one, with whom I had rather you ſhould converſe, than with yourſelf. I well remember, what noble words, and full of energy, you once poured forth with great ſpirit; when I immediately congratulated myſelf and ſaid, *ſurely ſuch excellent things come not from the lips only; they muſt be founded on ſincerity, and a good heart: this young man is not one of the vulgar; he regards ſalvation:* ſo *ſpeak*; ſo *live.*

Be careful ever to maintain this greatneſs of ſoul: and though you have reaſon to thank the gods for the ſucceſs of your former vows, ceaſe not to pray; and aſk particularly for *wiſdom*, (*e*) a *ſound mind*, and *health of body.* Why ſhould you not often pray for theſe bleſſings? Fear not to importune a gracious God, (*f*) when you aſk not for any foreign good, or what belongs to another perſon.

But, according to cuſtom, I ſhall ſubjoin to this epiſtle a ſmall preſent; it is from *Athenodorus*; and I think it a juſt and excellent obſervation: Tum ſcito eſſe te omnibus cupiditatibus ſolutum, cûm eo perveneris, ut nihil deum rogas, niſi quod rogare poſſis palam. *Know*, ſays he, *that you have diſcharged every irregular paſſion, when you are arrived to ſuch goodneſs, as to aſk of God nothing, but what you care not if all the world ſhould hear.* But, alas! how great is the folly and hypocriſy of the preſent age! men are continually whiſpering and muttering to God ſome villainous prayer (g); was any one to liſten, they are immediately ſilent; and thus what they are unwilling men ſhould hear; they preſume to offer up to God. Conſider then, whether you may not take this maxim for a wholeſome rule of life: ſo *live among men, as if the eye of God was upon you; and ſo addreſs yourſelf to God, as if men heard your prayer.*

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) It has been ſaid of *Socrates*, that he was *half a Chriſtian*; I think this epiſtle of *Seneca* will carry *him* ſomewhat farther.

(*b*) *Antiſthenes* being aſked what benefit he had reaped from philoſophy, made anſwer—τὸ δύνασθαι ἑαυτῷ ὁμιλεῖν. *To be able to converſe with himſelf.*

(*c*) *The follower*] Stilponis auditor—but not of the ſame ſect or party: his proper maſter was *Diogenes* the *Cynic*. Indeed the lectures of *Stilpo* were ſo ſweet and eloquent, that he drew to them many of the ſtudious and learned at *Megara*, and particularly this *Crates*, and *Zeno* himſelf.

(*d*) *He regards ſalvation*] Ad ſalutem ſpectat. *Gall.* Il regarde un ſalut. But if *ſalvation* ſeems too ſtrong a word to come from the mouth of an heathen, though there is no neceſſity for taking it in the Chriſtian ſenſe, it may be rendered, *he has regard to his own good and welfare.*

(*e*) *For wiſdom*] So *Juvenal* x. 356. Orandum eſt, ut mens ſit ſana, in corpore ſano.

Pray we for health of body, and of mind.

—— The prayer of *Solomon* is ſo pertinent to this place, that I could not omit it, though ſo well known to every one.——

" *Give me, O Lord God, an underſtanding heart, to judge thy people, that I may diſcern between good and bad.—Give me wiſdom and knowledge.*" And God ſaid to *Solomon*, " *Becauſe this was in thine heart, and thou haſt not aſked riches, or honour, nor the life of thine enemies, neither yet haſt aſked long life for thyſelf, but haſt aſked wiſdom and knowlekge:—Lo! wiſdom and knowledge are granted thee, and I will give thee both riches and honour, ſuch as none of the kings have had before; neither ſhall any after thee have the like.*"—1 Kings, ii. 9. 2 Chron. i. 10.

To which let me add from St. *James*, i. 5. *If any of you lack wiſdom, let him aſk of God that giveth all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it ſhall be given him: but let him aſk in faith, nothing wavering.*

(*f*) *To importune God*] See Luke 18, 1. where is ſet forth the parable of the importunate widow.—*To the end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint. Pray without ceaſing.* 1 Theſſ. 5, 17.

(*g*) *Some villainous prayer*] *I wonder* (ſays *Plutarch*) *that*, Hercules, *or ſome other god, has not long ſince plucked up and carried away* the tripod, *whereon is offered ſuch baſe and villainous queſtions to* Apollo: *ſome applying themſelves to him as a mere paltry aſtrologer, to try his ſkill, and impoſe upon him by ſubtle queſtions: others aſking him about treaſures buried under ground, others about marrying a fortune: ſo that* Pythagoras will here be convinced of his miſtake when he affirmed that, the time when men are moſt honeſt, is, when they preſent themſelves before the gods: *for thoſe filthy paſſions, which they dare not diſcover before a grave mortal man, they ſcruple not to utter to* Apollo. *De defect. orat.*

This is finely touched upon by *Horace*, Ep. l. 16, 57.

Vir bonus omne forum quem ſpectat, et omne tribunal
Quandocunque Deos vel porco vel bove placat.
Iane pater, clarè, clarè cum dixit, Apollo.
Labra movens metuens audiri, pulchra Laverna,
Da mihi fallere, da ſanctum juſtumque videri;
Noctem peccatis, et fraudibus objice nubem.
Your honeſt man, on whom with awful praiſe,
The Forum and the courts of juſtice gaze:
If e'er he make a public ſacrifice,
Dread Janus, Phœbus, *clear and loud he cries,*
But, when his prayer in earneſt is prefer'd,
Scarce moves his lips, afraid of being heard;
Beauteous Laverna, my petition hear,
Let me with truth and ſanctity appear:
Oh, give me to deceive, and, with a veil,
Of darkneſs and of night, my crimes conceal.—— *Francis.*

Haud cuivis promptum eſt, murmurque humileſque ſuſurros
Tollere de templis et aperto vivere voto:
Mens bona, fama, fides, hæc clarè, et ut audiat hoſpes:
Illa ſibi introrſum, et ſub lingua immurmurat! O ſi
Ebullit patrui præclarum funus!
—— Pupillumque utinam, quem proximus hæres
Impello, expungam!——

Thus

Thus boldly to the gods mankind reveal,
What, from each other, they for ſhame conceal;
Give me good fame, ye powers, and make me juſt,
Thus much the rogue to public ears will truſt:
In private then—*when wilt thou*, mighty *Jove*,
My wealthy uncle from this world remove?—
O were my pupil fairly knock'd o' th' head!
I ſhould poſſeſs th' eſtate, if he were dead, &c.——Dryden.

EPISTLE XI.

On Modeſty, Baſhfulneſs, and natural Habit.

I HAVE had the pleaſure, *Lucilius*, of converſing with a friend of yours, of a moſt excellent diſpoſition; his very firſt ſpeech ſhewed ſuch ingenuity, ſtrength of mind, and proficiency in learning, as to give me a taſte of what we may one day expect from him. What he ſaid, was by no means premeditated, as I came upon him unawares. As ſoon as he had recovered the ſurprize, it was with difficulty that he ſhook off that decent modeſty, which is a very good ſign in a young man (*a*); ſo deep a bluſh was ſpread over his face: and this, I think, will not leave him, even when he hath ſtrengthened his mind with virtue, thrown off all vices, and commenced the *wiſe man*.

It is not in the power of wiſdom entirely to ſurmount the natural imperfections of mind or body: whatever is innate and inbred may be corrected by art, but cannot be quite rooted out. Even ſome, of the moſt ſteady temper, when obliged to ſpeak in public, have been known to ſweat, as if they had been fatigued with running a race; while others have been ſo affected on the like occaſion, as to have their knees tremble, their teeth chatter, their tongue faulter, or their lips ſo cloſe, that they cannot open their mouth. And this baſhfulneſs, neither diſcipline, nor uſe can ſhake off: nature will ſtill prevail, and admoniſh, even the ſtrongeſt, of this

their weakneſs (*c*): for ſuch I reckon the bluſh which ſpreads itſelf over the face of the graveſt perſons. It is more common, indeed among youth, who have more heat, and a delicate conſtitution; but it ſpares not even veterans and ſages. There are ſome, indeed, who are never more to be dreaded, than when they redden (*d*); as if they had, at once, thrown from the heart all decency and modeſty. As *Sylla* was always moſt violent, when the blood roſe in his face: but nothing could be more ſoft and pleaſing than the countenance of *Pompey*; he always bluſhed, when in company, and eſpecially when he made a public oration; and I remember to have ſeen *Fabian* (*e*) bluſh, upon being called upon in the ſenate, only as a witneſs, and I thought it became him admirably well. This was not owing to any infirmity of mind, but to ſurprize and accident: which, though they do not always embarraſs the unexperienced, yet naturally affect ſuch as, from the conſtitution of the body, are apt to bluſh. For as there are ſome whoſe blood is ſo well-tempered as not to be moved extraordinarily; there are others in whom it is ſo lively and active as to be continually flying into the face: and this, as before obſerved, no wiſdom can get the better of; otherwiſe it would ſubject nature to its command, and eradicate every imperfection. Whatever ariſeth from the condition of birth, or the temperature of the body, it will ſtick by us; how much, or how long ſoever, the mind has been endeavouring to fix and compoſe itſelf upon right principles, none of theſe things can be avoided, any more than they can be acquired. The greateſt artiſts on the ſtage, who mimick all kinds of paſſion; who can expreſs fear and trembling, and diſplay all the ſigns of heartſore grief; when they are to expreſs baſhfulneſs, can do no more than exhibit a dejected countenance, ſpeak low, and caſt their eyes upon the ground; they cannot bluſh when they would: it is in vain either to forbid or command a bluſh: wiſdom neither promiſes, nor can perform any thing in this reſpect; they are their own maſters; and come, and go, as they pleaſe.

But this epiſtle demands a ſentimental clauſe: accept then of this, which I take to be a ſalutary and uſeful maxim, worthy of being engraved upon the heart: aliquis vir bonus nobis eligendus eſt, ac ſemper ante oculos habendus, ut ſic tunquam illo ſpectante vivamus, et omnia tanquam illo vidente faciamus. *We muſt fix upon ſome good man* (*f*), *and have him always*

before our eye, as a witneſs of our life and actions. And this likewiſe, my *Lucilius*, was the precept of *Epicurus*; he would have a guardian, or cenſor, continually ſet over us; and with great propriety: for ſure, many ſins would be prevented, was ſome witneſs to be preſent at the commiſſion. Let the mind, therefore, ſuppoſe ſome one preſent, whom it may revere; and from whoſe authority every ſecret may receive ſanction. Happy the man, who not only by his preſence, but by being thought upon, has ſuch influence upon another perſon, as to induce him to act decently! And happy the man, who ſo reverences another, as upon only calling him to mind, forms and regulates his own conduct. He, that ſo reverenceth another, will ſoon be reverenced himſelf. Chuſe therefore *Cato*; or if *Cato* ſeems ſomewhat too rigid, chuſe *Lælius*, a man of not ſo ſevere a temper; or chuſe ſome one, among your acquaintance, whoſe life and manner of addreſs, charm you; and having in view either the underſtanding or preſence of ſuch a one, look upon him, either as your guardian or model: there muſt be ſome one, I ſay, according to whoſe plan we muſt form our morals: without ſome certain rule, you will never correct what is amiſs.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) A good ſign in a young man] So *Pliny*, ſpeaking of *Calpurnius Piſo*, the younger, ſays,—Commendabat hæc voce ſuaviſſimâ, vocem verecundia; multum ſanguinis, multum ſollicitudinis in ore magna ornamenta recitantis: etenim neſcio quo pacto magis in ſtudiis homines timor quàm fiducia decet. *Theſe beauties were extremely heighten'd by a moſt harmonious voice, which a very becoming modeſty rendered ſtill more pleaſing. Confuſion and concern, in the countenance of a ſpeaker, throws a grace upon all he utters; for there is a certain decent timidity, which, I know not how, is infinitely more engaging than the aſſured, and ſelf-ſufficient air of confidence.* M.—*Diogenes*, the Cynic, ſeeing a young man bluſh, ſaid to him, Θάρρει, τοιοῦτόν ἐστι τῆς ἀρετῆς τὸ χρῶμα. *Take courage, youth; you need not be aſhamed; this is the colour of virtue*—Παῖ ἐρυθριῶν γε χρηστος εἶναί μοι δοκεῖ. Menander

A bluſh points out the goodneſs of the heart. See Ep. 25.

(b) To ſpeak in publick]. *Plutarch*, ſpeaking of *Alcibiades*, obſerves, that, *though he was as ſagacious, and happy in his thoughts as any man whatever; yet, for want of a little aſſurance, he very often miſerably loſt himſelf in his pleadings; and would faulter and make pauſes in the middle of an oration; purely for the want of a ſingle word, or ſome neat expreſſion that he had in his papers and could not preſently recollect.*—And there have been two remarkable inſtances, partly in our memory, of this inability to ſpeak in publick; notwithſtanding the greateſt capacities and accompliſhments that could be required in ſuch a province: I mean, in that elegant writer, Philoſopher, and ſtateſman, Mr. *Addiſon*: and our late worthy provoſt of King's college, *Cambridge*, Dr. *Roderick*; who never attempted to preach but once, in a country village.

village, (*Milton*, near *Cambridge*) and even there, had not courage enough to go half through his ſermon.

(*c*) *This weakneſs*] —Il. ω. 44.—αἰδὼ δὲ οὔτε τι κέρδος
Γίνεται, οὔτε τι κάρτος μέγα σίνεται, οὐδ' ὀνίνησι.
Shame is not of his ſoul; nor underſtood,
The greateſt evil, and the greateſt good.
Vid. Plutarch. (de vitioſo pudore. c. n.)

(*d*) *When they redden*] *Tacitus*, in his life of *Agricola*, ſpeaking of *Domitian* ſays, *His countenance was cruel, being always covered with a ſettled red: in which he hardened himſelf againſt all ſhame and bluſhing.*

(*e*) *Fabian*, the philoſopher, and rhetorician, (ſee Ep. 100.) He flouriſhed in the reign of *Tiberius*, when *Seneca* was a young man.

(*f*) *We muſt fix upon*] See Ep. 25. *Lipſ.* Manud. III. Diſſ. ult.
—— Κἂν ἀπωθῶν ἦι
Ἀνὴρ ὁ χρηστὸς, δυστυχοῦντας ὠφελεῖ. Eur.
Thus good men, in ſome meaſure, can attend,
Ev'n in their abſence, a diſtreſsful friend.

Xenophon (Dict. et Fact. l. 4.) attributes this to *Socrates*; *that even in his abſence the remembrance of him was of great ſervice to thoſe who were converſant with him and heard his lectures.*

And *Plutarch* (de Sign. Profectûs) adviſeth, *when we go upon any buſineſs, or undertake any office, to ſet before our eyes ſome excellent perſon, either alive or dead, and conſider with ourſelves, what* Plato *would have done in this affair; what* Epaminondas *would have ſaid; how* Lycurgus, *or* Ageſilaus *would have behaved; that addreſſing ourſelves, and adorning our minds at theſe mirrors, we may correct every diſagreeing word and irregular paſſion.—And if the conſideration and remembrance of good men being preſent and entertained in our minds, preſerve the* proficiency, *in all affections and doubts, regular and unmoveable; you may judge that this alſo is a token of* a proficient in virtue.

But a ſerious *Chriſtian* need not to be reminded to place a *Cato*, a *Lælius*, or even a St. *Paul* in his view for this purpoſe; he cannot but know, that he hath infinitely a more powerful guardian, and more cloſe inſpector, ever over him, or rather in him.—For *know ye not, that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?* 1 Cor. 3. 16. 6. 19. See alſo Rom. 8. 9. Epheſ. 4. 30. 1 Theſſ. 5. 19.

EPISTLE XII.

On Life and Old Age.

GO where I will, Lucilius, or do what I will, I meet with ſomething that reminds me of old Age. I went the other day to my *villa* without the city, and was complaining, that it ſeemed greatly out of repair, notwithſtanding my continual expence. *I cannot help it*, ſays my bailiff, *it is*

no fault of mine; I have done all I can, but it is very old. Now, you muſt know, that this *villa* is of my own building. What then muſt I expect, if the ſtone wall, of my own time, is decayed! So much for that; but ſtill more out of humour; *ſurely,* ſays I, *thoſe plane-trees have been much neglected; how knotty and crooked are the branches! there is ſcarce a leaf upon them: and the trunks how wretched and ſquallid! This could never have happened, if they had been properly dug about, and well watered.* Upon this, my bailiff ſwears heartily, that *he has done all he could, that no care has been wanting in him, but the trees are very old.* True enough; for I planted them myſelf, and ſaw their firſt foliage. Turning to the door, *What old decrepit fellow is this,* ſaid I, *whom you have properly enough placed here, with his face pointed to the door? (a) where did you get him? what was your fancy for bringing a ſtrange corpſe to my houſe?—Do you not know me?* ſays the old man; *I am* Felicio, *to whom formerly you was wont to bring play-things; I am the ſon of* Philoſitus, *your late bailiff; your favourite play-fellow.* "Surely, *ſays I,* the man doats; what does he talk of being a little boy, and my play-fellow? But it may be ſo indeed; for he is ſhedding his teeth.

This is what I am obliged to my *villa* for; that, look where I will, I am put in mind of my old age. Be it ſo; let me enjoy it; let me love it. It is replete with pleaſure, when we know how to uſe it. Fruit is then more grateful, when at the end of the ſeaſon. The bloom of youth is then moſt comely, when paſſing into manhood. Your wine-bibbers reliſh beſt the laſt bottle, even that which overſets them, and gives the finiſhing ſtroke to the debauch. Whatever is exquiſite in pleaſure is reſerved to the laſt. Even age is moſt pleaſant, when the decay is not too rapid, but comes gently on; nor can I think it deſtitute of pleaſure, even on the verge of life: or, this may be reckoned inſtead of pleaſure, that it wants none. How ſweet is life, when all anxious deſires have taken their leave of us!

But it is very irkſome, you will ſay, to have death always before our eyes. Death, my friend, ought to be placed before the eyes of the young, as well as of the old. For we are not ſummoned according to the pariſh regiſter. And beſides there is no man ſo old, as to make it ſinful to expect another day *(b).* Now, every day is another ſtep in life. Our whole time

time conſiſts of parts, and circles circumſcribed within circles of different dimenſions; ſome one of which takes in and compaſſeth the reſt: and this is what includes the life of man: another compriſeth the years of youth, and another thoſe of childhood. There is alſo a complete year, which contains in itſelf all thoſe times, that by multiplication, form the courſe of life: a month is confined in ſtill narrower bounds; and a day conſiſts of yet a ſmaller compaſs: and this hath alſo a beginning and ending, a circuit from eaſt to weſt. *Heraclitus* therefore, (who from the obſcurity of his ſtyle got the nickname of *Scotinus*, (*Darkling*) ſaith, "Unus dies omni par eſt," *One day is par to another.* This ſome interpret, as if he had ſaid, They are equal with regard to hours; which is certainly true; for if a day conſiſts of twenty-four hours, every day is equal; for what is loſt in the day is made up in the night. Others interpret it, that one day is equal to any other, by way of reſemblance; as the longeſt ſpace of time exhibits no more than what you have ſeen in one day, *viz.* light and darkneſs, frequently repeated in the alternate changes of the heavens; and is no otherwiſe different than in not being always of an equal length. Every day therefore is to be ſo ordered and regulated, as if it cloſed the rear, ſet bounds to, and completed life (*c*).

Pacuvius, (d) the debauchée, who had lived ſo long in *Syria*, that he made it, as it were, his own; when, with wine and coſtly dainties, he banquetted as at a funeral, would order himſelf to be laid out with the uſual ſolemnities, and carried upon a bier from ſupper; while amidſt the applauſe of his boon companions, this was ſung to muſic; Βεβίωκε, Βεβίωκε, *He hath lived, he hath lived indeed.* This was his practice almoſt every night. Now, what *he* did wantonly, and from a bad turn of mind; let us do, from a good one: and as we go to ſleep, let us, in a pleaſant and chearful temper, ſay,

Vixi, et quem curſum dederat fortuna peregi.
I've liv'd; I've run the deſtin'd courſe of fate.

If God is pleaſed to add to our days *the morrow*; let us accept it with thankſgiving. He is a moſt happy man, and truly enjoys himſelf, who expects the morrow, without the leaſt anxiety; whoever hath ſaid over night, *I have lived,* riſes the next morn to gain.

But

But it is time to conclude this Epiſtle. " What then, *you will ſay*, will it come without the uſual preſent, ſome peculiar ſentiment?"—Never fear, it ſhall bring ſomething; yes, and ſomething of conſequence. For what can be more excellent than the words I here ſubjoin? *It is wretched to live in neceſſity, but there is no neceſſity for living ſo* (*e*).—Let us thank God that no one is *long* detained in wretchedneſs: neceſſity is really to be overcome. But theſe, you will ſay, are the words of *Epicurus*; why do you continually refer me to others? Give me ſomething of your own.—What is true, Lucilius, is my own. And I ſhall go on, in quoting Epicurus and others; that they, who enliſt themſelves in any ſect, and regard not *what* is ſaid, but *by whom* it is ſaid, may know, that, when any thing is ſaid, perfectly good, all the world have a right to it.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) *With his face to the door*] This alludes to the antient cuſtom of their *laying out* the dead body, (Προθεσις, *conlocatio*), which was always near the threſhold at the entrance of the door. *Hom. Il.* ϖ. 412, on the death of *Patroclus*.

Ὡς μοι ἰνι κλισιῃ δεδαϊγμένος ὀξέϊ χαλκῳ
Κεῖται, ἀνὰ προθυρον τετραμμένος——
Pale lies my friend, with wounds diſfigur'd o'er,
And his cold feet are pointed to the door.——Pope.

So *Virgil* (11. 30.)—Recipit que ad limina greſſum
Corpus ubi exanimi poſitum Pallantis Acetes
Servabat ſenior——
Then to the gates Æneas *paſs'd, and wept,*
Where old Acætes Pallas' *body kept.*—Lauderdale.

And they took particular care, in placing the body, to turn the feet and face towards the gate; which cuſtom *Perſius* has elegantly deſcribed (Sat. iii. v. 103.)

——tandemque beatulus alto
Compoſitus lecto, craſſiſque lutatus amomis
In portam rigidos calces extendit—
Our dear departed brother lies in ſtate,
His heels ſtretch'd out and pointing to the gate.——Dryden.

The reaſon of this poſition (ſays Bp. *Kennet*) was to ſhew all perſons whether any violence had been the cauſe of the perſon's death. *Vid. Lipſ. Elect.* 1. c. 6.

(*b*) *Another day?* why not another year, with *Cato* in *Cicero*; Nemo eſt tam ſenex, qui ſe *annum* non putat poſſe vivere? *No one is ſo old who does not think he can live another year.*—Lipſ.

(*c*) *Every day*] This precept from *Horace*, Omnem crede diem tibi diluxiſſe ſupremum. Grata ſuperveniat quæ non ſperabitur hora.

Believe that ev'ry morning ray
Hath lighted up the lateſt day:
Then if to-morrow's ſun be thine,
With double luſtre ſhall it ſhine. Francis.

Muſonius,—non eſt præſentem diem bene tranſigere, niſi qui proponit velut ultimam illam tranſigere. *No one can be ſaid to paſs his day well, who did not propoſe to paſs it as his laſt.*

(*d*) *Pacuvius*] Qui voluptatibus dediti, quaſi in diem vivunt vivendi cauſas quotidie finiunt. *Plin. Ep.* *The ſons of ſenſuality who have no views beyond the preſent hour, terminate with each day the whole purport of their lives.* Melmoth. *Thoſe who are entirely devoted to pleaſure, live as if their lives were to end with the day, and every day convinced the world they deſerve to die.* Orrery.

(*e*) Nullum malum eſt in neceſſitate vivere, ſed in neceſſitate vivere neceſſita nulla eſt, &c. However theſe words might become a *Roman* or *Epicurean*, they could not but be ſhocking to a Chriſtian reader, if tranſlated in the ſenſe *Seneca* intended: I have therefore given them another turn, and adapted them, as well as I could, to more ſound doctrine. Beſides, if every *morrow*, as *Seneca* here ſaith, *is to be looked upon as gain, and to be received with thankſgiving*; how ungrateful, how wicked muſt we be, to abridge ourſelves voluntarily of that favour, when we know not what *the morrow* may bring forth by the providence of God, for our relief, (multis viis, ſaith *Seneca*; true, if he had ſaid) by *patience*, *induſtry* and *prayer*.

EPISTLE XIII.

On Magnanimity in Diſtreſs. Certain Remedies againſt Fear.

I KNOW, *Lucilius*, your magnanimity: for even before you was inſtructed in the ſound precepts of philoſophy, in order to ſurmount all difficulties; you was pleaſed to exert yourſelf ſtrenuouſly againſt the power of fortune; and much more, when you had grappled with her, and experienced your ſtrength: which indeed cannot be well known, 'till the difficulties that ſurround us on every ſide make a cloſer attack. Then it is, that a ſoul, truly noble and unconquerable, gives proof of its abilities: this is the only teſt: the wreſtler cannot enter the liſts with true courage, who has not been ſeaſoned, as it were, with bruiſes. He, that hath often ſeen his own blood unterrified,—who has had his teeth beaten out with the fiſt,—who hath been tripped up, and preſſed with the whole weight of his antagoniſt, and hath ſtill kept up his courage;—who, as often as he hath been thrown, hath roſe more fierce and ſtubborn; he it is, that, at any time, engages, full of hope. Therefore to carry on the metaphor, I muſt obſerve, that Fortune hath often thrown, and fallen upon you; but you ſcorned to yield: you

you ſtill ſtarted up, and more reſolutely ſtood your ground: for valour, when provoked, grows the ſtronger. Yet, if you are pleaſed to accept of my advice, I will point out ſome proper aid for your better defence.

There are more things, my *Lucilius*, that frighten, than which preſs hard upon us: and we are often more diſtreſſed from opinion, than in reality. I am not ſpeaking to you in the language of *Stoiciſm*, but in an humbler ſtrain. For *we* indeed think all thoſe afflictions, that are apt to extort ſighs and groans, light and deſpicable. Laying aſide theſe big words, (but, O ye Gods, how true!) I only require this of you, that you would not anticipate miſery; ſince the evils, you dread as coming upon you, may perhaps never reach you, at leaſt they are not yet come. Thus ſome things torture us more than they ought; ſome, before they ought; and ſome which ought never to torture us at all. We heighten our pain, either by preſuppoſing a cauſe, or anticipation. This however we ſhall defer at preſent, as it is a controverted point *(a)*: what I think to be light, you will contend to be very grievous: I have ſeen ſome laugh under the ſcourge, while others have cried at a box o' the ear. But we ſhall preſently ſee, whether thoſe you think ſo inſupportable are of any weight in themſelves, or formidable only through our weakneſs. Grant me only this, that, when you are ſurrounded by thoſe who would perſuade you, that you are miſerable, you would reflect not upon what you hear, but what you think, and feel yourſelf; and conſulting with your patience, as you certainly know yourſelf beſt, aſk yourſelf the following queſtions: "Whence is it that theſe my friends "ſo bewail my condition? Why do they keep at ſuch a diſtance; fearing "contagion, as if calamity was catching? Is there any thing really bad "in the caſe? or, is it only what has got a bad name?" Examine further, whether you are tortured, or grieve cauſeleſſly, making that an evil, which is not ſo? But you will ſay, "How ſhall I know, whether my afflictions "are real or not?" Obſerve then what I ſay upon this point.

We are afflicted with ſuch evils, as are preſent or future, or both. Concerning preſent evils, it is eaſy to form a judgment; if the body be ſtill free, in ſound health, and in no pain from external injury; ſay with yourſelf, "I am well to-day, be the morrow as it will."—But you are afraid of ſome future evil.—Conſider well, whether the grounds upon which your fear of ſome evil to come is founded, are warrantable. We generally labour

under unjuſt ſuſpicions, and are often deceived by report: which may well be ſuppoſed to affect individuals, when it has been known to put an end to a battle. 'Tis certain, *Lucilius*, we lie open to impreſſion, without duly weighing the things that ſtrike us with ſudden fear (*b*); we will not give ourſelves time to examine them; we tremble; and then turn our backs, like thoſe ſoldiers, whom the duſt raiſed by a flock of ſheep have drove from the camp; or, whom ſome falſe ſtory, without knowledge of the author, hath terrified and put to flight. Things, falſe and vain, I know not how, are apt to diſturb us more than ſuch as are true; for theſe have their certain meaſure; whereas the former are the effects of blind conjecture, and the fancies of a coward mind. No ſort of fear therefore is ſo pernicious, and remedileſs, as that we call *panic:* other fears are irrational, but this quite ſenſeleſs. Let us therefore diligently examine into this affair.

It is probable ſuch an evil may happen.—It will take up ſome time therefore before it is true, if ever. How many things happen unexpectedly! and how many have been expected that have not happened? But ſuppoſe ſuch a thing ſhould certainly happen; what avails it to anticipate ſorrow? it will be time enough to grieve when it comes: in the mean while, promiſe yourſelf better things: at leaſt, there will be ſo much time gained: and many things may intervene; whereby the impending evil, however near it is ſuppoſed, may reſt where it is, or vaniſh, or fall upon another perſon. Fire hath given time for flight of thoſe within: ſome, falling from on high, have been gently laid upon the ground without hurt: ſometimes the ſword, when at the very throat, hath been withheld: and the condemned criminal hath outlived the appointed executioner (*c*). — Bad fortune hath alſo its inconſtancy: perhaps it may happen, perhaps not; while it does not happen, think for the beſt. It is not uncommon for the mind, even when there is no apparent ſign of diſtreſs, to afflict itſelf with vain imaginations; to make the worſt interpretation of ſome doubtful word; or, looking upon a perſon to be more offended than he is, to conſider, not how great his anger, but what may be the conſequences of it. How vain is life, or what end can there be of miſery, if fear is thus to have its full ſcope! Here then let prudence ſtep in to your aſſiſtance; here let ſtrength of mind throw off all fear, however manifeſt the cauſe: at leaſt let one foible repel another: temper fear with hope *(d)*: nothing that we

fear

fear is ſo certain, as that it is not more certain, what we dread may not happen, and what we hope for deceive us. Let fear and hope be put to the teſt: and becauſe all things are uncertain, be kind to yourſelf, and fancy what you like beſt. If fear prompts any uncouth ſurmiſe, ſtill incline to the better part, and give yourſelf no further trouble.—Now and then reflect upon this; that the greater part of mankind, when there is no evil preſent, nor like to happen, are upon the fret, and under continual alarms; for no one reſiſts the impulſe, when it hath once taken effect, or endeavours to reduce to truth the object of fear: no one thus reflects with himſelf; "The author is miſtaken; he hath certainly feigned ſuch a report, or has been too credulous." No; we give ourſelves up to the reporter; with dread we look upon uncertain things as certain; we obſerve no mean; and therefore ſimple doubt is turned into real fear.

I am almoſt aſhamed, *Lucilius*, to addreſs you in this manner, and preſume to comfort you with ſuch weak arguments. But, ſhould any one tell you, that ſuch a thing will not happen; do you, on the contrary, ſay, "It will happen; and what then? Let it happen; it may turn to my good: death by being contemned makes life honourable: the juice of hemlock, by which the great *Socrates* fell, completed his character: and when *Cato* was determined to die, had the conqueror taken the ſword out of his hand, he would have robbed him of great part of his glory *(e)*."—But too tedious are my exhortations, when you need rather a remembrancer than a counſellor; for I have ſaid nothing againſt the bent of your own nature: you was born to great accompliſhments: ſo much the more therefore ſtudy to raiſe, and adorn your good diſpoſition.

I ſhall now conclude this Epiſtle; when I have ſet the uſual mark to it, by ſubjoining ſome excellent ſaying or other, as thus: *Among the many evils that attend on folly, this is one, It is always beginning to live (f)*. Conſider well, my *Lucilius*, beſt of men, the full purport of this ſentence; and you will learn, how vile and ridiculous is the levity of men, who are ever projecting, and laying new foundations of life, and building their fond hopes thereon. Look on all around you, and obſerve with what anxiety even old men are making great preparations, either with ſome ambitious view, or for travel, and merchandiſe. Now what can be more abſurd

ſurd than to ſee an old man beginning to live *(g)*? I ſhould not have added the name of the author of this ſentiment, had it been ſo well known, as ſome other of the common ſayings of *Epicurus*, which I have taken upon me to quote, and adopt for my own.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) A controverted point] Between the *Stoics* and the *Epicureans*, with others who think pain an evil; whereas to the former it is an indifferent thing.

(b) 'Tis certain] See Ep. 24.

Ηπ᾽ μέλλον ἐκφοβεῖ καθ᾽ ἡμέραν,
Ὡς τῷ γε πάσχειν τ᾽ ὄντι μεῖζον κακόν.——Eur.
The future terrifies, with daily fear,
Than real ills to ſuffer, more ſevere.

(c) I remember two particular inſtances of this: one, at *Eton*, of a labourer falling from a very high ſcaffolding: the other, at *Cambridge*, of a young gentleman's falling from the upper ſtory of *Chriſt*-College, unhurt. But what is more extraordinary and to the purpoſe; in the late horrid riot beforementioned, the inſurgents ſet fire to *Newgate*, and delivered, among the other priſoners, three unhappy wretches that were to have been executed the next morning. And within a few days, —— *Dennis*, (alias *Jack Ketch)* was capitally convicted, and condemned; for being concerned in the ſaid riot.

(d) Fear with hope] See Epiſt. 104.—But it is obſervable here, that there were ſome philoſophers, called by the Greeks, *Elpiſticks*, i. e. *Hopers*; who maintained that the chief happineſs in life conſiſted in hope; and that were we deprived of this, and the delight attending it, life would be an inſupportable burthen. *See* Plutarch. *Sympos.* 4. 4.

(e) Had robbed him] As *Seneca* might think; but no true Chriſtian can be of the ſame opinion, though *Cato* acted upon principle, even the chief principle of *Stoiciſm*; ſince it may eaſily be proved a falſe one, from the fitneſs of things, and had been proved by the forementioned great philoſopher, *Socrates*. Vid. Plato. See alſo the foregoing Epiſtle.

(f) Beginning to live] See Ep. 20. Lipſ. Manud. l. ii. c. Diſſ. 15.

(g) An old man] Juvenes adhuc confuſa quædam et quaſi turbata non indecent: ſenibus placida omnia et ordinata conveniunt; quibus induſtria ſera, turpis ambitio eſt. Plin. Ep. l. 3. 1. *In young men perhaps ſome irregularity and diſorder may not be unbecoming.* But in the downhill of life; all things ſhould be carried on ſmoothly and methodically: induſtry is ill-timed, and ambition a reproach.—*Orrery.*

EPISTLE

EPISTLE XIV.

On Caution, and Security.

I Confeſs, *Lucilius*, that an affection for, as alſo the care and preſervation of, the body, is natural: nor do I deny but that ſometimes it may be indulged: yet I cannot allow, that one ſhould be a ſlave to it. He that is a ſlave to his body,—is over-anxious for its welfare,—and refers every thing thereto,—is a ſlave to many maſters. We ought ſo to comport ourſelves, not as if we lived for the body, but as if we could not live without it. Too great a love for it, racks us with perpetual fears, burthens us with unneceſſary anxieties, and ſubjects us to contumely. He that ſets too high a value upon his body, can never have a due ſenſe of what is great and honourable. It is worthy indeed of our moſt diligent care; yet if reaſon exacts, or dignity and fidelity *(a)* require it to be committed to the flames, we are to ſubmit. At the ſame time, I ſay, we muſt endeavour, as far as lies in our power, not only to avoid danger (*b*), but all manner of annoyance: we muſt make ourſelves as ſecure as poſſible, by frequently reflecting on the means, whereby thoſe things, that are to be feared, may be repelled: and of ſuch things, if I am not miſtaken, there are three ſorts; *indigence*, *diſeaſes*, and *oppreſſion from ſome ſuperior*. Of theſe nothing can be more terrible than the laſt, *tyrannical oppreſſion*: it ruſhes upon us with uproar and violence; whereas the natural evils I have mentioned, ſilently creep upon us, nor ſtrike with terror either the eyes or ears: but how great the pomp of an execution! Chains, fire, the ſword, and wild beaſts, gaping for a feaſt on human entrails: let the imagination add to theſe a dungeon, a croſs, iron whips, hooks, the being ſawed aſunder, impaled, or torn in pieces by horſes, or having the clothes dawbed with pitch, or other the like inflammable matter, and then ſet on fire, or whatever elſe the moſt ſhocking cruelty hath invented (*c*). Is it any wonder we ſhould be afraid of theſe tortures, whoſe variety is ſo manifold, and apparatus ſo terrible? For as the executioner afflicts more ſeverely the perſon condemned, the more inſtruments of pain he ſets in view, (whereby patience itſelf is overcome:) ſo, in

other

other reſpects, among all thoſe evils that are apt to damp the ſpirits, and ſubdue the courage of man, *they* have the greateſt effect that are moſt viſible. Other plagues indeed are not leſs grievous, I mean, hunger and thirſt, an inflammation in the bowels, or a burning fever, but then they are not ſeen: they ſhake no weapon at us, nor preſent any thing terrible to the eye: whereas the former, like vaſt armies in array, ſubdue the mind with the appearance and tremendous preparation. What have we to do then, but to take all poſſible care to give no offence (*d*)?

There are times, when, in a popular government, the rabble are to be feared (*e*): or if the government be ſuch, that the chief executive power is in the ſenate, then are the leading men therein moſt to be dreaded: and ſometimes the people have delegated their power to particular perſons even againſt themſelves. Now as in theſe caſes it is very difficult to have every one our friends, we may reſt ſatisfied in not having them our enemies. The wiſe man therefore will be cautious not to provoke the reſentment of thoſe in power; nay, he will ſhun it, as he would a ſtorm, if he was at ſea. When you ſailed to *Sicily*, you paſſed through the Straits; you know the place therefore: now a raſh pilot never regards a ſouth wind, though it be that which harraſſeth the *Sicilian* ſea, and forms thoſe dreadful whirlpools: he never minds to ſteer on the larboard, but ſails on into the very mouth of the boiſterous *Charybdis* (*f*). Whereas one of more caution is continually enquiring of the more experienced, how the tide flows---what ſigns of a ſtorm are in the clouds,---and keeps on his courſe, at a wary diſtance from the places notorious for whirlpools and ſhipwrecks. Such is the conduct of the wiſe man, in life. He avoids as much as poſſible the power that can hurt him; without diſcovering his deſign; as there is ſome ſort of ſecurity even in this, not to fly profeſſedly; becauſe what a man flies from, he tacitly condemns.

How to be ſafe from the populace in general requires circumſpection. Firſt then let me adviſe you, to avoid party; to aim at nothing that is apt to raiſe ſtriſe (*g*) among the competitors;—and 2dly, not to be greedy of amaſſing ſo much wealth as might enrich the ſpoiler: the leſs you carry about you ſo much the ſafer: no one, or very few, are ſuch villains as to ſpill human blood, for the ſake of ſpilling blood: more men act upon a view

view of intereſt than from malice *(b)*: the robber paſſeth by a man in rags; and the poor man finds quarter in a place beſet with thieves. Laſtly, three things, from antient preſcription, are to be avoided: *Hatred*, *Envy*, and *Contempt:* and the way to effect this, wiſdom alone can ſhew. It is a very nice point, and to be treated with great caution, leſt the fear of envy ſhould throw us into contempt; leſt ſeeming unwilling to trample upon others, we diſcover that we may be trampled on ourſelves. The being to be feared, hath cauſed many to be afraid for themſelves. We muſt retire, and lower, as it were, ourſelves, as much as poſſible, yet not ſo as to be contemptible: for envy and contempt are alike dangerous. In ſhort, we muſt have recourſe to philoſophy: as this ſort of learning commands reſpect, like (that badge of honor) the ſacred *Fillet:* I do not ſay among good men only, but among ſuch as are not extremely bad. For, eloquence at the bar, and what other arts are uſed to move the people, commonly create an adverſary: but philoſophy is ever quiet, and, minding its own buſineſs, is above contempt: and ſo far above other arts as to be reſpected even by the worſt of men: wickedneſs will never get to ſuch an height, will never ſo conſpire againſt virtue, as not to leave the name of *Philoſopher* venerable and ſacred. But philoſophy itſelf muſt behave with candour and moderation.

" What then, you will ſay, muſt we think of *Cato?* Was his philoſophy " ſo calm and gentle, when he exerted himſelf, in order by his counſel, to " repreſs the civil war, and intervened between two princes, furious in " arms; and, while ſome oppoſed *Pompey*, and others *Cæſar*, dared to pro- " voke them both himſelf?" It is doubtful indeed, whether, at that time, it was proper for a wiſe man to take charge of, or concern himſelf with, public affairs. Some one might ſay, " what is your intention, *Cato?* The " buſineſs now is not concerning *Liberty*; for that has long ſince been loſt: " the diſpute is, whether *Cæſar* or *Pompey* ſhall be maſter of the common- " wealth: what have you to do with this contention? You have no part " here: the point is already ſettled; a lordly governor is to be choſen; and " what matters it to you which of them conquers? The better man can- " not: he indeed may be the worſe who is overcome; but he cannot be the " better who overcomes; when, to conquer in ſuch a cauſe, is in itſelf " diſhonour."

I have only touched upon the laſt part of *Cato's* behaviour: but the foregoing times were ſuch as would not properly admit of a wiſe man's interfering in the ruinous ſtate of the republic. What could *Cato* do more, amid the many plunders, than bawl, and make a vain outcry; when at one while he was dragged from the *Forum*, through a lane of people, who lifted up their hands againſt him, and even ſpit upon him; and at another time was hurried out of the Senate-houſe to priſon? But we ſhall ſee hereafter the propriety of a wiſe man's concerning himſelf with government affairs, and whether it be worth his while to riſque the loſing his labour: for the preſent I ſhall recommend to you thoſe philoſophers, who, being excluded from every public office, have retired, to ſtudy and adorn life; and form laws for the good government of mankind, without any offence to thoſe in power.

The wiſe man will not give any diſturbance to the public as a reformer; nor endeavour to be pointed at for ſingularity in the conduct of life: what then? will he certainly be ſafe, who follows this maxim? I can no more promiſe you this, than a ſound ſtate of health to a temperate man; and yet nothing contributes more to health than temperance. A ſhip may ſometimes be loſt in the haven; but what various accidents is it ſubject to in the midſt of the ſea? How great then muſt be the danger of the man, who is ever buſy, and forming great deſigns, when it is ſcarce poſſible to be ſafe even in retirement? I do not deny but that ſometimes the innocent may ſuffer, but much oftener the guilty: a man may not want ſkill, though he may chance to be wounded, through his armour. Laſtly, the wiſe man regards the intent of every action, without being concerned for the event: the outſet is in our own power; the event belongs to fortune; whom I will not allow to paſs ſentence upon me (ſubmitting herein to no other judge but Reaſon and the fitneſs of things) though ſhe may perhaps bring trouble and vexation; the robber is not condemned before the fact.

But now I ſee you are holding out your hand for your daily ſtipend. I will fill it with gold: and becauſe I mention gold, learn from hence how to make the uſe of it the more agreeable. Is maximè divitiis fruitur qui minimè divitiis indiget. *He moſt of all enjoys riches, who wants them the leaſt.* "Tell me, you ſay, who is the author of this ſentence?" Well; to ſhew

ſhew you how liberal we are, we have determined to give *(i)* you more than is our own. It is the ſentiment of *Epicurus*, *Metrodorus*, or ſome other of that ſchool. But what ſignifies who ſaid it? It is ſaid to all. He that wants riches, is anxious after them, but no good is enjoyed with anxiety. He is always ſtudying to make ſome addition to his ſtore, who thinks of nothing but an increaſe of his wealth: ſuch a one forgets the ight uſe of what he has got; he is ever buſy at his account-books; or attending the Forum; he daily conſults the almanack; and, inſtead of being a proprietor, becomes his own factor.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) Fidelity] *Fides.* The Chriſtian word is *faith.* Gall. *La Foy.*

(b) To avoid danger] And can there, good Mr. Stoic, be any greater danger, any greater annoyance, dreaded, than death? How then can it be taking care of the body, or obſerving the firſt rule of nature, ſelf-preſervation, ſo highly commended elſewhere, to ruſh voluntarily on death? But thus Stoiciſm often contradicts itſelf. *See* Epiſt. 24.

(c) The moſt ſhocking cruelty] Vid. Brodæ. Miſcell. l. 2. c. 9. Turneb. Adverſar. l. 15. c. 15 Sigon. de Judiciis, l. 3. c. 18.

(d) To give no offence] The Apoſtle's advice in this reſpect, as in all other, far tranſcends the Stoic; eſtabliſhing a doctrine which the wiſeſt philoſopher of them all had not yet advanced. *Recompenſe*, ſays he, *no man evil for evil. Provide things honeſt in the ſight of all men; and if it be poſſible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.* Rom. 12. 17.

(e) The rabble] See Ep. 8. Note *(b)*.

(f) Charybdis] Dextram Scylla latus, lævum implacata Charybdis obſidet.---*Virgil.* iii. 420.

For on the right, her dogs, foul *Scylla* hides;
Charybdis roaring on the left preſides,
And in her greedy whirlpool ſucks the tides.---*Dryden.*

(g) To raiſe ſtrife] For *where envy and ſtrife is, there is confuſion, and every evil work.*---Jam. 3, 16.

(b) More men] Plures computant quam oderunt.---al. occiderint. *From whence* Pincianus *conjectures*, plures compilant, quam occiderint: *More commit robberies than murders.* So the old French, La plus part demande la bourſe, que la vie.

(i) To ſhew you] Vulg. ut ſcias quam benigni ſimus propoſitum eſt aliena laudare: *Others*, dare, *which I follow, as beſt anſwering to* benigni ſimus, *carrying on the metaphor.*

EPISTLE XV.

On Diet and Exerciſe.

IT hath been, *Lucilius*, an ancient cuſtom to begin an Epiſtle, with this compliment, *I am glad to hear you are well (a)*: and I will ſay, (I think with propriety) *I am glad to hear you ſtudy philoſophy:* for this is *to be well:* without this, the ſoul is ſick; and even the body, though ever ſo ſtrong and vigorous, without this, hath but the ſtrength of a frantic madman. Be this ſort of health then your principal care, nor let the other be neglected; which indeed will not coſt you much pains, if you are deſirous to procure it: for it would be ridiculous, and by no means convenient for a ſtudious man to be engaged in any laborious exerciſe, in order to make the arms more pliant, to widen the ſhoulders, or harden the ribs: was you to be crammed like a gladiator, to make your muſcular parts more brawny, you will never equal a fed ox in weight and ſtrength. Beſides, the more large and groſs the body, the more will the mind be cramped and inactive. Straiten therefore and lower the body, in order to give the mind fairer play. Many inconveniences attend on thoſe who devote themſelves to the care of the body; firſt in ſome laborious exerciſe that exhauſts the ſpirits, and makes them unfit for more intentive ſtudies: and ſecondly, the ſubtilty of the mind *(b)* is checked by nothing more than by repletion. Add to this the ſlavery of the loweſt kind *(c)* grown into an habit, among men, who devote their whole time to the bagnio or tavern; who have ſpent the day according to their wiſh, if they have been almoſt diſſolved in ſweat; and to ſupply the place of the juices thereby exhaled, have poured down large draughts of liquor upon an empty ſtomach. To ſweat and to drink, what is this but the life of a porter *(d)*?

There are ſome gentle exerciſes, which ſufficiently recreate the body and take up but little time, the principal thing to be regarded. An eaſy run, the ſwinging the hands to and fro with weights in them, leaping in length or height, or dancing (if I may ſo call it) like the *Salii (e)*; or (to ſpeak leſs courtly) like a fuller or weaver. Chuſe any one of theſe; it is eaſy, and

requires

requires no art. But in whatever you are pleaſed to divert yourſelf, tarry not long, before you return to the exerciſe of the mind. This may be employed both night and day: it is ſtrengthened and maintained by moderate labour: neither heat, nor cold, nor even old age can hinder this ſort of exerciſe. Cheriſh this good, which is improving every day. Not that I would have you always poring over a book; or at your writing deſk: ſome reſpite *(f)* is to be given to the mind; yet not ſo as to enfeeble, but only to refreſh it. Taking the air on horſeback, or in a chariot, keeps the body in exerciſe, and prevents not the ſtudy of the mind. In walking alſo, with a friend, you may read, dictate, ſpeak, and hear. Sometimes to ſtrain the voice, at a certain pitch, without raiſing or lowering it, as in ſingſong *(g)*, is an exerciſe *(h)* not to be deſpiſed: and then if you deſire to learn in what manner you muſt walk; take along with you, one of thoſe merry fellows, who are put upon finding out new devices for bread *(i)*; you may get one, who will teach you a right ſtep, and other ceremonies, in eating or ſpeaking; and be as impudent, as the credulity of your patience will permit him. *What then?* you will ſay: *Muſt I begin at once to ſpeak aloud, and with vehemence?* No: it is ſo very natural for the voice to be raiſed and wound up gradually, that the greateſt wranglers begin with a common accent, and ſo proceed to vociferation. No gladiator *(k)* bawls out for *help and mercy* at the firſt onſet. However therefore the impulſe of your mind may perſuade you, you may upbraid a fault, ſometimes with more earneſtneſs, and ſometimes with more lenity, as may beſt ſuit your voice and lungs: and when you are to recover your voice to the uſual pitch, let it gradually deſcend, and not drop at once: let it be managed with the temper and diſcretion of a judicious orator, and not rage in the ſtyle of a blockhead or ruſtic: for it is not our intention to exerciſe the voice, but that the voice ſhould exerciſe us. Thus then *(l)* I have ſaved you from ſome trouble and expence; (in giving you my advice *gratis)* to which let me add a ſmall preſent which cannot but be acceptable to you.

An excellent ſentence that; Stulta vita ingrata eſt, trepida eſt, tota in futurum fertur; *The life of a fool is made up of chagrin, anxiety, and diſmal apprehenſions of what may happen.* You will aſk me, who is the author of it? The ſame as before. And what life do you think he calls the *life of a fool?* Such a one as that of *Baba* and *Ixion (m)?* No: it is ſuch a one as

we ourſelves lead, whom blind ambition and fond deſires hurry upon acquirements that may be hurtful, and yet never ſatisfy; who, if any thing could ſatisfy *(n)*, have enough already; who never conſider, how ſweet it is to have nothing to aſk; and how noble it is to be fully content, without any the leaſt dependence upon Fortune. Think therefore now and then, *Lucilius*, upon your own acquiſitions; and when you obſerve how many are above you, think alſo how many are below you: if you would be grateful to heaven, for the happineſs of life, think how many you ſurpaſs therein. But why do I compare you with others? you have even ſurpaſſed yourſelf *(o)*.

Set yourſelf then ſome bounds, which, if you would, you cannot, paſs. Thoſe inſidious bleſſings we are ſo fond of, and which are much more ſweet in expectation, than in enjoyment, will ſoon paſs away *(p)*: was there any ſolidity in them, they would ſatisfy: but by their ſpecious appearances they only provoke and incite the thirſt. As to what remains for me in the currency of time, why ſhould I rather aſk Fortune to give it me, than prevail on myſelf not to aſk it? Or, why ſhould I be ſollicitous after it, unmindful of human frailty? Shall I amaſs? What? Labour and toil. Behold, this day is my laſt: if not, my laſt is very near.

ANNOTATIONS &c.

(a) Vel ſolum illud ſcribe, unde priores incipere ſolebant, ſi vales bene eſt, ego valeo, *Or let your letter conſiſt only of that old-faſhioned compliment,* In hopes that you are well; as I am at this preſent writing. *Plin.* L. 1. Ep. 11.

(b) The ſubtilty of the mind] *Diogenes*, the Cynic, being aſked *why the wreſtlers* (in the games) *were generally very ſtupid and ſenſeleſs*; anſwered, *Becauſe they are ſtuffed with beef and bacon*; alluding to the animals, as well as to the eaters. To which *Galen* adds that proverbial ſaying, Παχεῖα γαστὴρ λεπτὸν οὐ τίκτει νοῦν, Pinguis venter non gignet tenuem ſenſum.---Eraſm. 3. 6. 18.---The Engliſh ſay, *Fat paunches make lean pates.*

(c) Peſſimæ notæ mancipia in magiſterium (*al.* in magiſtratum) recepta. Or, it may be rendered, *Slaves of the loweſt ſort, admitted into office, and familiarity*; alluding to the *Græculi Magiſtri*, mentioned below.

(d) Cardiaci] One ſubject to the *heart-burn*. Plin. 23. 25. Juv. v. 33.

(e) Like the Salii] An order of prieſts, inſtituted by *Numa*; who when they carried the ſacred *Ancilia* in proceſſion, kept juſt meaſures with their feet, and ſhewed great ſtrength and agility in the various and handſome turns of their body.

(f) Some reſpite] See Ep. 84.

(g) As in ſing ſong] Per gradus et certos modos. Lipſius *obſerves, that by* Gradus *is to be underſtood, the riſing or falling of the voice*; *and that* modi *relates to the tone.* *(h) An*

(h) An exerciſe] This was alſo reckoned an exerciſe of great utility. (Vid. Hieron. Mercurial. l. 6. Artis Gymnaſticæ: Plutarchi ὑγιεινα, c. 26.)

(i) For bread] Græculus eſuriens, in cœlum, juſſeris, ibit. *Juv.* 3. 76.

All things the hungry Greek *exactly knows,*
And bid him go to heav'n, to heav'n he goes.---Dryden.

(k) The gladiator] Alluding to the gladiator's appeal to the people when in the utmoſt diſtreſs; as they had it in their power to ſave him, if they pleaſed.

(l) They then---] Various are the readings here; from one (Pincian.) it may be rendered: *A certain* Greek *hath ſaved me ſome trouble in this affair, who hath enabled me to add to the foregoing a ſmall preſent.* The life, &c.

(m) Baba *and* Ixion] Two ſilly fellows of thoſe times. But *Eraſmus* reads, Babys et Ixionis---That *Babys* the brother of *Marſyas*, who challenged *Apollo* in ſinging; and the poet's *Ixion*, who embraced a cloud inſtead of *Juno*.

(n) Ep. 2. (N. g.)

(o) Surpaſſed yourſelf] Having been advanced from a Plebeian to the Equeſtrian order; and now *Caſar's Procurator*; an officer, ſent by the Emperor into ſome province, to receive and regulate the public revenue, and to diſpoſe of it at the Emperor's command. *See* Ep. 19. (N. c.)

(p) Ah think, my friends, how ſwift the minutes haſte!
The preſent day entirely is our own.
Then ſeize the bleſſing ere 'tis gone:
To morrow! fatal ſound! ſince this may be our laſt.

Yalden on human Life.
Dryden's Miſcell. v. iii.

EPISLE XVI.

On the Study of Philoſophy.

I KNOW, *Lucilius*, that it is your opinion, no one can live happily, or indeed ſcarce tolerably, without the ſtudy of philoſophy: and that wiſdom, when perfected *(a)*, makes life completely happy, and, without having made any great progreſs, ſatisfactory. But this opinion, clear as it is, muſt be eſtabliſhed and fixed deeper in the heart, by daily meditation. It is more difficult to abide by good reſolutions, than to form them. You muſt perſevere, and by continual application ſo ſtrengthen the mind, that it may be as truly good, as the will is to have it ſo. You need not, therefore, give yourſelf the trouble of many words, and proteſtations to me; I am perfectly ſatisfied in the progreſs you have made; I know too, that what you write is upon good principles, not feigned, nor coloured over: yet give me leave

leave to ſay, that though I have great hopes of you, I am not quite confident: I would have you think the ſame yourſelf. Preſume not, too ſoon and eaſily, on your own ſtrength: examine well yourſelf *(b)*: make different ſcrutinies and obſervations, but more eſpecially conſider this; whether you have made a progreſs in philoſophy, or in life itſelf; in knowledge, or in practice.

Philoſophy is no popular artifice; nor made for ſhew, and oſtentation(*c*): it conſiſts not in words, but in deeds. Nor is it to be applied to, only as an amuſement, to take off the tedioufneſs of the day: no; it forms and faſhions the mind; ſets life in good order; directs the conduct; ſhews what is to be done *(d)*, and what to be left undone; it ſits at the helm, and ſteers our courſe through the wide ſea of doubt; in ſhort, no man can live in ſafety without it. Innumerable accidents happen every hour, which muſt have recourſe to philoſophy, as a faithful counſellor. But ſome one will ſay, "What avails philoſophy, if fate (or *deſtiny as the* Stoics *think*) will take "its courſe *(e)*: if God is the ſupreme governor of the world? or if (ac-"cording to the *Epicureans) Chance* is all in all; For, things certain can-"not be altered; and no preparation can be made againſt what is uncer-"tain; if either God hath prevented my purpoſes, and hath decreed what "I ſhall do; or if every event is in the diſpoſal of Fortune?" Be this as it will, *Lucilius*, let any, or all of theſe opinions take place; philoſophy is nevertheleſs neceſſary, and to be diligently ſtudied: whether Fate, I ſay, binds us by an inexorable law; or God, the ſovereign of the world, diſpoſeth all things; or Chance impels, and toſſeth about at random, human affairs; ſtill philoſophy muſt be our defence; this will exhort us to obey God with a willing mind; and more ſtrenuouſly to reſiſt the power of Fortune; this will teach you to truſt in providence *(f)*, and humbly ſubmit to caſualties. But there is no need at preſent to launch out further into diſpute, concerning our free-agency, if Providence holds the reins of government; or we are bound and dragged by the chain of deſtiny; or the ſudden changes in the courſe of things depend upon mere *Chance*. I return therefore, *Lucilius*, to adviſe and exhort you, not to ſuffer the ardour of your mind to become faint and languid by any ſuch ſurmiſes; reſolve and perſevere, 'till ſuch impulſe becomes an habit.

Now,

Now if I know you well, *Lucilius*, you have been muſing, from the beginning, upon what ſort of preſent I would ſend with this Epiſtle. Peruſe it, and you will find ſomething; wherein indeed you will have no reaſon to admire my judgment; for I am ſtill liberal of what is not my own: but why do I ſay, not *my own?* whatever is *properly* ſaid by any one, I make bold to call it *mine*; as that ſaying of *Epicurus*, ſi ad naturam vives, nunquam eris pauper: ſi ad opinionem nunquam dives: exiguum natura deſiderat, opinio immenſum. *If you live according to nature, you will never be poor; if according to opinion, never rich: what nature demands, is little; what opinion, immenſe.* Let the poſſeſſions of many rich men be heaped upon you; let fortune exalt you far above any private condition of life; let her cover you with a roof of gold, clothe you with purple, ſurround you with delicacies, and ſo enrich you, as to have the ground, whereon you walk, paved with marble, and beſtow upon you not only money enough for uſe, but to ſquander away: add to theſe, ſtatues, pictures, and whatever elſe art can ſupply the moſt luxurious fancy with; the iſſue of all will be, only an inducement, ſtill to covet ſomething more. The deſires of nature have their limits: but thoſe that ariſe from falſe opinion, have not where to reſt; for they know no bounds. He that walks in a ſtraight and beaten path will ſoon find an end; but he that wanders out of his way, will long wander; for error is infinite. Withdraw yourſelf therefore from vain ſuperfluities, and when you would know, whether what you are ſollicitous after, ariſeth from a natural or a fond and blind deſire; conſider whether ſuch thing, if obtained, can give you ſolid contentment; if not,—if as far as you have gone, you muſt ſtill go further; you may be aſſured that the path you walk in, is not the right path of nature.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) The Stoical wiſe man exiſts not but in deſcription; for as *Plutarch* obſerves, ἔστι δὲ οὔτος οὐδαμοῦ γῆς, οὐδὲ γέγονεν. De pugn. Stoic.) *There is no ſuch one upon earth, nor ever was.* And *Cicero*, Stoicam ſapientiam interpretantur, quam adhuc nemo mortalis eſt conſecutus. *(in Læl.) The Stoics give you ſuch a definition of virtue as no mortal man ever yet attained to.* However, he may be look'd upon as ſet forth by way of example; as, in the *Goſpel*, Chriſtians are required *to be* perfect, *even as their father which is in heaven is perfect.* Matth. 5. 48. And as *Plato* (in Phæd.) ſays, *Pure wiſdom is not attainable on this ſide the grave*; no Chriſtian can properly aſſume the character, 'till *he comes to the general aſſembly, and church of the firſt-born, which are enrolled in heaven, and to the throne of God, who*

is the judge of all, and to the ſpirits of juſt men, made perfect. Heb. 22. 23. See 1 King. 8. 46. Job. 9. 20. Pſ. 51. 5 Prov. 20. 9 Eccleſ. 7. 20. 1 Cor. 13. 11 Phil. 3. 12. Col. 4. 12. 2 Tim. 3. 17. 1 John. 1. 8. See alſo, *Sen.* de Ben. 1. Ep. 42. (N. a) *Lipſ.* Manud. 11. 8.

(b) Examine yourſelves whether ye be in the faith; prove your ownſelves, &c. 2 Cor. 13. 5. 1 Cor. 11. 28. See Ep. 25. (N. e.)

(c) Lipſius ex *Lactantio.* Mendacium incongruum et ineptum eſt, non in pectore, ſed in labiis habere bonitatem, ne ergo---Virtutem verba putes, ut Lucum ligna,---Hor. Ep. 1. 6. 31.

'Tis ridiculous to think,
(As heedleſs minds the weakeſt things approve)
That words make virtue, juſt as trees a grove.——Creech.

Be ye doers of the word, not hearers only, deceiving your own ſelves; Jam. 1. 22. See alſo, Matth. 7. 21- Rom. 2. 13.

(d) As we ſay of the ſcriptures, *all ſcripture is given by inſpiration of God, and is profitable, for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for inſtruction in righteouſneſs,* that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furniſhed unto all good works. 2 Tim. 3. 16.

(e) Fataliſm, an old thread of doctrine, of late twiſted anew, by a moſt ingenious, and indefatigable *ſpinner*; but *happily* untwiſted by one of the ſame breed; foraſmuch as, inſtead of carrying us through the extenſive labyrinth of doubt, it fixeth us like ſtatues, on the ſpot, merely paſſive; or (without a metaphor) will lead us to the following concluſion: that, ſince no action or event could poſſibly be different from *what it has been, is, or will be,* repentance becomes an idle ejaculation, and every application to Heaven for mercy and forgiveneſs, unneceſſary, &c. *N. Dict.*

(f) Truſt in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own underſtanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he ſhall direct thy paths. Prov. 3. 5.—*I will truſt and not be afraid; for the Lord Jehovah is my ſtrength, and my ſong, and he is become my ſalvation.* 11. 12. 2.—*Truſt not in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy.* 1 Tim. 6. 17.

EPISTLE XVII.

On the ſame; and concerning Poverty.

THROW away all theſe vanities, *Lucilius,* if you are wiſe, or rather that you may be wiſe. Strive with all your might to attain ſound wiſdom. If any thing withholds you, either untie the knot or cut it. But *family-affairs,* you ſay, *detain you; which you would fain ſo order, as, without any further trouble, to arrive at an eaſy competency; ſo that poverty may be no burthen to* you; *nor* you *to any one.* When you ſay this, *Lucilius,* you ſeem not to know the whole ſtrength and power of the *good* in queſtion; you ſee indeed the excellency of philoſophy in the groſs; but as yet you conſider

conſider not minutely enough its ſeveral parts; you know its great utility, at all times, and in all reſpects; foraſmuch as, (to uſe the words of *Cicero)* in maximis opituleter, et in minima deſcendat; *it aſſiſts us in affairs of the higheſt conſequence, and deſcends even to the loweſt (a).* Believe me, if you conſult philoſophy, ſhe will perſuade you not to ſit ſo long at your counting-deſk.

But this is your ſcheme; this the chief avocation from your ſtudies: *to ſhun that dreadful thing, poverty.* And what if, after all, poverty ſhould prove deſirable? Riches have prevented many from the ſtudy of philoſophy: poverty is always free, and always ſecure. If an enemy's trumpet ſounds an alarm, the poor man knows it to be of little conſequence to him *(b):* if there is an outcry of fire, he is at the trouble of ſaving nothing but himſelf: if he muſt go aboard, he makes no buſtle in the port; nor does he diſturb the ſhore with a ſingle attendant, much leſs with a crew of ſervants, for whom it might be difficult to find proviſion in a foreign country. Not but that it is an eaſy matter to ſupply a few mouths, eſpecially of thoſe that are orderly, and require nothing more than a common meal. Hunger coſts not much to be ſatisfied; but a nice palate is expenſive. Poverty is contented with the ſatisfaction of her preſent deſires. Why therefore do you contemn fellowſhip with *her*, whoſe manner every rich man in his ſenſes, or who would fain live happily, deſires to imitate? Would you be at leiſure to improve, and attend the duties of the mind, you muſt either be poor, or act as ſuch. Study will turn to little account, where there is no reſpect had to frugality; and frugality is a ſort of voluntary poverty.

Lay aſide, therefore, theſe frivolous excuſes; *I have not yet got enough; when I have, I will give myſelf up entirely to philoſophy.* Nothing is to be ſought before this, which you defer, and poſtpone to every thing. You muſt begin here. But you ſay, *I would fain get wherewithal to live.* Learn then how to get it. If any thing hinders you from living well, let it not hinder you from dying well. There is no reaſon that poverty, or even want ſhould recall you from the ſtudy of philoſophy; for even hunger is to be endured while we are in purſuit of this, as patiently as

in a ſiege. And what is the reward of patience at ſuch a time; but the not falling into the hands, and ſubmitting to the diſcretion of the conqueror? But how much greater the reward that *this* promiſeth, even perpetual liberty; a liberty out of the reach of men or gods to deſtroy! *(c)* Hunger hath been driven to ſuch extremes, that whole armies have wanted neceſſaries, and been forced to eat the roots of herbs *(d)*, and ſuch offals as are not fit to be named *(e)*. And for what did they ſuffer all this? for a kingdom *(f)*, and, what is ſtill more ſurpriſing, for a kingdom not their own. And will any one ſcruple to endure poverty, that he may free his mind from all hurtful paſſions, *and be king of himſelf?*

There is no neceſſity therefore for being rich, before you enter upon this ſtudy. You may apply yourſelf to it without a viaticum, and attain it, without proviſion, or ſupplies. But ſo it is, *Lucilius*, when you ſhall have got every thing elſe, you will then look after philoſophy. You ſuppoſe this the laſt neceſſary of life, or, if I may call it ſo, an additional accompliſhment. But I beg of you, whatever you are in poſſeſſion of, to ſtudy philoſophy: for how do you know but that you have too much of worldly goods already? Or, if you have nothing, make the attainment of this your firſt ſtudy.

But neceſſaries will be wanting. What neceſſaries? All that nature aſks is very little; and a wiſe man will accommodate himſelf to nature. If he is driven to the laſt extremity, *he knows his time here is but ſhort (g)*. And if he has ſtill enough to keep body and ſoul together, he is thankful for it, and makes the moſt of what he has got: not being ſollicitous or anxious after any thing more than mere neceſſaries, food and rayment. He ſits himſelf down contentedly, and laughs at the hurry and fatigues of the rich; and the many vexations and perplexities of thoſe who are ſtriving to be ſo; ſaying, *Why are ye ſo long about it? why do ye plague yourſelves with the expectation of intereſt-money; or of ſome great return in trade; or the death of an old miſer; when ye may ſoon be rich in a more compendious way? Wiſdom ſupplies the place of wealth; and where ſhe hath made riches ſeem ſuperfluous ſhe hath given them.*

them. But this argument belongs not properly to you, *Lucilius*, who may be ranked among the rich; change but the times *(b)*, and you have a great deal too much. But in every age there is enough to ſupply nature.

And here I might have ended this Epiſtle, had I not uſed you to a bad cuſtom. As no one can ſalute or addreſs the *Parthian* kings without a preſent; ſo there is no taking leave of you *gratis*. Well then, I will ſtill borrow from *Epicurus*,---Multis paraſſe divitias, non finis miſeriarum fuit, ſed mutatio;---*The acquiring much wealth hath proved to many, not an end, but only a change, of their miſeries.* The fault however lies not in the things acquired, but in the mind itſelf. That which made poverty grievous, makes alſo riches irkſome. As it matters not, whether you place a ſick man, on a wooden, or a golden couch; ſince he ſtill carries his diſeaſe along with him; ſo whether a diſcompoſed mind be placed in wealth or poverty, it is the ſame thing. The diſtemper will ſtill attend it.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) *Lipſius* gives theſe words to *Hortentius* rather than to *Cicero.*

(b) The rich only are in danger. So *Petronius*;

Cum cecinêre tubæ, jugulo ſtat divite ferrum.

(c) Or, *the being ſubject to no fear either of man or God.* This may be looked upon as a Stoical rant; but *St. Peter* ſays, *Who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?*—1. Pet. 3. 13.—See alſo Ep. 38. (N. x.)

(d) See *Sen.* de ira. c. 20. *Sidon. Apoll.* viii. 7. No. P. 437.

(e) Dictu fædam]—ad infames jam jamque coegerat eſcas. ib.

(f) The Apoſtle argues in like manner. *Every one that ſtriveth for the maſtery is temperate in all things: now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible.* 1 Cor. 9. 25.

Pro toto hoc argumento, pulchrè Manilius,

Quæremus lucrum navi, mortemque ſequemur
Ad prædas. Pudeat tanto bona velle caduca.
Quid cœlo dabimus! quantum eſt quo veneat omne?
Impendendus homo eſt, Deus eſſe ut poſſit in ipſo.
Pulchra, inquam, hæc magis, an pia? *Lipſ.*

—From food and clothes from eaſt to weſt we run,
And ſpendthrifts *often ſweat to be undone.*
Are periſhing goods *worth ſo much pains and coſt,*
Hard to be got and in enjoyment loſt?
Then what muſt heaven deſerve? That gold, that buys
The reſt, how diſproportionate a price!
It aſks a higher value, and to gain
The God, *lay out* thyſelf, *the price is* man. Creech.

(g) Exiliet e vita] This, I think, is the ſecond paſſage which required to be ſoftened, in order to avoid a certain doctrine of the Stoics, which could not but be ſhocking to a Chriſtian reader; and which *Seneca* himſelf ſeems not to approve of, in what follows;—*Si verò exiguum fuerit, et anguſtum, quo vita produci poſſit*, id boni conſulet. *See* Ep. 12. 14. 24. 65. (N. i.)

Beſides, the turn here given, and which the words will bear in ſome meaſure, is conſonant to that moſt comfortable doctrine of the Apoſtle; *Our light affliction* which is but for a moment, *worketh for us a far more exceeding, and eternal weight of glory.* 11 Cor. 4. 17.

(h) Saculum muta, nimis habes Vulg.—Sæculum muta—*Lipſ. Opſop.* i. e. If we look back to the times of the *Fabricii*, and the *Curii*, before luxury grew into faſhion, *you have already too much.*

EPISTLE XVIII.

On the Behaviour of a Philoſopher at certain Seaſons. On Poverty; and immoderate Anger.

DECEMBER is a month, in which the city ſeems in full employ. Public feaſting and luxury are allowed, and every place reſounds with the noiſe of preparation: as if there was no difference between the feaſt called *Saturnalia (a)*, and the common working days; ſo that he was not wide of the mark, who was pleaſed to ſay, that December now laſted all the year!—I ſhould have been glad, *Lucilius*, if you had been here, that I might have conferred with you, and heard your opinion, concerning what is to be done; whether we muſt go on in our uſual way; or, leſt we ſhould ſeem too far to diſſent from the humour of the times, we ſhould likewiſe unrobe, and give a looſe to joy, banquetting and wine. For what was not uſual but on ſome uproar and diſturbance, or when any calamity befel the city *(b)*, we now change our dreſs for the ſake of pleaſure and feaſting. If I am not miſtaken in you, were you appointed arbiter in this affair, you would not have us act altogether like the rabble, nor altogether unlike them: unleſs perhaps the mind, on theſe feſtival days, is to be reſtrained, in order to exhibit a ſingle example of abſtinence, while every one elſe is indulging himſelf in the moſt luxurious pleaſures. He gives a ſure token of his ſteadineſs, who is not to be drawn into ſoftneſs and luxury at ſuch a time; and ſo much ſtronger

ſtronger is he, if he keeps himſelf ſober and thirſty, when all the people are drunk and overcharged. But the more moderate way is, not to be particular at this time, ſo as to be taken notice of; nor yet to give into all their meaſures; but to do what others do, though not in the ſame manner. A man may celebrate a feſtival without luxury and exceſs of riot.

But I have an inclination to try the firmneſs of your mind; by giving you ſuch precepts as have been given, and followed too, by great men. Set apart certain days, in which taking up with the meaneſt and vileſt diet, and the moſt coarſe and rough cloathing, you may ſay to yourſelf; *And is this all that I was afraid of?* While in ſecurity, let the mind prepare itſelf againſt difficulties; and amidſt the favours of fortune, be ſtrengthened againſt any injurious treatment. The ſoldier, in the time of peace, exerciſes himſelf; throws up trenches, and, in fruitleſs labour, takes a great deal of pains, to inure himſelf againſt the time, when it may become neceſſary. Whom you would not have tremble in the time of action, you muſt harden before the time comes. In like manner ſome have continually ſo inured themſelves to poverty, as almoſt to proceed to want; that they may never be ſurprized with what they have learned to bear.

Think not that I am inviting you to a mean repaſt *(c)*, or the hovel of a poor man *(d)*, or whatever elſe it is, whereby luxury ſometimes relieves itſelf, and ſmooths over the irkſomeneſs of riches by way of change: no; I deſire that your bed may be really hard; your clothes rough, your bread ſtale, and of the vileſt ſort: endure this three or four days, or ſometimes longer, that it may not be whim only by way of variety, but a fair tryal *(e)*; and then, believe me, *Lucilius*, you will exult in being ſatisfied with what coſts a trifle: and you will learn, that you are under no ſuch great obligation to fortune, for a maintenance; for let her be as ſpiteful as ſhe pleaſes, ſhe cannot but ſupply you with ſuch things as are abſolutely neceſſary.

Yet after all, there is no reaſon to think you have done a great thing: it is no more than what many thouſand ſlaves, and poor wretches do daily. All that you can boaſt of is, that you do it voluntarily. And then it will be as eaſy for you to endure it always *(f)* as ſometimes to undergo the trial. Let us be exerciſed, as it were, at the poſt; leſt fortune ſhould come upon us unprepared. Let poverty be familiar to us. We ſhall more ſecurely enjoy wealth, if we know that it is not grievous to be poor. That great maſter of pleaſure, *Epicurus*, obſerved certain days, wherein he very ſparingly ſatisfied hunger, to prove whether there was any thing that did not contribute to the enjoyment of full and conſummate pleaſure: or if any thing was wanting thereto, what it was; and whether it deſerved all that care and pains, that are generally beſtowed in the acquiring it. This is what he ſays of himſelf in the Epiſtle he wrote to *Polyænus*, when *Charinus* was governor of *Athens*. And he even glories in it; that he could dine at leſs expence than three farthings *(g)*; when *Metrodorus*, who had not made ſo great a proficiency in philoſophy, would ſpend the whole. Do you think that he found only ſatiety in his meal? yes, and pleaſure too; a pleaſure not light and tranſitory, and to be at times repeated, but ſtable and certain. Not that mere water is ſo pleaſant a thing, or a coarſe cake, or a piece of barley bread; but the chief pleaſure conſiſts in being able to extract even ſatisfaction from theſe, and to arrive at ſuch a paſs, as to bid defiance to the inclemency of fortune. What if the allowance of a common priſon is better; and even the executioner ſupplies the criminals under ſentence of death with a larger portion: how great muſt that mind be, to ſubmit to that condition voluntarily, that is decreed for thoſe who are reduced to the laſt extremity! This is to raiſe, as it were, a counter-battery to Fortune. Begin therefore, *Lucilius*, to practiſe theſe things; ſet apart ſome particular days to quit, as it were, the world; and make the loweſt condition familiar to you: accept the fellowſhip of poverty.

> Aude hoſpes contemnere opes, et te quoque dignum
> Finge Deo. Virg. 8. 364. *(h)*

Not that I would debar you from the poſſeſſion of riches, but would have you ſo poſſeſs them, as not to be afraid of loſing them. Which intrepid

intrepid ſecurity you may attain by this ſimple method; only by perſuading yourſelf that you can live happily without them; and looking upon them as ever ready to take wing.

I ſhall now begin to fold up my letter. But pay me firſt, *you ſay*, the uſual debt. Well then, *Epicurus* ſhall pay you. Immodica ira gignit inſaniam, *Immoderate anger turns to madneſs*: You cannot but know this truth, if ever you was maſter of a ſtubborn ſlave, or had an enemy *(i)*. But indeed this paſſion is apt to afflict all ſorts of perſons: it ariſes as well from love as from hate; it breaks out not only in ſerious affairs, but amidſt ſport and jeſting; nor does it ſignify ſo much from what provocation it ſprings; as what ſort of mind it affects; as it is not to be conſidered how great a fire is, but whereon it happens to light: be it ever ſo great, it hurts not ſolid bodies; while ſuch as are dry and combuſtible ſoon raiſe a ſpark into a mighty flame. Thus it is, *Lucilius*, the event of an extraordinary paſſion is madneſs; and therefore anger is to be avoided, not only for moderation-ſake, but for the health, *both of the mind and body (k)*.

ANNOTATIONS &c.

(a) This feſtival is ſuppoſed to have been inſtituted in memory of the liberty enjoyed in the golden age under *Saturn*, before the names of maſter and ſervant were known in the world. For among other mirthful ceremonies to be obſerved on this feſtival, ſervants were allowed to be ſo free with their maſters, as to change clothes with them, and make them wait upon them at table:

Exercent epulas læti famuloſque procurant
Quiſque ſuos.—*Attius.*
Reſtaque ſervorum, cùm famulantur heri. *Auſonius.*

And even to ridicule them to their faces:

Hor. Sat. II. 7. 4.—Age, libertate Decembri,
Quando ita majores voluêrunt, utere; narra.
Go to, and as our antient laws decree,
Uſe boldly thy December's liberty,
Speak fairly what thou wilt, thou mayſt be free. Creech.

This feſtival at its firſt inſtitution was kept only one day, (the 14th of the kalends of *January*) which continued to the time of *Auguſtus*, when two more days were added; and by *Caligula* two more; according to *Martial*,

Et jam Saturni quinque fuêre dies.
Hæc ſignata mihi quinque diebus erunt. *Id.*

Which ſoon after were encreaſed to ſeven days;

Sic *Novius*, Atellanarum ſcriptor,
Olim expectata ſeptem veniunt Saturnalia.
Et *Mummius* quidam,—Noſtri majores veluti bene
Multa inſtituêre, ſic hoc optimè, frigore
Fecêre ſummo dies ſeptem Saturnalia.

See Ep. 47.—*Lucian*, (who in his *Saturnalia* recites the forms and ceremonies obſerved on this feſtival. *Macrob.* ii. 10. *Alex. ab Alex.* ii. 22. *Lipſ.* Saturn. i. 2, 3.

(b) Ergo ubi concipiunt quantis ſit cladibus urbi
Conſtatura fides ſuperûm, ferale per urbem
Juſtitium; latuit *plebeio tectus amictu*
Omnis honos; nullos comitata eſt purpura faſces.—Lucan. ii. 18.
While thus the wretched citizens behold
What certain ills the faithful gods foretold:
Juſtice ſuſpends her courſe in mournful Rome,
And all the noiſy Courts at once are dumb:
No honours ſhine in the diſtinguiſh'd weed,
No rods the purple magiſtrate precede.----Rowe.

(c) Ad modicas cœnas. *Al.* medicas. *Al.* monas. *Al.* moneas. From whence *Muretus* conjectures *Timoneas*, ſuch an entertainment, as one might expect from *Timon*, the Miſanthrope, in his reduced ſtate. *Opſop. Lipſ.*

(d) Pauperum cellas. Vid. *Sen.* ad Helviam. c. 12.

Mundæ que, parvo ſub lare pauperum,
Cœnæ, ſine aulæis et oſtro,
Sollicitam explicuêre frontem. Hor. Od. iii. 29. 14.
To frugal treats and humble cells,
With grateful change the wealthy fly;
Where health-preſerving plainneſs dwells
Far from the carpet's gaudy eye.
Such ſcenes have charm'd the pangs of care,
And ſmooth'd the clouded forehead of deſpair. Francis.

(e) The like Precept is given by *Epictetus*. Diſſ. 13.

(f) Or, *for the ring of wreſtlers.* Ad palum, a la luite, *Vet. Gall.* a la Quintaine. *Malherbe.*

(g) Non toto aſſe. Timocrates objected to Epicurus, *that he ſpent daily above a pound in meat and drink.* This *Laertius* denied, who, with many others, alledged, *that* Epicurus *lived upon the moſt ſimple and mean diet*, according to his own words; *I exult in bodily pleaſure, with the enjoyment only of bread and water; I deſpiſe all manner of ſumptuous delicacies, not for their own ſake, but on account of the diſorders that attend them.* Stobæ. Serm. 17.—So in his Epiſtle to *Menœcius, Bread and water, ſays* Epicurus, *give conſummate pleaſure to a man when dry and hungry.*

(h) *Mean as it is, this palace and this door,*
Receiv'd Alcides, *then a conqueror:*
Dare to be poor; accept our homely food,
Which feaſted him; and emulate a God. Dryden.

(i) Cùm habuerint ſervum et inimicum. *Muretus* thinks theſe words to be ſuſpected; but why I cannot conceive: for what things are apt to exaſperate a man more than *a diſorderly ſlave*, or *a malicious enemy?*

(k) He

(k) *He that is ſlow to wrath, is of great underſtanding; but he that is of an haſty ſpirit, exalteth folly.* Prov. 14. 29. *He that is ſlow to wrath, is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his ſpirit, than he that taketh a city.* 16. 32. *Ceaſe from anger, and forſake wrath.* Pſ. 37. 8. *For wrath killeth the fooliſh man, and indignation ſlayeth the ſilly one.* Job. 5. 2. *Be not haſty in thy ſpirit to be angry, for anger reſteth in the boſom of fools.* Eccleſ. 7. 9. *Let every one be ſwift to hear, ſlow to ſpeak, ſlow to wrath.* Jam. 1. 19. *Be ye angry, and ſin not; let not the ſun go down upon your wrath.* Epheſ. 4. 26. *Let all bitterneſs and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil-ſpeaking, be put away from you, with all malice.* 34.

EPISTLE XIX.

On Solitude and Retirement *.

I Exult, *Lucilius*, at the reception of every letter from you confirming my hopes; as they not only promiſe but engage for you. Go on, I pray you; for what can I aſk of my friend better, than what I would aſk *of the gods* in his behalf? Withdraw yourſelf from your preſent employments, if you can, gracefully; if not, force yourſelf from them. We have flung away time enough already; let us begin in our old age to decamp. Seems it a diſagreeable taſk? We have lived in a ſtormy ocean, let us die in a quiet harbour. Not that I would have you affect ſingularity, or think to gain a name, by retirement; which you ought not, either to boaſt, or to conceal. For I ſhall never deſire to prevail upon you ſo far, as that, condemning the madneſs and folly of mankind, you ſhould retire into ſome ſecret place, forgetting and forgot. Act ſo, that your retreat, though not talked of, may yet be ſeen. Such as have not yet entered upon a public life, may do as they pleaſe, and ſtill live in obſcurity; but you are not at liberty herein. The ſtrength of your genius, your elegant writings, and great and noble alliances, have every where publiſhed your name: ſo well are you known, that was you to ſhut yourſelf up in the remoteſt part of the

world, it would be in vain: no darkneſs can ſo ſcreen you, but that the luſtre of your former actions would betray you.

But I think, you may now demand ſome reſt, without reſentment, anxiety or remorſe. For what do you leave behind you that you can poſſibly regret? Clients? Not one of them follows you for your ſake, but for what they can get.—Friends? Friendſhips indeed were ſought formerly; but now intereſt is all *(a)*. Or are you afraid that ſome old man in your abſence will alter his will? Or that your viſiters will ſeek ſome other levee? *Lucilius*, any thing extraordinary, and eſpecially liberty, is not to be purchaſed for nothing; conſider, whether you had rather loſe yourſelf, or your connections. For my part, I wiſh you had grown old in as private a ſtation, as you was born; and that fortune had never introduced you into high life. Your rapid ſucceſs hath carried you quite beyond the proſpect of healthful happineſs. A province, a government, and all its appendages! and then follow other offices, and ſtill other after them! What end will there be? What do you expect before your ambition will be ſatisfied? To have all you deſire? That will never be. As we ſay of the ſeries of cauſes, of which fate is compoſed, the ſame we ſay of deſires, from the attainment of one ſtill ſprings another. You are involved in a ſtate of life; which, of itſelf, can know no end of miſery and ſlavery. Withdraw your neck from the yoke; it were better broke at once, than to be always oppreſſed †. If you reduce yourſelf to a private ſtate, every thing indeed will be leſſened, but there will be enough left for a reaſonable mind: whereas now, though vaſt ſtores are heaped upon you, there is yet no ſatisfaction. Had you rather then enjoy contentment with a little, or ſuffer hunger amidſt plenty? Proſperity is not only covetous itſelf, but expoſed to the covetouſneſs of others; and it is not poſſible to ſatisfy others, if you cannot ſatisfy yourſelf.

But you will ſay, How ſhall I extricate myſelf? In every way you can. Think how many things you have raſhly undertaken to get money; what toils you have undergone for honour. Something muſt be attempted for the ſake of caſe and retirement; or you muſt wear out

yourſelf in the fatigues of office; live in a continual hurry of buſineſs, amidſt a ſtorm, which no moderation can fly from, nor any propoſed enjoyment of life eſcape. For what avails it how much you deſire eaſe yourſelf, when your fortune will not ſuffer you to enjoy it? And what if you ſtill advance in life? As much as you add to your ſucceſs, you add to your fears. Give me leave to remind you of a ſaying of *Mecænas'*, when the torture of his dignity *(b)* forced the truth from him; Ipſa enim altitudo attonat ſumma: *The greater the height, the more ſubject to the effects of thunder.* This is what he hath advanced in his treatiſe called *Prometheus*; and his meaning is, *that too great height aſtoniſhes and confounds the happy perſon.* Can there be any power of ſo great worth, as to make you talk thus idly, as if you were drunk *(c)*? *Mecænas* indeed was an ingenious man, and would have ſet a noble example of Roman eloquence, if proſperity had not enervated, nay, quite unmann'd him *(d)*. And ſuch, *Lucilius*, muſt be your fate, unleſs, (what he too late deſired) *(e)* you lower your ſails, and make to ſhore.

With this ſaying of *Mecænas*, I might here have diſcharged my account with you, but that I fear you will diſpute it, and not accept of payment in ſuch *new coin.* No; as things are, *Epicurus* muſt pay the uſual debt; well then, he ſays, Ante circumſpiciendum eſt, cum quibus edas et bibas, quàm quod edas et bibas. Nam ſine amico viſceratio, leonis ac lupi vita eſt. *You muſt rather have regard to the perſons with whom you eat and drink, than to what you eat and drink. For good cheer without a friend, is the life of a lion or a wolf (g).* Now this is what you can never do but in retirement. At preſent, you will have gueſts enough, whom your ſecretary is pleaſed to pick out from your levee; but he greatly errs, who looks for a friend in his crouded drawing-room; or who only tries him at an entertainment *(h)*. For no greater evil attends the man of buſineſs, and much employ, than that he takes thoſe to be his friends, to whom he is no hearty friend himſelf; and thinks nothing of greater efficacy in promoting friendſhip, than conferring benefits. Whereas there are ſome men, who the more they ſtand indebted to your generoſity, the more they hate you. A ſmall favour indeed

indeed makes a debtor, but a large one an enemy. What then, do not benefits procure friendſhips? yes, when you are allowed to chuſe the perſon you would oblige; not when they are conferred promiſcuouſly. Therefore when you have any ſuch intention, or till you are your own maſter, embrace this opinion of the wiſe: *It is of more conſequence to conſider, on whom the benefit is conferred, than what it is.*

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

• " There is a difference between *retirement* and *ſolitude:* the former may be ſocial, and filled up " with all the endearments of life; we carry with us into *retirement*, the affections of nature: but " we drop them in *ſolitude:* in the one we fly from the incumbrance, in the other, from the de- " lights of ſociety."

(a) " Sincerity, conſtancy, tenderneſs, are ſeldom to be found; they are ſo much out of uſe, that the man of mode imagines them to be out of nature. *We meet with few friends:* the greateſt part of thoſe, who paſs for ſuch, are, properly ſpeaking, nothing more than acquaintance: and no wonder; ſince *Tully's* maxim is certainly true; that friendſhip can ſubſiſt, non niſi inter bonos, *(only among the good)* at that age of life, when there is balm in the blood, and that confidence in the mind, which the innocency of our own heart inſpires, and the experience of other men's deſtroys." *Bolingbroke* Lett. p. 148.

" Believe me, (ſays the ſame Philoſopher) there is more pleaſure, and more merit too, in cultivating friendſhip, than in taking care of the ſtate. Fools and knaves are generally beſt fitted for the laſt; and none but men of ſenſe and virtue are capable of the other." Lett. 200.

† See Ep. 22. (N. 6.)

(b) Mecænatis vera in ipſo eculeo elocuti.—Ponit eculeum pro dignitate torquente poſſidentem. *Vet. Schol.*—Eculeo, i. e. dignitate, et Aula, ubi aſſidua tormenta. *Lipſ.* Or perhaps by *eculeo*, ſays *Muretus*, *Seneca* means, the three laſt years of *Mecænas'* life, wherein he could ſcarce ever get any ſleep.

(c) *Lipſius* thinks this not ſaying too much, as applied to *Mecænas*. See a ſpecimen of his ſtyle, and the flouriſh of a *Maccaroni*, Ep. 114.

(d) Ep. 92. Habuit (Mecænas) grande et virile ingenium, niſi ipſe illud diſcinxiſſet.

(e) Not being in ſo high favour, at that time, with *Auguſtus*, as was his wife *Terentia*.

(f) In aſpero et probo. Nummus *probus*, qui non peccat in materia; *aſper*, quum nondum eſt detritus uſu. *Eraſm.* Sed vid. *Muret.* et Lipſ. *Hodiè apud Turcas*, Aſpri, *nummuli ex argento.*

(g) See Ep. 73.—Ἐρῶ ἐς κοράκας μονοφάγε καὶ τοιχωρυχέ. *Alexis.*

Go and be hang'd, thou ſolitary glutton,
An houſebreaker is a better man.

The Romans *give us the ſaying of a pleaſant man, and a good companion, whoever he was, who, having ſupped alone, ſaid,* that he had eat indeed, but not ſupped, *as if a ſupper always wanted company and converſation, to make it palatable and pleaſing.* Plutarch, Sympos. vii. Prol.—Hence the Latins uſe the words *convivium*, and *cœna*, quaſi κοινή. *Lipſ.*

(*h*) See Sen. de Benef. vi. 34.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE XX.

True Philoſophy conſiſts not in Words, but in Actions.

On the Contempt of Wealth.

IF you are well, and think yourſelf worthy of, one-day, becoming your own maſter, I rejoice: for it will be my glory, to have extricated you from that ſtate wherein you ſo long wavered, without hopes of being made free. But this, my *Lucilius*, I ſhall beg and require of you: that you would permit philoſophy to ſink deeper into your heart;---that you would often make trial of your proficiency; not by ſpeech or writing, but by the firmneſs of mind, and the diminution, at leaſt, of all fond deſires. Some propoſe to gain the applauſe of an audience by declamation; others to entertain the ears of young men, and ſuch as are at leiſure to attend their lectures, with variety of matter, and volubility of ſpeech. But philoſophy teaches to act, not to ſpeak; and requires that every one ſhould live according to the law preſcribed; and that his conduct ſhould agree with his diſcourſe *(a)*; and that without any diſcordant action, it ſhould be of one and the ſame colour throughout, for this is the whole duty and proof of wiſdom; that deeds ſhould correſpond with words; and that the man ſhould be every where, and at all times, conſiſtent with himſelf. But where ſhall we find ſuch a one? There are few, indeed; but there are ſome. However, it muſt be own'd a difficult taſk; though I do not ſay that a wiſe man ſhould always walk with the ſame ſtep, but in one and the ſame path. Obſerve, therefore, whether your dreſs be different from your furniture; whether you are liberal to yourſelf, and ſordid to thoſe who belong to you; whether you ſup frugally, and build prodigally. Enter, at once, upon one certain rule of life, and ſquare your whole life by the ſame. Some are very ſparing, and even niggardly, at home, but are very generous and expenſive abroad. Such different behaviour is faulty, and betrays a mind

a mind ſtill wavering, without any certain tenour of life. Moreover, I will ſhew you, from whence this inconſtancy, this contrariety, proceeds. No one ſeriouſly purpoſes what he really would have; or if he does, he perſeveres not therein, but paſſes on to ſomething elſe; nor is this the only change of mind; for he ſoon returns even to that, which he had before caſt off and condemned. Therefore, laying aſide all former definitions of wiſdom, and comprehending the whole meaſure of human life, we may reſt ſatisfied with this: *What is wiſdom? It is always to will, or always not to will, the ſame thing. (b)* I think I need not add any ſuch exception, as that the thing any one wills, muſt be what is right: for nothing but what is right, can pleaſe always. Men, therefore, know not what they would have, but at the very moment when they would have it. No one ſeems to have the power of fixing, poſitively, what he wills or not, upon the whole. The judgment is daily altered, and is, at one time, oppoſite to what it is at another; ſo that many ſpend their whole lives, as it were, in play. *(c)* Preſs on, therefore, *Lucilius*, as you have begun; and, haply, you will either reach your journey's end, or, at leaſt, know, that you have not, as yet, reached it, nor can reach it, but by your own induſtry.

What then, you ſay, muſt become of your domeſtics? When they are no longer maintained by you, they will learn to maintain themſelves. And what you could not know from your own courteſy, and good-nature, poverty will teach you. This will retain your true and ſure friends; when *they* will deſert you, who honoured you not for your ſake, but their own intereſt. Is not poverty itſelf therefore amiable, when it points out the perſons who love you unfeignedly? O! when will that day come, that no one ſhall commend you more than you deſerve; or preſume to honour you with falſe praiſe! Hither let all your thoughts tend; regard this; wiſh for this; remitting all other affairs to the guidance of Providence, that you may be ſatisfied with yourſelf, and happy in your own endowments. What felicity can be more divine? Reduce yourſelf to a low degree, from whence you need fear no fall. And that you may the more willingly do this, I hope the tribute, which this epiſtle will immediately pay you, will prove an inducement.

ducement. Nay, though perhaps you may diſlike it, *Epicurus* is even now ready to pay it for me. *Your diſcourſe, believe me, would appear more magnificent from a truckle-bed and a patched coat; for things delivered under theſe circumſtances are not only well expreſſed, but well proved.* *(d)* And, for my part, I am never more affected with what I hear from our *Demetrius* than when I ſee him laid upon ſtraw, and ſo badly equipped as to appear rather naked, than clothed. What then? May not a man deſpiſe riches, even when it is in his power to enjoy them? *(e)* Certainly he may: And he ſhews a noble mind, who ſeeing them flow around him, and wondering with himſelf at his good fortune, laughs; and rather knows them to be his own from what he hears, than from any alteration they make in his conduct. It is extraordinary for a man not to be corrupted by the communication of wealth. He is great, who, amidſt his riches, can humbly look down upon himſelf as a poor man; but much more ſecure is he who has none. I know not, you ſay, how ſuch a one, was he reduced to poverty, would bear it. And I ſay (for *Epicurus*) I know not how a poor man would deſpiſe riches, were they to fall to his lot. The mind therefore in both is to be regarded; and we muſt conſider, whether the one affects poverty, and the other deſpiſeth riches: Or otherwiſe a ſtraw bed, and ragged clothes are but a light proof of the will, unleſs it ſhall appear, that a man acts, not by neceſſity, but choice. But the good diſpoſition I am ſpeaking of, is not the looking upon theſe things as preferable; but becauſe by ſuch preparation, they become eaſy to be borne. And indeed, my *Lucilius*, they are eaſy; nay, by being thought upon long before, ſhould they fall to your lot, they will be pleaſant too. For they have that in them without which there can be no pleaſure, *ſecurity*.

I think it neceſſary therefore, what I wrote to you concerning the practice of ſome great men; to ſet apart certain days for the exerciſe of an imaginary poverty, which is the rather to be practiſed, becauſe we are apt to become effeminate by delicacies, and to think all things hard and irkſome. The mind requires to be rouſed and forced from its lethargic diſpoſition; and to be often reminded of what a little portion we have by the appointment of nature. No man is born rich in himſelf; as ſoon as he enters upon life, he is obliged to be contented with milk

and ſwadling clothes; ſuch a beginning promiſeth not kingdoms, *though kings are not exempt from it.*

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) See Ep. 16 (N. c.)

So *Chaucer*, in the character of the Parſon.

" This noble enſample to his ſchepe he yaff.
" That firſt he wrought, and afterwards he taught;
" Out of the Goſpel he the wordis caught:
" And this figure he added thereunto;
" That if gold ruſted, what ſchuld yryn do?"

Thus rendered by *Dryden:*

His preaching much, but more his practice, wrought;
A living ſermon of the truths he taught:
If they be foul on whom the people truſt,
W'ell may the baſer *braſs contract a ruſt.*

(*b*) This is *Zeno's* ὁμολογία, *conſiſtency*, the end of philoſophy. *Cato* (ap. *Cic.* De Fin. iii.) ſummum hominis bonum poſitum eſt in eo, quod ὁμολογίαν ſtoici, nos appellamus *convenientiam*, ſi placet.

See Ep. 35. (N. c.) 74. (N. h.) 95. 120. *Lipſ.* Manud. 11. 15.

(*c*) They are reſtleſs in body, as in mind:

Tanta mali tanquam moles in pectore conſtat.——
Quid ſibi quiſque velit, neſcire et quærere ſemper:
Commutare locum, quaſi onus deponere poſſit.——
Hoc ſe quiſque modo fugit, et quod ſcilicet, ut fit,
Effugere, haud potis eſt ingratis hæret et angit.

Lucret. III, 1070.

Oh! if the fooliſh race of man, who find
A weight of cares, ſtill preſſing on their mind,
Could find as well the cauſe of this unreſt,
And all this burden, lodg'd within the breaſt;
Sure they would change their courſe; not live as now;
Uncertain what to wiſh, or what to vow:——
——Thus every one o'erworks his weary will,
To ſhun himſelf, and to ſhake off his ill:
The ſhaking fit returns, and hangs upon him ſtill.—Dryden.

(*d*) *Lipſius*, doubts whether theſe are the words of *Epicurus*; and ſeems rather to think them the words of *Seneca*, in anſwer to what *Epicurus* is ſuppoſed to have ſaid.

(*e*) I cannot but think that *Seneca* is here drawing his own picture, notwithſtanding what has been ſaid of his wealth and covetouſneſs.—" To deſpiſe riches with *Seneca's purſe*, (ſays Lord Bolingbroke) is to have at once all the advantages of fortune and philoſophy."

EPISTLE

EPISTLE XXI.

The Honour of Philoſophy.

DO you think, *Lucilius*, that the contents of your laſt are of any great importance? Indeed you give yourſelf much unneceſſary trouble. You know not what you would have: you rather approve of virtue, than follow it. You ſee wherein true felicity is placed, yet have not the courage to make any advance thereto. Give me leave then to ſhew you what prevents it, becauſe you ſeem but little to conſider it yourſelf. You have a great opinion of thoſe things you are ſuppoſed to leave; and when the ſecurity you would wiſh to enjoy is ſet before you, the ſplendor of the life you muſt retire from, dazzles and retains you, under an apprehenſion of falling into a ſordid and obſcure condition. You are miſtaken, *Lucilius*; the way propoſed, and which you ought to purſue, is rather an aſcent. As is the difference between ſplendor and light, when *this* has a certain origin in itſelf, but *that* ſhines with borrow'd rays; the ſame is there between this, your ſort of, life and the philoſopher's: the life you lead, becauſe it ſhines but by reflection, is ſoon eclipſed, when any thing intervenes; whereas the life propoſed is ever bright in its own luſtre: your philoſophical ſtudies will render you famous and noble: I will give you an inſtance of it from *Epicurus*. When he was writing to *Idomeneus (a)*, and endeavouring to recall him from a ſpecious way of life, to more ſolid and laſting glory, at a time when he was the miniſter of royal power *(b)*, and tranſacting the affairs of ſtate; if, ſays *Epicurus*, *glory is your purſuit*; *know, that my Epiſtles will make you more famous than all thoſe things you adore, or for which you are adored.* Did he ſpeak falſely herein? Who would have known *Idomeneus*, had not *Epicurus* regiſtered and engraved him in his Epiſtles? All thoſe potentates and princes from whom *Idomeneus* held his titles, are buried in oblivion. *Cicero's* Epiſtles ſtill preſerve the name of *Atticus* or otherwiſe *Agrippa's* being his ſon-in-law, *Tiberius* his grand-daughter's huſband, and *Druſus Cæſar* his great-grandſon, would have

been of little advantage to him. He had been loſt among ſo great names, had not *Cicero* ſet him in view *(c)*. The vaſt deluge of time will flow in upon us; and though ſome great geniuſes may raiſe their heads above it, and for a while exert themſelves againſt oblivion; yet muſt they one day fall like thoſe who have gone before them.

What *Epicurus* promiſed his friend, I in ſome meaſure promiſe you, *Lucilius*; I flatter myſelf, that I ſhall have ſome favour with poſterity; and can at leaſt preſerve for a time ſuch names as I think proper to take with me. Our *Virgil* promiſed immortal honour to two perſons, and ſtill makes good his promiſe;

> Fortunati ambo, ſi quid mea carmina poſſunt.
> Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo;
> Dum domus Æneæ capitoli immobile ſaxum
> Accolet, imperiumque pater Romanus habebit *(d)*.

Whomſoever fortune hath exalted, and all ſuch as are the limbs, as it were, and partakers of another's greatneſs, flouriſh for a while, are greatly careſſed, and have a full levèe, while they continue in office; but no ſooner are they gone, than every remembrance of them is loſt for ever. Whereas the work of learning and ingenuity is ever encreaſing, nor are the poſſeſſors of them honoured only in themſelves, but whatever has any connection with them.

That I may not make mention of *Idomeneus gratis*, he ſhall pay for himſelf. It was to him that *Epicurus* wrote that noble ſentence, in which he exhorts him to make *Pythocles* rich in no doubtful or common way: *If*, ſays he, *you would make* Pythocles *rich, you muſt not add to his wealth, but ſubtract from his deſires (e)*. A ſentence too clear in itſelf to need explanation, and too eloquent to be heighten'd: but this I muſt adviſe you, not to think this ſpoken, with relation only to riches; for apply it to what you pleaſe, it is ſtill of the ſame force. *If you would make* Pythocles *more honourable, you muſt not add to his titles, but ſubtract from his deſires. If you would have* Pythocles *to enjoy perpetual delight,*

you muſt not add to his pleaſures, but ſubtract from his deſires. If you would make Polythocles *the happy old man, and fill up the meaſure of life; it is not to be done, by adding more years, but by retrenching his deſires.* Nor is there any reaſon to think, theſe are merely the words of *Epicurus*, for they are the voice of Nature. And what is uſually done in the ſenate, we muſt do the ſame in philoſophy: when any one hath delivered his opinion, and in ſome meaſure it demands aſſent, I immediately deſire a diviſion, and I follow him *(f)*. I the more willingly relate theſe ſayings of *Epicurus*, that I may prove to thoſe who have recourſe to him under falſe hopes to find ſome cloak for their vices; that go where they will, they muſt ſtill lead a good and ſober life. When you viſit his gardens and read this inſcription; *Stranger, you may live well here: here pleaſure is the* ſummum bonum; *the maſter of this houſe is ready to entertain you: he is humane and hoſpitable: he will give you a cake to eat, and water to drink; and in the end he will ſay to you, have you not been well entertained?* Know, that theſe gardens provoke not hunger, but aſſuage it. Nor do they enflame the thirſt by the very draught, as ſome liquors do, but quench it, by a natural and eaſy remedy. In this ſort of pleaſure I am grown old. But obſerve, that I am ſpeaking to you of ſuch deſires, as are not to be ſoothed by mere words, but ſuch as require ſomething, eaſily attainable, for their ſatisfaction. For with regard to the extraordinary, which may be deferred, corrected, or ſuppreſſed; I muſt remind you of this one thing; that ſuch pleaſure is not natural, is not neceſſary. If you beſtow any thing upon it, it is merely voluntary *(g)*. *The belly hath no ears (h)*, either to receive precepts, or admit excuſe: it makes its demands indeed, and often calls upon us; and yet is no troubleſome creditor, as he is diſmiſſed contentedly with a little; if you only give what you owe him, not all that is in your power to give.

ANNO-

ANNOTATIONS &c.

(*a*) That *Epicurus* flattered *Idomeneus* is objected to him by *Laertius*, in his Life of *Epicurus*. And *Athenæus* c. vii. obſerves that *the good man* (Epicurus) *flattered both* Idomeneus *and* Metrodorus, τῆς γαστρὸς ἕνεκεν, *for belly-timber*.

(*b*) To *Lyſimachus*, or ſome other of *Alexander's* ſucceſſors.

(*c*) " Neither his ſon *Agrippa*, nor grandſon *Tiberius*, nor great grandſon *Druſus*, would have been of any ſervice to him, if *Cicero's* name by drawing *Atticus'* along with it, had not given him an immortality.—Dr. *Middleton's* Life of *Cicero*.

(*d*) In that beautiful Epiſode, of *Niſus* and *Euryalus*; l. ix. v. 446.

O happy friends! for if my verſe can give
Immortal life, your fame ſhall ever live:
Fix'd as the capitol's foundation lies;
And ſpread, where-e'er the Roman Eagle flies.—Dryden.

(*e*) The words of *Epicurus* (Stob. Serm. 17.) are, Εἰ θέλεις πλουσίον τινα ποιῆσαι, μὴ χρήματα προσθεὶς, τῆς δ' ἐπιθυμίας ἀφαίρει. So *Plato* (Stob. Serm. x.) to one who was ever hankering after wealth, ſaid, *Thou wretch, if thou wouldſt be happy, endeavour not to encreaſe thy ſtore, but to diminiſh thy deſires.* And *Socrates*, to one, that aſked him, how a man might become rich, anſwered, *By being contented to be poor.*

Pythocles was an handſome young man, whom, though but of 18 years of age, *Epicurus* was pleaſed to extol for his extraordinary genius, above all the learned of *Greece*, for which extravagant adulation he is blamed both by *Laertius* and *Plutarch*.—Lipſ.

(*f*) Sen. *de vit. beat.* c. 3. Briſſon. *de Form.* c. 2. Kennett's *Rom. Antiquities*, p. 103.

(*g*) Epicurus dividebat cupiditatum genera, non nimis fortaſſe ſubtiliter, utiliter tamen. Partim eſſe naturales et neceſſarias; partim naturales et non neceſſarias; partim neutrum.—Naturales, ſatiari pœnè nihilo; nec ſecundum genus difficile ad potiendum; tertias, planè inanes et ejiciendas funditus putavit. *Cic.* Tuſc. v.——*Nemeſius* (de Anima c. xviii.) in like manner divides pleaſures into three kinds; *Natural and neceſſary, for the ſupport of life; as food and rayment: Natural, but not abſolutely neceſſary; as marriage, and a communion of the ſexes; neither neceſſary nor natural; as drunkenneſs, petulance, luxury.*

(*h*) " Diſcourſe to, or call upon, hungry perſons, they will not mind you, or leave their meat to attend, or, as Eraſmus, ubi de paſtu agitur, non attenduntur honeſtæ rationes. (λιμῷ γὰρ οὐδὲν ἔστιν ἀντέπειν ἔπος *Hunger cannot bear contradiction.*) Nothing makes the vulgar more untractable, fierce and ſeditious, than ſcarcity and hunger.—Neſcit plebes jejuna timere.—There is ſome reaſon the belly ſhould have no ears, becauſe words will not fill it." *Ray.* Prov. p. 100.

Οὐ γάρ τι συγερῇ, ἐπὶ γαστέρι κυντερον ἄλλο
Ἔπλετο, ἣ τ' ἐκέλευσεν ἐὸ μνησασθαι ἀνάγκῃ.—Od. 4. 116.
Spent with fatigue, and ſhrunk with pining faſt,
My craving bowels ſtill require repaſt,—
Neceſſity demands our daily bread,
Hunger is violent, and will be fed.—Pope.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE XXII.

On Retirement; for the Study of Philoſophy.

YOU are now ſenſible, *Lucilius*, that you muſt diſengage yourſelf from thoſe ſpecious and vain avocations, that take you from your ſtudies: and you deſire to know by what means you can effect this. There are ſome things which cannot be communicated but by a perſonal conference. The phyſician cannot preſcribe a proper diet, or a proper time for bathing, by letters only: He muſt know the conſtitution of his patient, and feel his pulſe. According to the old proverb, Gladiatorem in arenâ capere conſilium *(a)*, *The gladiator conſults his advantage when actually engaged.* The eye or countenance of his antagoniſt, his manner of parrying, and the attitude of his body, direct his obſervation. What is uſual or ought to be done in certain caſes, may be preſcribed, and ordered in writing: ſuch counſel is given to perſons abſent, and to poſterity: but at what time a thing is to be done, and in what manner, no one can teach at a diſtance: circumſtances muſt be well weighed; nor is the being preſent alone ſufficient, a man muſt be prudent, and watchful to obſerve the fleeting opportunity: diligently, I ſay, obſerve this; and lay hold on it, as ſoon as it is perceived; and with your whole ſtrength and mind extricate yourſelf from your preſent employ: I will give you my opinion in plain terms:

You muſt either quit your manner of life, or it is not worth while to live: but this I alſo think, that the gentleſt methods to extricate yourſelf muſt firſt be uſed; endeavour to looſen your bonds, before you proceed to violence: not but that it may be thought more brave to fall at once than to live in continual ſuſpenſe *(b)*. But what I now particularly require is, that at length you entangle yourſelf no further, but reſt ſatisfied with ſuch buſineſs, as you have involved yourſelf in, or which, as you would rather have it thought, hath fallen upon you.

You

You muſt by no means look out for more: if you do, you can have no manner of excuſe; nor can you plead it accidental. What is uſually ſaid on this occaſion, is generally falſe: *I could not do otherwiſe; however unwilling I was, it was abſolutely neceſſary.* There is no neceſſity for puſhing forwards unadviſedly; it is ſomething, if not to repugn, yet to ſtand one's ground, and not preſs too much upon the favour of fortune. You muſt excuſe me, therefore, if I not only differ from you in opinion, but appeal to more prudent perſons than myſelf, as is my cuſtom, when in doubt. I have read an Epiſtle from *Epicurus* much to the point in hand: it is written to *Idomeneus*; whom he adviſeth to fly, and make all the haſte he can, before ſome ſuperior power intervenes, and deprives him of the liberty to act as he pleaſes. Yet he ſubjoins that nothing muſt be attempted but at an apt and proper ſeaſon; and that when ſuch ſhall offer, it muſt immediately be embraced: he forbids any one that is meditating his flight, to dream; and gives hopes of a ſalutary eſcape from the moſt difficult diſtreſs, if we neither prevent, nor neglect a proper opportunity.

I ſuppoſe you would be glad to know the Stoical doctrine in this matter.—There is no reaſon then that any one ſhould accuſe them of temerity: they are rather cautious, than raſh. Perhaps you expect to hear, that *it is cowardly to yield to affliction; we muſt ſtrive hard to go through with the taſk impoſed upon us; and perform the duty enjoined; he is neither ſtrenuous, nor brave, who ſhuns labour, but he whoſe mind gathers ſtrength from the difficulties that ſurround him.* Theſe things indeed will be ſaid, and rightly too, if perſeverance can find its reward; and nothing is required to be ſaid or done, but what becomes a good man; otherwiſe, he will never wear himſelf out in any fruitleſs or diſhonourable toil; neither will he buſy himſelf in any thing that deſerves not the name of buſineſs. He will not act as you ſuppoſe, ſo as, being involved in the extravagant views of ambition, to ſuffer himſelf to be hurried away with the tide; no; being convinced of his dangerous ſituation: how uncertain and ſlippery his ſtate is; he will withdraw his foot, and without turning his back, make a gradual retreat.

It is an eaſy matter, *Lucilius*, to eſcape toil and trouble, when you once deſpiſe the profits propoſed thereby: theſe are what detain us in ſlavery. *What then*, you will ſay, *ſhall I caſt off theſe precious hopes? ſhall I leave the crop in the field? ſhall I live deſerted? no lacqueys behind my coach? no levèe in my hall?* Theſe indeed are the things which men unwillingly forego; and, however they deteſt trouble, are fond of the perquiſites thereof. They complain of ambition as they would of a miſtreſs; and if you ſearch into their true affection, they do not hate it, but only quarrel with it now and then. Examine thoſe who are frequently deploring their condition, and lamenting their diſappointment of thoſe things they cannot live without; and you will find their continuing in a ſtate, of which they ſo grievouſly complain, is merely voluntary. Indeed, my *Lucilius*, few are ſlaves, but who are fond of ſlavery; which if you really deteſt, and *bonâ fide* deſire to be free; and for this purpoſe you aſk time to conſider *(c)*; that without perpetual anxiety you may obtain your liberty; know, that the whole tribe of Stoics are ready to ſerve you: every *Zeno*, every *Chryſippus* will adviſe you, what is moderate, juſt and true: but if you draw back, and ſtay to conſider what you may carry with you, and with what ſtock of money you may charge your retirement, you will never extricate yourſelf while you live. A man cannot ſwim with a load about him. Emerge to a better ſort of life, the gods being propitious to you: but think them not propitious to thoſe, whom they load with ſplendid miſery; and yet are to be excuſed in this reſpect, foraſmuch as thoſe things that rack and torture theſe happy mortals, were given at their own requeſt.

I had folded up my letter and ſealed it, but muſt open it again, in order to ſend you the uſual preſent of ſome excellent ſentence, worthy your notice. And lo! one occurs; whether more true or eloquent I cannot ſay. If you enquire after the author, it is *Epicurus*; for I am ſtill for ſetting off my budget with another's property. Nemo non ita exit e vitâ, tanquam modo intraverit, *Every one goes out of life, as if he was juſt come into it.* Take whom you will, old or young, or of middle age, you will find him, equally, afraid of death, and ignorant of life. Nothing is left finiſhed; as our proper buſineſs is ſtill deferred to ano-

ther day. But nothing pleaſes me more in this ſentence, than that it chargeth old men with infancy. But let me conſider; *No one*, ſays *Epicurus, goes out of life, but as he came into it:* this, with his leave, is not true. We die worſe than we were born. Nor is this the fault of Nature; ſhe may juſtly complain of us, and ſay, *What is the meaning of this? I brought you into life, void of vain deſire, of idle fears, of ſuperſtition, of perfidiouſneſs, and the like peſts of ſociety. As you came into the world, ſo go out of it.* Happy the man who has found true wiſdom; who dies as free from anxiety, as when he was born! But, alas! we now tremble at the apprehenſion of every danger; we have no courage, no colour left; we ſhed unprofitable tears: yet what can be more abſurd and ſcandalous, than to be troubled on the very brink of ſecurity? But the reaſon is plain; though deſtitute of every good in life, we ſtill deſire life, and its enjoyments, ſuch as they are. But it is gone; for no part of it ſtays long with us; it is in a perpetual flow *(d)*; it is no ſooner tranſmitted to us, but it vaniſheth; yet no one regards how well he lives, but how long: when every one has it in his power to live well, but no one to live long.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) Gladiatorem in arenâ capere conſilium.—Quod plerumque iis accidere conſuevit qui in ipſo negotio *conſilium capere* coguntur. *Cæſ. de Bell. Gal.*—Dicimus et e re nata *conſilium capere.*—— Eraſm. Adag. 1. 6. 41.

(*b*) *Seneca* often breaks in upon us with this *Heroical Stoiciſm*; (as in Ep. xix. Subduc cervicem jugo tritam: ſemel illam incidi, quàm ſemper premi, ſatius eſt) but generally with ſuch heſitation, as to ſeem rather to ſpeak from his profeſſion, than his conſcience.

(*c*) Advocationem petis, i. e. moram. *Lipſ.*—Vetus poeta,

Cur differs, mea lux, rogata ſemper,
Cur longam petis *advocationem.*

Vid. Sen. ad Merciam, c. 10.

(*d*) Epp. 1, 24, 29.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE XXIII.

The Wiſe Man only enjoys true Pleaſure.

YOU expect, perhaps, that I ſhall give you an account, how agreeably we have ſpent the winter, which hath been ſhort and mild; and how uncomfortable, and more than ordinarily cold, the ſpring; and the like trifles, ſought after by thoſe, who admire nothing more than tattle. No, *Lucilius*; what I propoſe to treat of, will, I doubt not, be of ſervice, both to you and myſelf. And what ſhall that be, but to recommend to you *Goodneſs* and *Virtue!* Do you aſk wherein to lay the foundation? *Take no pleaſure in vanities.* And do I call this the foundation? It is the pinnacle. He hath reached the ſummit of perfection, who knows wherein true joy conſiſts; and who hath not placed his happineſs in any foreign power. That man muſt be always in anxiety and doubt, who fondly depends upon hope *(a)*, though what he deſires be at hand, is eaſily attainable, and though he be ſeldom diſappointed in his views. Learn this therefore, my *Lucilius*, before all things, wherein to rejoice *(b)*. You may think, perhaps, that I intend to abridge you of many pleaſures, when I fling out all fortuitous things, and adviſe you not to indulge even Hope itſelf, the ſweeteſt of all delights: quite the contrary, I aſſure you. I would have you always enjoy pleaſure: but I would have it originate at home: it will find a place there, if it be dependent on yourſelf alone. Other enjoyments affect not the mind; they only ſmooth the brow, and are merely ſuperficial *(c)*; unleſs perhaps you think a man enjoys pleaſure, becauſe he laughs. The mind ought to be earneſt and confident, and in a ſpecial manner raiſed above the world. Believe me, true joy is a ſerious thing. *(d)* Do you think any one with a merry countenance, or, as your coxcombs phraſe it, with *a laughing eye (e)*, can deſpiſe death? can open his door to poverty? can reſtrain pleaſure, as it were, with a bridle? or meditate patience, under pain and affliction? He that can do all this,

enjoys a great pleaſure, though it be a ſevere one. And ſuch is the pleaſure I would put you in poſſeſſion of. It will never leave you, when you have found the way to attain it *(f)*. The lighter and baſer metal lies at the top of the mine; *that* is of moſt value, the vein of which runs deep, and ſufficiently pays the encreaſed labour of the miner. Such things as delight the vulgar, carry with them a light and perfunctory ſatisfaction; and whatever joy is adventitious, wants a foundation: whereas the joy I am ſpeaking of, and whereunto I would fain bring you, is truly ſolid, and will manifeſt itſelf *within*.

Purſue, my *Lucilius*, the only thing that can make you happy *(g)*; throw down, and trample upon thoſe ſpecious baubles, which have only an extrinſic ſplendor, and depend upon a promiſe. Regard the true good; and rejoice in your own. Do you aſk what I mean by *your own?* Yourſelf; at leaſt, the better part of you. If your body claims ſome regard, and indeed nothing can be done without it, think it rather what is neceſſary, than any thing great. The pleaſures it ſuggeſts are vain, and of that duration, often to be repented of, and unleſs uſed with great moderation they turn to the contrary: yes, I ſay, pleaſure is apt to run headlong, and fall into miſchief, unleſs reſtrained in due meaſure; and it is very difficult to keep due meaſure in what you firmly think to be good. There is no ſafety, but in the deſire of what is *truly* good. Do you aſk what that is, and whence it ariſeth? I will tell you: *From a good conſcience, from honeſt thoughts and juſt actions*, from a contempt of fortuitous things, and from a conſtant tenour of life in one and the ſame pleaſing track *(g)*. For how can they, who ſkip from one deſign to another, and not voluntarily, perhaps, but are forced thereto by mere accident, enjoy any thing that is ſure and laſting, being thus in continual ſuſpenſe and ever wavering? There are ſome few, it is to be hoped, who order themſelves, and their relatives, with deliberation, and judgment: the reſt, like things floating on a river, go not of themſelves, but are carried along; of which things ſome are carried in a ſmoother ſtream, or ſtopped in an eddy, and others are hurried down by the torrent into the main ſea. We muſt therefore fix upon ſome good deſign and perſevere therein.

But it is time to pay my uſual debt; and a ſentence from your own *Epicurus* ſhall diſcharge this Epiſtle. Moleſtum eſt ſemper vitam inchoare: *It is a tedious thing to be always beginning to live:* or, perhaps, it may be better expreſſed in this manner; Malè vivûnt, qui ſemper vivere incipiunt; *They lead a wretched life who are always beginning to live.* But why? you will ſay, for this wants explanation. Why, becauſe ſuch a life muſt neceſſarily be always imperfect. *That* man can never be prepared for death who is juſt beginning to live. This then is what muſt engage our endeavour: to live to the ſatisfaction of ourſelves and of the world. But no one can have done this, who has ſcarce begun to live. Think not there are few ſuch; it is the common practice of almoſt all mankind. Some indeed begin to live, juſt at their latter-end; and if you think this ſtrange, I ſhall add what will more ſurpriſe you; many ceaſe to live, before they begin.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) Hope is neceſſarily attended with fear: but the ſecurity and confidence of a Stoic know no fear.

(*b*) *Cicero* (IV. *Tuſc.*) from *Laertius* takes notice of the Stoical diſtinction, between (gaudium et lætitiam) *joy and pleaſure.* Cùm ratione animus movetur, placidè atque conſtanter, *gaudium* dici: cùm autem inaniter et effusè exſultat, *Lætitiam*, (πνν ἡδονὴν *Laert.*) quam ita definiunt (*Stoici,*) ſine ratione animi elationem, (ἄλογον ἐπαρσιν. *Laert.*) *There is a placid and calm motion conſiſtent with reaſon, called joy, and there is likewiſe a vain wanton exultation, or* tranſport, *which they define to be* an elation of the mind without reaſon.

Auguſtinus in Iſ. 57. *Non eſt gaudere impiis,* dicit Dominus; tanquam impii potius *lætari* poſſint, quàm *gaudere.* Lipſ. Manud. III. 5. See Epp. 27, 52, 59, 72, 98.

Let thy prieſts, O Lord God, be clothed with ſalvation; And let thy ſaints rejoice in goodneſs. 2 Chron. 6. 41. *The ſtatutes of the Lord are right and rejoice the heart.* Pſ. 19, 8. 119, 111. *Our rejoicing is this, the teſtimony of a good conſcience,* &c. 2 Cor. 1. 12. *As ſorrowful, yet always rejoicing.* 6. 10. *Rejoice evermore.* 1 Theſſ. 5. 16. Yet believing, *ye rejoice, with joy unſpeakable, and full of glory.* 1. Pet. 1. 8.

(*c*) *The triumphing of the wicked is ſhort, and the joy of the hypocrite but for a moment.* Job. 20. 5.

(*d*) It is that internal *peace and harmony, which flows from a greatneſs of ſoul mixed with manſuetude*; Pax et concordia animi, et magnitudo cum manſuetudine. *Sen.* de beat. vit. c. 3. *Serve the Lord with fear,* and rejoice with trembling. Pſ. 2. 11.

(*e*) *Hilariculo,* MSS. As affectedly ſpoken, by the Fribbles of the age, for *hilari oculo.* See Ep. 53.

(*f*) *Your heart ſhall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you*; John, 16. 22. *The fruit of the Spirit, is love, joy, peace.* Gal. 5. 22.

(*g*) *But one thing is needful.* Luke, 10. 42. See Ep. 53.

(*h*) *Our rejoicing is this*; *the teſtimony of a good conſcience*; *that in ſimplicity, and godly ſincerity, not with fleſhly wiſdom, but by the grace of God, we have our converſation in the world.* 2 Cor. 1. 12.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE XXIV.

On the Fear of Evils to come.

YOU write, *Lucilius*, that you are greatly embarraſſed, concerning the event of a *proceſs*, with which you are threaten'd by an implacable enemy; and you expect, I ſuppoſe, that I ſhould perſuade you to think better, and to acquieſce in the pleaſing hope: for what neceſſity is there to anticipate evil, and to preſuppoſe *that*, which it will be time enough to ſuffer when it happens; and ſo loſe the enjoyment of the preſent, through fear of what is to come? Without doubt it is ridiculous to make yourſelf miſerable at preſent; becauſe this may be your lot ſome day or other. But I ſhall lead you *another way (a)* to reſt in ſecurity.

In order to get rid of (or at leaſt to alleviate) your preſent anxiety, I would adviſe you to ſuppoſe, whatever you are afraid will happen, really to happen: and whatever the misfortune may be; weigh it well with yourſelf; and tax your fear: from whence you will find, that ſuch misfortune will not either be very great or of long duration *(b)*. And to ſtrengthen you the more, you may ſoon collect many examples of perſons in the like diſtreſs. Every age abounds with them. On whatever accidents you reflect, either domeſtic or foreign, you will meet with inſtances, where a good diſpoſition, great proficiency in learning, and the ſtrongeſt efforts of nature, have not been wanting. And after all, ſhould you chance to be condemned in this ſuit, can any thing harder be expected, than baniſhment, or a priſon? Or has the body any thing worſe to fear, than to be hanged or burned? Now ſuppoſe any one of theſe to be your lot; and you may ſummon to your aid thoſe, who have deſpiſed them all; men, who will give you no great trouble in looking out for them; you need only make choice of them for your purpoſe. *Rutilius (c)* ſo took his condemnation, as to think nothing irkſome to him, but the being condemned wrongfully. *Metellus (d)* ſuffered baniſhment with a courageous, but *Rutilius* even with a willing mind; the former

former aſſured the commonwealth of his return to ſerve them; the latter, when *Sylla* ordered him to return, refuſed it, at a time when no one dared to deny *Sylla* any thing. *Socrates* read lectures in priſon, and when there were thoſe who promiſed him an eſcape, he refuſed to accept it, and ſtill continued there, to take off from men, by his example, the fear of the two greateſt evils, baniſhment and death (*e*). *Mutius* thruſt his hand into the fire (*f*): 'tis a ſevere thing to be burned; but how much more ſevere to inflict it upon one's ſelf! You ſee here a man of no letters, nor inſtructed with any philoſophical principles againſt pain and death, but only ſupported by a military courage, exacting puniſhment of himſelf, for having miſcarried in a bold attempt. He ſtood calmly looking on his right hand, while it melted away in the flame, nor withdrew it, though burnt to the naked bone, 'till his enemy ordered the fire to be taken away. He might have done ſomething of more happy conſequence in the field, but nothing braver. You ſee alſo how much readier valour is to ſuffer and deſpiſe torture, than cruelly to impoſe it. *Porſenna* more eaſily pardoned *Mutius* for his intention to kill him, than *Mutius* would pardon himſelf for not having killed him. *But theſe examples*, you ſay, *are known to every ſchool-boy, and, no doubt but, in ſpeaking of the contempt of death, you will bring in* Cato. And why not? Indeed I cannot paſs by ſo ſtriking an example, as that he exhibited, when, on his laſt night, he was reading *Plato*, with his ſword lying by him. Theſe were the two inſtruments he caſt his eye upon in his extremity; the one to teach him to be willing to die, the other to put it in execution. Having ſettled therefore his affairs, as well as they could be ſettled in that his diſtreſſed condition, he thought this only remained to be done; that no man might either have the power to kill, or the opportunity of making *Cato* obliged to him for his ſafety: and then taking up his drawn ſword, which to that day he had kept pure from murder, *Fortune*, ſays he, *weak has been thy power in oppoſing my endeavours; hitherto you have done nothing; I fought not for my own liberty, but the liberty of my country: nor have I acted with ſuch ſtubborn perſeverance to live free myſelf, but to live among a free people; but now, ſince all is loſt, and the affairs of mankind* are *deſperate*, Cato *is determined to retire out of your reach in ſafety*. Whereupon he gave himſelf a mortal wound: but it was dreſſed

dreſſed and bound up by the phyſicians; when having loſt much blood, and being weaker in body, but not in ſpirit, enraged not only at *Cæſar*, but at himſelf too; he tore open his wound with his naked hands, and did not diſmiſs, but throw out his noble ſoul, indignant, and ever ſcornful of ſuperior power *(g)*.

I bring not theſe examples by way of exerciſing the fancy, but to arm you againſt whatever may ſeem moſt terrible. It may poſſibly however have a better effect, was I to ſhew you, that not only great men have deſpiſed death, but even ſome, who in all other reſpects ſeem to have wanted ſpirit, yet in this have equalled the braveſt: like that *Scipio*, (the ſon-in-law of *Cneius Pompeius)* who, being carried by a contrary wind into *Africa*, when he found his ſhip was taken by the enemy, fell upon his ſword; and to thoſe who enquired after the General; *the General*, ſays he, *is well.* Which ſpeech, in my opinion, makes him as great as any of his anceſtors, and permits not the glory, ſo fatal to the *Scipios* in *Africa*, to be interrupted. It was great to conquer *Carthage*, but greater ſtill to overcome death. *The General*, ſays he, *is well.* Could a General, and *Cato's* General, die more nobly? (rather *more cowardly)*.

I need not appeal to the hiſtories of former times for more inſtances of thoſe, who have ſhewed a contempt of death: even in theſe our own, ſo much complained of for effeminacy, and luxury, you will find ſeveral of every age, condition, and degree. Believe me, *Lucilius*, death is not ſo terrible, but that it may ſometimes be deemed a deſirable bleſſing. Without any great anxiety therefore you may hear the threats of your adverſary: and though the conſciouſneſs of your innocence may give you ſome aſſurance; yet as a cauſe may be over-ruled, hope for juſtice, but at the ſame time be prepared againſt all that injuſtice can do.

More eſpecially be mindful to throw aſide the terrors and confuſion of report; and look upon things ſimply as they are; ſo ſhall you find, there is nothing dreadful in them, but the fear itſelf. What you ſee among boys, happens to us who are ſtill but older boys *(b)*. They are afraid

afraid of even thoſe they love, their companions, and playfellows, when they come upon them maſked and diſguiſed. Not only from men, but from things the maſk muſt be taken off; and the naked countenance reſtored.

Why do you tell me of ſwords and fire, and a crowd of executioners muttering around you? Take away this pomp, this frightful maſk, and you will terrify none but fools. Death is all: and what is death? My ſlave, and even a maid ſervant have deſpiſed it. Or, why again do you make ſuch a horrible parade of ſcourges, and iron whips; and a ſeveral engine adapted to the torture of a ſeveral joint; and a thouſand other inſtruments for the excruciating every part of the body? Lay aſide theſe terrifying objects; ſilence the groans, the bitter exclamations, and outcries, extorted by the rack. The pain is but little more than what ſome one deſpiſes in a ſevere fit of the gout; and another endures in the cholic by mere indigeſtion; or the tender young woman goes through with in childbirth. It is light, if I can bear it; and if it be more than I can bear, there is an end of it. Revolve theſe things in your mind, which you have often heard, and often mentioned: whether you have heard, or ſpoke to the purpoſe, let the effect determine; for nothing can be more ſcandalous than what is objected to us. *We ſpeak, indeed, but do not* act, *like Philoſophers.*

And what think you? Is this the firſt time you fancied yourſelf in danger of death, or baniſhment, or pain? You are miſtaken; theſe are what you have been ſubject to, ever ſince you was born. Whatever may happen, we muſt think will happen. You have hitherto taken my advice; I therefore now exhort you not to ſuffer your mind to ſink under this diſquiet, leſt it ſhould grow dull, and loſe its vigour, when it is moſt wanted, and ought to exert itſelf. Carry theſe reflections from a private cauſe to a more general one. Say, this body is frail and mortal; not only liable to pain from injuries and tyrannical power, but to have its very pleaſures turned into torments: feaſtings create ſurfeits; drunkenneſs brings on a weakneſs and trembling of the nerves; luſtfulneſs a diſtortion of the hands, feet and joints. Say likewiſe, muſt I be

poor? I ſhall find companions enough. Muſt I be baniſhed? I will look upon where I am ſent to, as my native place. Muſt I be bound? what then? am I now free? Nature hath enchained me with this heavy load of fleſh *(i)*. Muſt I die? I ſhall be no more ſick, or bound; I ſhall feel the ſtroke of death no more. I am not ſo ſilly as to dwell here upon the idle chant of *Epicurus*; and tell you that vain are all our fears of puniſhment below; that there is no *Ixion* rolling round upon a wheel; no *Siſyphus* forcing with main ſtrength a huge ſtone up a hill; nor that the bowels of *Tityus* are daily fed upon, yet growing ſtill afreſh. No one is ſuch a child as to fear *Cerberus*, dark holes, or goblins as we ſee them pictur'd with naked bones! Death either quite conſumes us, or ſets us free *(k)*. If the latter; what a better ſtate may we not expect, when diſencumbered from this load of fleſh? if the former, there is an end of all; we are equally deprived of good and evil. But permit me here to remind you of a verſe of your own, having firſt premiſed, that you muſt not think it wrote for others, but for yourſelf alſo: it is vile to ſpeak one thing, and think another; how much more vile to think one thing and write another! I remember you one day ſpeaking to this point, and obſerving, that we die not at once, but are gradually approaching thereto, we *die daily (l)*; for every day ſome part of life is taken from us: even while we are growing, life decreaſeth: we firſt loſe infancy, then childhood, then youth; even all that is paſt to yeſterday incluſive, is loſt for ever; nay, this very day we now live, we divide with death: as it is not the laſt drop of water, or grain of ſand, that exhauſts the hour-glaſs, but all thoſe that continually flowed before; ſo in the laſt hour of life, it is not that alone which creates death, but which alone finiſhes it. We then arrive there, but have been long on our journey. I remember when you was commenting upon this ſubject with your uſual eloquence, always indeed great, but never more ſtriking, than when you adapt words to the like ſolemn truths, you was pleaſed to ſay,

Mors non una venit, ſed quæ rapit, ultima mors eſt *(m)*.

I had rather therefore, *Lucilius*, you ſhould read yourſelf, than my Epiſtle; from whence it will be manifeſt, that *the death we fear is really the laſt, but not the only one.*

But

But I know what you now expect, ſome noble or ſpirited ſaying; or ſome uſeful precept by way of ſupport, or ornament of this Epiſtle. Well then; I will give you ſomething that relates to the matter in hand. *Epicurus* chides not thoſe leſs, who court death, than thoſe who fear it, *(n)* and ſays, *it is ridiculous to have recourſe to death, becauſe life is irkſome; when we ourſelves have made life ſo irkſome, as to make death deſirable.* And in another place he ſays, *what can be ſo abſurd, as to wiſh for death, when you have made life burthenſome, only through fear of death!* To theſe you may add that alſo which is of the ſame import: *ſo great is the folly or rather madneſs of mortals, that ſome for fear of dying ruſh on death (o).* Whichſoever of theſe ſentences you reflect upon, you will ſtrengthen your mind with patience, in the ſufferance either of life or death: for indeed we are to be exhorted, and confirmed in both theſe points, ſo as not to be too much in love with life, nor too much to loath it. Nay, even when reaſon perſuades us *(p)*, it would be happier for us to die; we muſt not be raſh *(q)*, and hurry precipitately on a ſuppoſed relief. A truly brave and wiſe man ought not cowardly to fly from life, but to make a decent exit. And above all things he muſt not indulge that ſickly paſſion, which hath ſeized on many, of luſting after death. For know, *Lucilius*, there is a certain indiſcreet inclination to death, as well as to other things; which oftentimes prevails on men of a noble and truly generous ſoul, as well as on the indolent and deſponding. The former deſpiſe life, and the latter are overborne with it. A ſatiety of ſtill ſeeing and doing the ſame things, hath ſtrangely affected ſome, not through any hatred, but a mere diſdain of life; into which they unhappily fell, and not indeed without ſome impulſe from philoſophy itſelf *(r)*; as we are apt to cry, Quouſque eadem? *What, always the ſame thing?* I wake, I ſleep, I am full, I am hungry; I am cold, and now warm; there is no complete end of any thing; but all things return, and are connected in a circle: they fly, and they purſue: the day preſſes upon the night, and the night upon the day *(s)*: the Summer ends in Autumn, and Autumn is ſucceeded by Winter; which itſelf ſoon gives way to the Spring; and thus they paſs away but to come again: I ſee nothing new; I can do nothing new. Hence, I ſay, ſome are ſick of life; and there are many, who do not think life irkſome, but ſuperfluous.

ANNOTATIONS &c.

(*a*) See Epp. 13, 74.—*another way*, i. e. *on the contrary*, omnem fortunæ licentiam in oculis habere, tanquam quidquid poteſt facere, factura ſit. Quicquid exſpectatum eſt diu, levius accidit. *To ſuppoſe that fortune will do all that lies in her power to oppreſs you. Whatever has been long expected, falls the lighter.* Ep. 78. *Lipſ.* Manud. II. Diſſ. 1.

(*b*) According to what follows. Levis eſt ſi ferre poſſum; brevis eſt ſi ferre non poſſum. From Æſchylus.

Θαρσει, πονος γαρ ακρος ουκ εχει χρονον.
Take courage; pain is ſhort when moſt ſevere.

(*c*) *P. Rutilius Rufus*, of an illuſtrious family at *Rome*; Conſul with *Mallius*, U. C. 648. He was a learned hiſtorian, and to his integrity *Cicero* bears witneſs. Being baniſhed by *Sylla* the Dictator, he went to *Smyrna*, where he was made a citizen; and, being recalled, refuſed to return, ſaying, *He had rather his country ſhould be aſhamed of his baniſhment, than have any cauſe to grieve at his return.* Epp. 67. 79. *Sen.* de Provid. c. 3. Ad Marc. c. 22. Tac. Ann. IV. 43. Val. Max. 6. 4. 4. Ov. de Ponto. l. 3. 63.

Et grave magnanimi robur mirare Rutili,
Non uſi reditûs conditione dati.
Admire the brave Rutilius, *whoſe diſdain*
Refus'd the favour to return again.

(*d*) *Metellus*, the ſurname of the family of the *Cæcilii*, from whom were deſcended many illuſtrious perſons. The *Metellus* here mentioned was called *Numidicus*, from having conquered *Jugurtha*, King of *Numidia*; he was Cenſor and Conſul U. C. 648. but was baniſhed for refuſing to ſwear againſt the laws of *Apulcius Saturninus*, the Tribune. He was reſtored at the earneſt entreaty of his ſon, who was therefore honoured with the name of *Pius*.

(*e*) And ſmiling aſked his friends who propoſed his eſcape, *whether they knew any region out of* Attica, οὐ προσϐατον θανατῳ, *inacceſſible to death.* Xenoph. Apol.

"*Mutius*, (ſays *Plutarch*), was a perſon endowed with every virtue, but moſt eminent in war. He reſolved to kill *Porſenna*, the moſt powerful Prince in *Italy*, but not knowing him among his nobles, he ſlew one of them, who looked moſt like a King. He was taken in the fact, and a pan of fire having been ſet before the King, who intended a ſacrifice, *Mutius* thruſt his right hand into the flame, and while it was burning, beheld *Porſenna* with a ſteady and undaunted countenance: *Porſenna* admiring the man, diſmiſſed him; and returned him his ſword, which he received with his left hand, (from whence he was called *Scævola*, *i. e.* left-handed) and out of gratitude aſſured him, there were 300 Romans lurking in his camp, all as reſolute as himſelf; and that being deſtined by lot, to make the firſt attempt, he was not concerned at having miſcarried, ſince he found *Porſenna* to be ſo good a man, as to deſerve rather to be a friend to the *Romans*, than an enemy; and accordingly he was accepted as ſuch." Plut. Life of Popicola. *Sen.* Ep. 66.

(*g*) This *Cato* (ſays Lord *Bolingbroke*) ſo much ſung by *Lucan* in every page, and ſo much better ſung by *Virgil* in half a line, ſtrikes me with no great reſpect, when I ſee him painted in all the glorious colours which eloquence furniſhes, when I call to mind that image of him that *Tully* gives in one of his letters to *Atticus*, in ſubmitting *to be made a tool to his party*, &c. See Ep. 71. (N. g.)

And even *Plutarch* ſays of him, "that in ſuch outrageous virtue, Humour often gets the upper hand, and inſinuates itſelf under the maſk of equity and reaſon." (See his Life.)

And

And as to this laſt action of his life, ſo often repeated, and ſo highly commended in this Epiſtle, I can ſcarce refrain from ſaying with old *Syphax* (in Mr. Addiſon's *Cato*)

" 'Twas pride, rank pride, and haughtineſs of ſoul.
" I think the Romans call it Stoiciſm."

(*h*) *Older boys.*] See Epp. 4. (N. b) 115. De Conſt. Sapien. c. 120. *Diogenes* the Cynic being aſked, *in what part of* Greece *he had ſeen good men? Men*, ſays he, *no where; but I ſaw ſome boys at* Lacedæmon.

Men are but children of a larger ſize.——*All for Love.*

(*i*) *O wretched man that I am, who ſhall deliver me from the body of this death!* al. *from this body of death!* al. *from the death of this body!* Rom. 7. 24. See the foregoing verſe.

(*k*) Aut nihil eſt ſenſus animis a morte relictum,
Aut mors ipſa nihil.—*Lucan.* III. 39.
Or endleſs apathy ſucceeds to death,
And ſenſe is loſt with our expiring breath;
Or if the ſoul ſome future life ſhall know,
To better worlds immortal ſhall ſhe go:
Whate'er event the doubtful queſtion clears,
Death muſt be ſtill unworthy of our fears.—Rowe.

(*l*) *We die daily*] See Epp. 1. (d) 58 (o) 120.

The bell ſtrikes one, we take no note of time,
But from its loſs. To give it then a tongue,
Is wiſe in man. As if an angel ſpoke
I feel the ſolemn ſound; if heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they? with the years beyond the Flood.—*Young.*
Is Death at diſtance? No; he has been on thee,
And given ſure earneſt of his final blow.
Thoſe hours, &c. Ib. See Ep. 49. (b)

Αλλ' ἡμεῖς ἐνα φοβεμεθα γιλοιως θανατον,—'. τ. λ. Plutarch. De E: ap. Delph. c. 23. *We ridiculouſly fear our death having ſo often died; and are continually dying. For not only, as* Heraclitus *ſaid, the death of fire is the generation of air; and the death of air is the generation of water; this is more plainly viſible in man: man terminates in the aged; as the youth in man; the child in the youth; the infant in the child: ſo yeſterday died in to-day; and to-day dies in to-morrow.*

My worthy and ingenious friend, the late Mr. *Donaldſon*, obſerved upon this paſſage, *that Death may be ſuppoſed to have a mortgage upon life: he does not enter upon the premiſes, on the fall of this or that grain of ſand, but forecloſes on the laſt.*

(*m*) *There are more deaths than one, but that the laſt,*
That takes us off———

So *Muretus*; all the former copies,

Mors non ultima venit, quæ rapit, ultima mors eſt.

Which *Lipſius* approves and thus explains: Non quæ venit et jam præteriit, mors eſt, ſed illa propriè quæ rapit ultima, et nos aufert. *Gronovius* likewiſe retains the old reading, but explains it in another manner: Falſum eſt, mortem, ultimam rerum venire, vel veniſſe, multis mortibus conficimur, et ſæpe ad nos venit, antequam rapiat; ſed illa mors, quæ nos rapit et aufert, mortium eſt ultima.—La mort a degrez et celle ne premiere, qui nous vient a ravir, mais c'eſt bien la derniere. *Vet. Gall.* L'homme a plus d'un treſpas, mais le dernier l'importe. *Malherbe.*

Among Chriſtians, indeed, *a ſecond death* is to be feared, but only by thoſe who come under the deſcription in Rev. 21. 8. See c. 2. v. 11.

(*n*) From

(*n*) From whence that excellent precept in *Martial*;

Summum ne metuas diem, nec optes.
Nor fear, nor wiſh, this day may be your laſt.

(*o*) Hoſtem dum fugeret ſe *Fannius* ipſe peremit;
Hîc rogo, non furor eſt ne moriare, mori? *Ib.*
Himſelf the coward Fannius *ſlew,*
When from his foe he fain would fly;
But greater madneſs can you ſhew,
Than thus, for fear of death, to die? M.

Stultitia eſt timore mortis, mori. See Ep. 7. (N. e.)

(*p*) i. e. according to the doctrine of the Stoics. See Ep. 12. 13. 72. *Lipſ.* Manud. III. 22. 23.

(*q*) *We muſt not be raſh*] I can go no further without recommending this, and what follows, to thoſe, who (if any ſuch there be) think there is any weight in what *Seneca* hath elſewhere advanced, in the language of *Stoiciſm*, on the other ſide of the queſtion: (ſee Epp. 30. (N. b.) 69. (N. d.) To which let me add, that juſt reply of a certain *Rhodian* (Ep. 70.) who under the moſt ſevere oppreſſion, was adviſed to ſtarve himſelf: *No*, ſays he, Omnia homini dum vivit, ſunt ſperanda; *While there is life there is hope.*

Lucretius (*r*) ~~*Lucius*~~ introduces Nature herſelf, ſaying,

Nam tibi præterea quod machiner inveniamque
Quod placeat, nihil eſt; eadem ſunt omnia ſemper,
Si tibi non annis corpus jam marcet, et artus
Confecti languent; eadem tamen omnia reſtant;
Omnia ſi perges vivendo vincere ſecla. III. 958.
To pleaſe thee, I have emptied all my ſtore,
I can invent, I can ſupply no more,
But run the round again, the round I ran before.—Dryden.
Yet I can find no new, no freſh delight;
The ſame dull joys muſt vex the appetite.
Altho' thou couldſt prolong thy wretched breath
For numerous years; much more, if, free from death.—Creech.

(*s*) Hor. Od. II. 18. 15.—Truditur dies die,
Novæque pergunt interire lunæ.
Day preſſes on the heels of day;
And moons encreaſe to their decay.—Francis.
Of man's miraculous miſtakes, this bears
The palm; *that all men are about to live.*—
All *promiſe* is poor dilatory man,—
And that through every ſtage.——
At *thirty* man *ſuſpects* himſelf a fool:
Knows it at *forty*; and reforms his plan;
At *fifty* chides his infamous delay;
Puſhes his prudent purpoſe to *reſolve*;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Reſolves; and re-reſolves; then dies the ſame.—*Young.*

EPISTLE XXV.

On Contentment: and Solitude.

CONcerning the two friends mentioned in your laſt, we muſt proceed a different way. The vices of one (the elder) are to be corrected, of the other to be quite broken off. I ſhall be very free with the former; for I cannot be ſuppoſed to love the man whom I ſhould be afraid to offend in this reſpect. And *what?* you will ſay, *do you intend to keep a pupil of 40 years old under guardianſhip? Conſider his age; it is now become hardy and intractable; tender minds only, are to be worked upon to any purpoſe (a).* I know not what good I ſhall do; but I had rather fail in ſucceſs than in my duty. Nor muſt we deſpair of the poſſibility of healing thoſe who have been ill a long time, provided we can keep them from intemperance, and they will ſubmit to do, and ſuffer many things againſt their wills. Nor indeed can I promiſe much concerning the younger, but that he ſtill bluſhes, as aſhamed of doing wrong *(b)*. This baſhfulneſs is by all means to be kept up: for as long as this remains, there will be room to hope for amendment. With the veteran we muſt go more cautiouſly to work, leſt he fall into a deſperate way: nor can there be a better time for taking him in hand, than in ſome interval, when he ſeems inclined to a good diſpoſition. Such an interval indeed hath impoſed upon ſome; but it cannot deceive me: I expect that thoſe vices, which have ſlept for a while, but are not dead, ſhould break forth again, with more malignity. However I ſhall beſtow a few days on this affair, and try whether any thing can be done or not.

In the mean time, do you, *Lucilius*, continue to act ſtrenuouſly as uſual; and contract your budget. Scarce any of thoſe things we happily enjoy are neceſſary *(c)*. Let us return to the law of Nature. We

ſhall be rich enough. All that we fancy we want is gratuitous, or of little conſequence. Nature aſks for bread and water *(d)*: no one is ſo poor, but he can anſwer this demand; and whoever confines his deſires to theſe, may contend with *Jove* himſelf in happineſs *(e)*, as ſaith *Epicurus*. From whom, as uſual, I ſhall conclude with an excellent ſentence;—Sic fac omnia tanquam ſpectat aliquis; *Do every thing, as before a witneſs (f)*.

Without doubt it is of great advantage to have a conſtant guardian over you, whom you reverence, and think concerned in all your deſigns. Yet it is more magnificent ſo to live, of yourſelf, as under the inſpection, and in the preſence of ſome good man; and with this I ſhould be ſatisfied that whatever you do, you do it, as before a witneſs; foraſmuch as ſolitude is apt to prompt all manner of evil. When you have made ſo great progreſs as to reverence yourſelf, you may diſmiſs your tutor; but 'till then, look upon yourſelf as under the inſpection of ſome one in authority: ſuppoſe a *Cato*, or *Scipio*, or *Lælius*, or any other, in whoſe preſence the moſt abandoned would ſcruple to commit a crime; or rather confer this honour upon yourſelf *(g)*.

When you have done this, and you begin to think worthily of yourſelf, I will recommend to you the advice of *Epicurus*; Tunc præcipuè in te ipſe ſecede, cùm eſſe cogeris in turba; *Then eſpecially retire, as it were, into yourſelf, when you are obliged to be in much company*. It behoves you to be unlike the many. But ſhould it not be ſafe for you thus to retire; examine all around; there is no one with whom a man had not better converſe than with himſelf. *Then eſpecially* (ſays Epicurus) *retire into yourſelf, when you are obliged to be in a mixed company*; that is, if you are a good man; of a calm, and ſober diſpoſition; otherwiſe it would be better to go into company; where you would ſcarce find a more dangerous man to be with, than with yourſelf.

ANNO-

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) Tenera finguntur] Hor. Ep. I. 2. 64.

Fingit equum tenerâ docilem ſervice magiſter
Ire viam quam monſtrat eques.
The jockey trains the young and tender horſe;
While yet ſoft-mouth'd he breeds him to the courſe.—Creech.

And *Plato* ſays, *young men,* κηρινους εἶναι, *are to be moulded like wax.*

(b) See Ep. 11. (N. a.)

(c) "Nothing is more certain than this truth; that all our wants beyond thoſe which a moderate income will ſupply are merely imaginary; and that his happineſs is greater, and better aſſured who brings his mind up to a temper of not feeling them, than his who feels them, and has wherewithal to ſupply them." *Bolingbroke,* Lett. 191.

(d) Panem et aquam] Lucan. IV. 377.

Diſcite quam parvo liceat producere vitam
Et quantum natura petat—
—— Satis eſt, populis fluviuſque cereſque.
Behold how little thrifty nature craves,
And what a cheap relief the lives of thouſands ſaves.—
When all we want, thus eaſily we find;
The field and river can ſupply mankind.—Rowe.

Ετει τι δ' ὦ Βροτοῖσι, πλὴν δυοῖν μονον,
Δημητρος ἐκτῆς πωματος θ' ὑδρηχου. *Eurip.*
Nature demands for mortals but two things,
Bread-corn from Ceres, and ſweet water-ſprings.

(e) Ep. 110. Habeamus aquam, habeamus polentum; Jovi ipſi de felicitate controverſiam faciamus.—Sic Επικυρος.

(ap. Stobæ.) Ελεγε ετοιμως ἐχειν καὶ τῷ Διὶ ὑπὲρ
Ευδαιμονίας ἀγονιζεσθαι, μαζαν ἐχων καὶ ὕδωρ.

(f) However this injunction from *Epicurus* may be interpreted; as if "there was no villainy, which a man may not commit, if he can but perſuade himſelf, that he ſhall not be detected or puniſhed by men," the gods being out of the caſe: (ſee *Leland,* Vol. II. p. 94.) *Seneca,* I think, intends no more, than that a ſenſe of ſhame, as well as fear of puniſhment, is a ſufficient reſtraint, on an ingenuous mind, capable of diſtinguiſhing between good and evil, from acting contrary to moral duty. See Ep. 11. (N. f.)

(g) ——Παντων δὲ μαλιστα—αἰσχυνου σ' αὐτον.
Above all things, (ſays *Pythagoras*) *reverence yourſelf.*

"The firſt and leading diſpoſition to engage us on the ſide of virtue was, in this ſage's opinion, to preſerve above all things a conſtant reverence of our own mind; and to dread nothing ſo much as to offend againſt its native dignity." *Fitzoſborn's* Lett. 19.

EPISTLE XXVI.

On a good old Age. Meditation on Death.

I HAVE heretofore told you, *Lucilius*, that I was within ſight of old age. I now fear I have paſſed it by, and left it behind me: ſome other word better agrees with my years, at leaſt the ſtate of my body; for indeed old age is properly a name belonging to one weary of life, rather than to one broken down with years as I am. You may reckon me, if you pleaſe, decrepit, and in the laſt ſtage. But I congratulate myſelf with you, that, whatever my body may feel, my mind or underſtanding is not ſenſible of any decay or injury from time *(a)*. Vices only are grown old, and whatever is inſtrumental thereto: the ſoul ſtill flouriſheth, and rejoiceth that ſhe hath ſo little to do with the body: having partly diſrobed herſelf, ſhe glories in it, and makes me even doubt concerning old age. She calls this the *flower* of age; let us believe her, and let her enjoy her proper good. It is a pleaſure to me to conſider, and examine, what I owe of this tranquillity, this correctneſs of morals, to wiſdom, and what to old age: and diligently to enquire, what it is I cannot do, and what I would not do; and if what I cannot, be alſo what I would not; I have reaſon to rejoice in my inability. For, what cauſe is there of complaint, what great inconvenience, if what muſt one day end, be now upon the decay? Perhaps you will ſay, it is the greateſt inconvenience imaginable, to be infirm, to languiſh, or, to ſpeak properly, to be melted down: for, we are not forcibly laid low on a ſudden; we gradually waſte away; every day purloins ſomething from our ſtrength: and what exit can be happier, than to be diſſolved, as it were, by a gentle decay of nature? Not that there is any thing very grievous in a ſtroke, or ſudden departure out of life; but becauſe it is eaſy, and natural thus to ſteal away by degrees *(b)*.

For

For my own part, as if I was now about to make the experiment, and the day approached, that muſt paſs ſentence on the foregoing years, I thus obſerve and commune with myſelf. " All that I have ſaid or " done hitherto is nothing: vain and deceitful are the aſſurances of the " mind, all involved in chicane and flattery: what advance I made in " wiſdom, death alone can ſhew: I therefore calmly compoſe myſelf " againſt that day, when all ſhifts and ſubtleties laid aſide, I muſt pro- " nounce truly concerning myſelf; whether I ſpeak and think, what " is truly great and noble: whether the big and contemptuous words " thrown out againſt fortune were mere diſſimulation and artifice, to " engage applauſe. Regard not the opinion of men *(c)*; 'tis at beſt " doubtful, and generally partial: regard not particular ſtudies; our " buſineſs relates to the whole of life; death will pronounce ſentence " on the man: yes, I ſay, diſputations and learned conferences, and " collections from the ſayings of wiſe men, and eloquence of ſpeech, " all theſe ſhew not the true fortitude of mind: the moſt baſe and " cowardly may yet be bold in ſpeech. How you have acted in general, " *Seneca*, will then appear when you come to die. I accept the terms. " I am not afraid of judgment." Thus I commune with myſelf; yet ſuppoſe me ſpeaking likewiſe to you, *Lucilius*. You indeed are younger: but it matters not; years are not reckoned: it is uncertain when or where death expects you; and therefore expect *him* every where.

I was about to conclude, and indeed folding my paper; but the whole ceremony muſt be obſerved; and this Epiſtle have its paſſport. I need not tell you from whence the loan; you know whoſe cheſt I generally make free with. I hope in a little time to pay you out of my own ſtock; in the mean while *Epicurus* ſhall ſtand my friend: Meditare utrum commodius ſit, vel mortem tranſire ad nos vel nos ad eam; *Conſider whether it be better, that Death ſhould come to us, or we go to him.* The ſenſe is plain. It is an excellent thing to know what Death is, and how to die: you perhaps may think it unneceſſary, to learn that, which can but once be of any uſe: now this is the very reaſon, why we ought to ſtudy it: we muſt always be learning that, which we never can be aſſured we rightly know. Think upon Death. He that commands this, bids you think upon liberty. He that hath learned to

die, hath unlearned to be a ſlave. Death is above every power upon earth: at leaſt beyond it. What is a priſon, or guards, or bars, to him? The paſſage is ſtill free and open *(d)*: but there is a ſtrong chain, which ſtill binds us down; the love of life *(e)*: which as it is not to be thrown off at once, may yet be eaſed and leſſened; that, when an exigency requires, nothing may detain or hinder us from being prepared, and ready to ſubmit to that which we muſt one day certainly undergo.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) This I think every one will give him credit for who is converſant in his writings. According to *Menander*,

Εἰ τ' ἄλλ' ἀφαιρεῖν ὁ πρὶν χρόνος εἰώθει χρόνος
Ἡμῶν τὸ φρονεῖν ἀσφαλὲς οὐδὲν ποιεῖ.
Of whate'er elſe depriv'd by length of time,
Wiſdom we find as firm as in its prime. M.

(*b*) Subduci] Senectus leniter emittit, non repente avulſum vitæ, ſed minutatim *ſubductum*. Ep. 33. (N. g.)—According to THE OLD MAN'S WISH in *Dryden's* Miſcell. III. 178.

May I govern my paſſion with an abſolute ſway,
And grow wiſer and better as my ſtrength wears away,
Without gout or ſtone by a gentle decay.

(*c*) *But with me it is a very ſmall thing*, ſays St. Paul, *that I ſhould be judged of you or of man's judgment; yea, I judge not my own ſelf.* 1 Cor. 4. 3.

(*d*) According to the Stoical doctrine, (too) often repeated. But ſee Ep. 24, &c. but particularly Ep. 70.

(*e*) *But there is a ſtrong chain*] Sc. *the love of life*;—Amor vitæ, qui non eſt abjiciendus.—But conſider, O Chriſtian, how much ſtronger is the chain that binds *thee* down; however painful it may be at preſent to endure it, viz. *the will of God.*

" That it is the intention of the Deity we ſhould remain in this ſtate of being 'till his ſummons calls us away ſeems as evident, as that we at firſt entered into it by his good pleaſure; for we can no more continue, than we could begin to exiſt without the concurrence of the ſame ſupreme interpoſition. *Fitzoſborne's* Lett. 13.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE XXVII.

Virtue only is ſecure.

YOU ſay, *Lucilius*, that I may well take upon me to adviſe you; foraſmuch as having corrected myſelf, I am now at leiſure to attend the amendment of others. No, my friend, I am not ſo vain or unjuſt, as, being ſick myſelf, to pretend to cure others *(a)*; but, as lying in the ſame infirmary, I am talking to you of our common illneſs, and communicating with you ſuch remedies, as I think will be of ſervice. Suppoſe me then, to admit you into my privacy, and thus, in your preſence, expoſtulate with myſelf. "Number your years, *Seneca*, and "you will be aſhamed to deſire, and be hunting after, thoſe things, "wherein you delighted when a child *(b)*. And be it your particular "care on this ſide the grave, that your vices may all die before you. "Forego thoſe turbulent and dear-bought pleaſures, that hurt, not "only before, but after enjoyment; as crimes though not found out "when perpetrated, ſtill carry anxiety with them: all unlawful plea-"ſures are attended with remorſe: there is no ſolidity in them; nor "any thing worthy of confidence; even though they hurt not, they "ſoon paſs and are gone. Look out rather for ſomething more ſub-"ſtantial and laſting: but alas! there is no ſuch thing, except what "the mind can find within itſelf: virtue only can give perpetual joy "and ſecurity *(c)*; whatever may ſeem to obſtruct it, paſſeth over like "a cloud, which for a moment darkens, but cannot hide the day. O, "when ſhall I enjoy ſo great happineſs! You have not indeed been "idle, *Seneca*; but this is not enough; you muſt ſtill exert yourſelf; "a great deal remains to be done: conſequently you muſt be vigilant, "and ſpare no pains, as you expect ſucceſs. This depends upon your-"ſelf; it is an affair that accepts of no delegate, nor admits of any "aſſiſtance, as in other kinds of learning;" which puts me in mind of *Calviſius*

Calviſius Sabinus; one, who, in our memory, was rich, having a free and gentleman-like patrimony, and underſtanding; but I never ſaw a man ſo ridiculouſly happy. He had ſo treacherous a memory, that he often forgot the names of *Ulyſſes*, *Achilles*, and *Priam*; names, which every well-educated man remembers as well as we do our firſt ſchool-maſters. No old Nomenclator, who is apt to impoſe upon his maſter with a falſe name, ever made ſuch blunders, as when he pretended to talk of the *Greeks* and *Romans*. And yet he affected to be thought a profound ſcholar *(d)*. He took therefore this compendious method; he bought ſervants at an extravagant price; one who underſtood *Homer*; another, who was maſter of *Heſiod*; and to the nine lyric poets, he aſſigned a ſeveral ſervant. You need not wonder at his great expence, for if he could not find ſuch as were ſuitable at hand, he placed them out to be inſtructed, and duly qualified: and having thus made up his family, he was continually making entertainments, and impertinently troubling his gueſts with his ſecond-hand learning; for he had always ſome one at his feet to prompt him every now and then with verſes, which endeavouring to repeat, he would often break off in the middle of a line or word. Whereupon *Satellius Quadratus*, a ſmell-feaſt, or ſharker on ſuch fools, and who conſequently was a jeſter, and, as it generally follows, a ſcoffer, adviſed him one day to hire ſome Grammarians as his ſcrap-gatherers, or remembrancers: when *Sabinus* told him that every ſervant he had ſtood him in an hundred pounds; "you might have "bought, ſays he, for leſs money, ſo many caſes of books," as he took it in his head that he knew all that any of the family knew, or was contained in his houſe. The ſame *Satellius* therefore would fain have perſuaded him, to enter himſelf in the liſt of wreſtlers, thin, pale, and ſickly as he was. And when *Sabinus* anſwered, "how is that poſſible, when I am ſcarce alive?" "Never mind that, ſays *Satellius*, do you not ſee what ſtrong and brawny ſervants you have got?—A good underſtanding is not to be hired or purchaſed; and I really think was it put to ſale, there would be but few bidders; whereas a bad one is often purchaſed, and paid dearly for.

But

But take what I owe you, and farewell; Divitiæ ſunt, ad legem naturæ, compoſita paupertas; *Poverty ſettled by the law of nature, is wealth (e).* This *Epicurus* often repeats: but that cannot be ſaid too often, which is ſcarce ever learned. It is enough to point out remedies to ſome, while others require them to be frequently applied.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) *Ye will ſurely ſay unto me this Proverb,* Phyſician, heal thyſelf. *Luk.* 4. 23.

Αλλων ιατρὸς αυτὸς ἑλκεσι Ϛρυσι.—Etenim qui multorum cuſtodem ſe profitetur, cum ſapientes ſui primum aiunt cuſtodem eſſe oportere. Cic.—Eraſm. 2. 5. 38.—4. 4. 32.

(*b*) *When I was a child, I ſpake as a child, I reaſon'd as a child; but when I became a man I put away childiſh things.* 1 Cor. 13. 11.

(*c*) See Epp. 23. (N. e) 72. 92. *Sen.* de Beat. Vit. c. 3. *Lipſ.* Manud. III. Diſſ. 5. And in Sacred Writ, *Wiſdom* ſpeaking of herſelf ſays, *Whoſo hearkeneth unto me ſhall dwell ſafely, and ſhall be quiet from fears of evil.* Prov. l. 33.

(*d*) According to that in *Euripides* (Heracl. 745)

——— οἰόμεθα γὰρ
τὸν ευτυχοῦντα παντ' ἐπισθαι σαφῶς.
——— 'Tis common, to ſuppoſe,
There is no lore, but what the rich man knows.

(*e*) See Epp. 4. 25. (N. e.)

EPISTLE XXVIII.

Change of Place makes no Alteration in the Mind.

YOU think it ſtrange, *Lucilius*, and as happening to yourſelf alone, that after ſo long a journey, and the viſiting ſo many different places, you could not throw off your chagrin and melancholy diſpoſition. The mind muſt be changed for this purpoſe, and not the climate *(a)*. Tho' you croſs the ocean; tho' (as our *Virgil* ſays) terræque urbeſque recedant *(b)*. Whitherſoever you fly, your vices will ſtill follow. *Socrates*, to one complaining after the ſame manner, ſays, "*Why do you wonder that travelling does you no good, when, go where you will, you carry your-*

ſelf

ſelf along with you? The ſame cauſe, that ſent you out, lies ſtill at heart. What can the novelty of foreign lands avail? what the knowledge of divers cities and countries? It is all a fruitleſs labour. And do you aſk, why this your flight is to ſo little purpoſe? It is becauſe, as *Socrates* ſaid, *you cannot fly from yourſelf.* The mind's burthen muſt be left behind, or you will no where find complacency and delight. Think your condition ſuch as *Virgil* gives his propheteſs. When rouſed and inſtigated, ſhe is replete with ſpirit not her own;

> Bacchatur vates, magnum ſi pectore poſſit
> Excuſſiiſſe Deum *(d)*.

You travel here and there to ſhake off the inward load; which by ſuch agitation only becomes more troubleſome. As in a ſhip, a burthen that is fixed and immoveable, ſtrains it the leſs; while ſuch as are moveable are apt to ſink the ſide to which they roll, by their unequal preſſure. In every thing you do, you are ſtill acting againſt yourſelf. The very motion cannot but hurt you; it is ſhaking a ſick man. Get rid of this internal evil, and every change of place will be agreeable. Though you are driven to the utmoſt parts of the earth, or confined to ſome corner in a ſtrange land; be what it will, you may ſtill find entertainment. It matters not where you come, but what ſort of man, you come thither. The mind is not to be devoted to any particular place. We muſt live in the world under this perſuaſion. *I am not born for one corner of it more than another; the whole is my native country.*

Was this manifeſt to you, you would be no longer ſurprized at not finding any benefit from the difference of place, when weary of one you fly to another. For the firſt would have pleaſed you, if you had thought it your own. You do not travel, but wander, and are driven about from place to place; whereas what you are in ſearch of, *a good life*, is to be found any where. What place can be more turbulent, than the Forum? yet if you was obliged to live there, even there might you find tranquillity: not but that a man, if he was at his own diſpoſal, would fly as far as poſſible from the ſight, and much more from the neighbour-

neighbourhood of ſuch a noiſy place. For as a damp and foggy air affects even the moſt firm and healthy conſtitution; ſo there are places, if not dangerous, yet very inconvenient, to a mind well-diſpoſed, but not fully accompliſhed. I diſſent from thoſe who defy a ſtorm; and not diſliking a public and buſy life, are continually exerting their courage, in ſtruggling with, and getting through, difficulties. A wiſe man would endure this, if it fell to his lot; but he would by no means make it his choice. He had rather live in peace, than amidſt the din of war: for it is of little avail to him, to have thrown off his own vices, if he muſt be perpetually contending with thoſe of other men. Thirty tyrants, you ſay, environed *Socrates*, yet could not break, or bend the ſteadineſs of his mind: it matters not how many maſters you have, ſlavery is one and the ſame: he, that deſpiſes *this*, let his governours be as many as they will, is ſtill free.

But it is time to conclude, having firſt paid my toll: Initium eſt ſalutis, notitia peccati, *The acknowledgment of a crime is the firſt ſtep to reformation.* This is an excellent ſaying from *Epicurus:* for he, that knows not when he treſpaſſeth, can never deſire to be reformed. You muſt accuſe yourſelf, before you can mend. There are ſome who even glory in their ſins; and do you think they will ever be ſollicitous for a remedy, who account their vices as ſo many virtues? As much as poſſible therefore reprove yourſelf; examine yourſelf thoroughly *(e)*: firſt, do the office of an informer, then of a judge, and laſtly of an interceſſor, though a little wholeſome puniſhment may be ſometimes not amiſs *(f)*.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*e*) Hor. Ep. I. 11. 27.

Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt,
Strenua nos exercet inertia; navibus atque
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere; quod petis hîc eſt;
Eſt Ulubris; animus ſi te non deficit æquus.
If they, who through the went'rous ocean range,
Not their own paſſions, but the climate change;
Anxious through ſeas and land to ſeek for reſt,
Is but laborious idleneſs at beſt:

In deſert Ulubræ *the bliſs you'll find,*
If you preſerve a firm and equal mind.—Francis.

Græcè ſuavius, τον τοπον, ὐ τον τροπον.—*Muretus.*
They change *the place, but not the natural diſpoſition.*

(*b*) Virg. 3. 72. *Cities and land are ſeen no more.* Ep. 72.

(*c*) See Ep. 104.

(*d*) Virg. 6. 79.

Struggling in vain, impatient of her load,
And lab'ring underneath the pond'rous god,
The more ſhe ſtrove to ſhake him from her breaſt,
With more and far ſuperior force he preſs'd.—Dryden.

(*e*) *See* Ep. 16. (N. b) And if ſelf-examination, with the following, may, by a fair conſtruction, be deemed Chriſtian principles; let *Seneca* have the honour of them, excluſive of his party; for *ſelf-conviction, ſelf-condemnation,* and *imploring pardon of God,* are, by no means, in general, *Stoical* requiſitions. There is a ſpiritual pride and ſelf-ſufficiency running through their whole ſcheme of philoſophy; very incompatible with that humble frame of mind, which Chriſtianity requires as a neceſſary ingredient, in the piety and virtue of ſuch imperfect creatures, as we are in this preſent ſtate.

(*f*) "I have ſometimes thought, that if preachers, and moral writers, keep vice at a ſtand, or ſo much as retard the progreſs of it; they do as much as human nature admits: a real reformation is not to be brought about by ordinary means; it requires thoſe extraordinary means, which become *puniſhments* as well as leſſons."—*Bolingbroke,* Lett. 46.

And indeed *Seneca* himſelf looks upon repentance as the greateſt puniſhment a man can ſuffer. Nec quicquam gravius afficitur quàm qui ad ſupplicium pœnitentiæ traditur. *See* Leland, Pt. II. c. 9.

EPISTLE XXIX.

On popular Applauſe.

YOU are pleaſed to enquire, *Lucilius,* after our friend *Marcellinus,* and deſire to know how he goes on. Know then, he very ſeldom comes near me: and the reaſon of this is, he dreads to hear the truth: not that he is in any great danger of it from me; for truth, I think, is not to be thrown away upon thoſe who will give no attention. It is queſtioned therefore whether *Diogenes* and ſuch other cynics, as were perpetually reprimanding every one they met, acted wiſely and commend-

ably

ably in ſo doing: for what can it avail to reprimand thoſe, who are deaf and dumb, either naturally, or by ſome vicious habit? "But why, "you ſay, need I be ſparing of words? They coſt nothing: I may "not know perhaps whether I can do any good with the perſon I ad- "moniſh; but this I muſt know, that in admoniſhing ſeveral, it would "be ſtrange indeed if I did not reform ſome one. Let the hand be "liberal *(a)*, and, no doubt, but in attempting many things, in ſome "it will ſucceed."—Indeed, *Lucilius*, I cannot think ſuch behaviour would become a man of any note; for his authority would hereby be leſſened; and his remonſtrances, by being made ſo cheap, not have weight enough to carry a reformation. An archer muſt ſometimes miſs, as well as hit, the mark; and you cannot call it art that takes effect by chance: but wiſdom is an art, which muſt aim at a certain end: it muſt look out for thoſe whom it thinks capable of inſtruction; and leave others to themſelves, where there are little hopes of ſucceſs; however, we are not to quit them immediately, but to try every friendly remedy, to the laſt hour of deſperation.

I have not quite given *Marcellinus* over; even yet, I think, he may be recovered; if a hand be ſtretched out, in time, to ſave him. Indeed there is ſome danger leſt he ſhould expoſe his friend; for he is a man of parts, and great wit, though depraved at preſent. But I ſhall diſregard the danger, and not be afraid to tell him his faults: I ſuppoſe he will play his uſual game, have recourſe to his facetiouſneſs, and provoke the eye of lamentation to laugh: he will firſt cut his jokes upon himſelf, and then take the ſame liberty with us; with his buffoonry he will prevent all that I have to ſay; he will ſift out the ſchools, and charge the philoſophers with drinking, whoring, and gluttony. Such a one, he will ſay, lives with an adultreſs; another in a tavern; and another is perpetually *dangling at court:* he will tell me of that merry philoſopher, *Ariſto*, who affected to diſpute as he was carried along in his litter; for ſuch was the time he choſe for acting his part: it being enquired of what ſect he was, *Scaurus* anſwered, "*I am ſure he is no Peripatetic.*" And when *Julius Græcinus (b)*, an excellent man, was aſked, what he thought of him; "*Indeed*, ſaid he, *I cannot tell you*;

for I know not how he behaves on foot;" as if he was talking of a charioteer. *Marcellinus*, I ſay, will fling in my teeth ſuch mountebanks as theſe; who had much better quite diſown philoſophy, than pretend to ſell it. I am determined however to put up with ſuch affronts. He may make me laugh; but perhaps I ſhall make him weep: but if he ſtill keeps his laughing mood, I will laugh too, as if pleaſed with the misfortune, that he is poſſeſſed with ſuch a merry kind of madneſs. But ſuch forced jollity ſeldom laſts long: obſerve, and you will find the ſame man laughing extravagantly, and within a little while as extravagantly raving *(c)*. I am reſolved, I ſay, to addreſs him, and remonſtrate to him how much greater he would be, if he appeared leſs in the eyes of the vulgar. If I am not ſo happy as to cut down every vice, I may perhaps check them in their growth. I cannot expect them to ceaſe altogether, but they will intermit, and perhaps one day ceaſe entirely, when they have got an habit of intermiſſion. This then is in no wiſe to be diſdained: as a pleaſing remiſſion of ſickneſs is a ſort of recovery.

But while I am preparing for *Marcellinus*, do you, *Lucilius*, (who can command yourſelf, and, who, well knowing from whence you ſet out, can from thence conjecture where your journey will end,) ſettle well your morals; raiſe your ſpirit; ſtand up boldly againſt every thing that is formidable; nor perplex yourſelf with numbering thoſe whom you have any reaſon to fear. Would you not think a man a fool, who is afraid of a multitude in a place where but one can paſs? Many have it not equally in their power to put you to death, though many at the ſame time may threaten it. We are ſo formed by nature, that one only may as eaſily take away thy life, as one gave it.

But, *Lucilius*, I think you ought to be aſhamed of not remitting me my laſt *payment*; however, that I may not behave myſelf ſo meanly towards you with regard to intereſt-money, and throw upon *you* what I owe myſelf, be pleaſed to accept of this; Nunquam volui populo placere; nam quæ ego ſcio, non probat populus; quæ probat populus, ego neſcio; *I had never any ambition to pleaſe the people; for the things*

that

that I am concerned to know, they diſlike; and what they like, I know not. Do you aſk who ſays this; as if you knew not whom I make ſo free with? *Epicurus.* But all, in every ſchool, ſay the ſame thing, *Peripatetics, Academics, Cynics.* For who that delights in virtue can pleaſe the vulgar *(d)*? Popular favour is ſought by vileſt artifices *(e)*. You muſt level yourſelf with the vulgar to pleaſe them; they will never approve what they do not own. But it is of much greater concernment, to conſider how you appear to yourſelf, than how you appear to others; the affection of the mean and baſe cannot be purchaſed but by ſome mean and baſe action. Wherein then can philoſophy (ſo much commended above other things, and ſo much to be preferred before all other ſciences) be of ſervice to you? Why it will teach you rather to be agreeable to yourſelf, than to the populace; to eſtimate judgment and opinions, not by the number of their abettors, but their genuine worth; to live without fear; and to overcome misfortunes by *patience and courage.*—But if I hear you celebrated by the mobility; if when you enter the theatre, you are received with acclamations, applauſe, and pantomimic geſtures; if idle boys and women ſing your praiſes through the ſtreets, how is it poſſible that I ſhould not pity you, when I know the way that leads to ſuch extraordinary favour?

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) *Let the hand be*] Spargenda eſt manus—Alluding perhaps to fencers; whoſe ſucceſſive ſtrokes are called by *Quintilian*, prima, ſecunda, tertia, &c. manus.—Or to an army beſieging a town, when the attack is to be made in ſeveral places.—Or to a generous mind, diſpoſed to do all the good in its power.

(*b*) Julius Græcinus] Whom *Caligula* put to death out of mere malice to his virtue. *See* Sen. de Beuſe. II. 21.

(*c*) *Lipſ.* rabire—Sic *Varro*, Quid blateras? quid rabis?—*Pincian.* reads it *rudere*, and quotes *Perſius* (III. 9.)

—— Ut Arcadiæ pecuaria rudere credas.
He mutters firſt, and then begins to ſwear;
And *brays* aloud with a more clamorous note
Than an *Arcadian Aſs* can ſtretch his throat.—*Dryden.*

(*d*) Diogenes, the Cynic, as the people were coming out of the Theatre endeavoured to get in; and being aſked, *what he intended? Only*, ſays he, *to act according to the whole tenour of my life.* It being a conſtant maxim in philoſophy, not to walk in the ſame track with the common people. The ſame

ſame being told, that the people laughed at him, *Perhaps*, ſays he, *the aſſes laugh at them; now I no more mind the people than they do the aſſes.*

(*e*) "*Popularity, if purchaſed at the expence of baſe condeſcenſion to the vices or follies of the people, is a diſgrace to the poſſeſſor: but when it is the juſt and natural reſult of a laudable and patriotic conduct, it is an acquiſition which no wiſe man will ever contemn.*" *Cic.* Læl. p. 93.

I have made bold to give another turn to this ſentence, and to leave to the enlightened Stoic *his*, Ut ſine metu deorum hominumque vivas; ut aut vincas mala, aut finias. "The Stoics, through an affectation of greatneſs of mind, deſtroyed, as far as in their power, *the influence of fear* in mortals, by taking away the fear of the gods, of pain, ſickneſs, diſgrace and death; which tends to ſubvert one of the main principles of government, both human and divine.—It is evident, that this is one way by which the Author of Nature deſigned Mankind ſhould be governed, viz. by *fear*; which gives force to the ſanctions of law, and without which they would have ſmall effect. See *Leland.* II. 9.

EPISTLE XXX.

On the Contempt of Death.

I HAVE ſeen *Baſſus Auſidius (a)*, a very excellent man, ſhaken, and ſtruggling with age: but now he is too low to be ever raiſed. Old age preſſeth him down with all its weight: you know, *Lucilius*, he was always of a weak, and conſumptive conſtitution: he has ſuſtained it a long while, or rather patched it up, but now can hold out no longer.—As in a ſhip, by the help of a pump, a leak or two is eaſily-remedied; but when it begins to be ſhattered, and to gape in many places, all remedies are applied in vain: ſo, an old and crazy body may for a while be ſupported, and propped up; but when, as in an old edifice the joyces are all ſtarted, and, as ſoon as one crevice is cloſed, another breaks out, nothing can be done, but *patiently to wait its fall (b)*.

Our *Baſſus* however is ſtill chearful in mind. This is the fruit of philoſophy: it makes a man brave in every habit of body; in the ſight of death eaſy and chearful; and not faint-hearted, though in full decay. *(c)* A ſkilful pilot ſtill navigates the ſhip, though the ſails be rent, and keeps

keeps on his courſe with ſuch broken tackling as the ſtorm has left him. Thus does our *Baſſus*; he looks upon his end with ſuch a ſteady mind and countenance, that was he to look ſo upon the end of another man, you would think he had loſt all feeling. This, *Lucilius*, is a great virtue, and, however neceſſary, not ſoon or eaſily learned,—when the inevitable hour is come, to depart without murmur or regret. Other kinds of death admit of hope to the laſt: a diſeaſe may be got over; a fire be extinguiſhed; a falling houſe hath thrown, on one ſide, thoſe, whom it was likely to have cruſhed in pieces: the ſea hath caſt ſome ſafe aſhore, at the inſtant it was like to ſwallow them up: the ſoldier has withdrawn the ſword from the neck of thoſe he was about to kill: but they, whom extreme age is conveying to death, have no reſource; no interceſſion can be of ſervice here. And though it be a longer ſort of death, there is none more mild and gentle. Our *Baſſus* ſeems to attend, and, as it were, inter, himſelf *(d)*; nay, to live as if he had ſurvived himſelf, and without concern made a report of his own departure. For he talks much of death, and this continually; in order to perſuade us, that whatever inconvenience or fear, there may be in this matter, it is the fault of the perſon dying, not of death; and that there is no more trouble in it, than after it, [*to a good man.*] It is as abſurd for a man to fear what he cannot be ſenſible of, as to fear what will never happen: for can a man think, that he ſhall be ever ſenſible of that, which deprives him of all ſenſation, [*ſuppoſing that Death did ſo?*] Therefore, ſays he, Death is ſo far beyond every evil, that it is beyond all fear of evil. I know theſe things are often ſaid, and cannot be ſaid too often; but neither when I have read them, had they ſo good an effect upon me; nor when I have heard them from thoſe who, when they ſpoke of them, were in no danger themſelves of the things which they told us we ought not to fear.

But *Baſſus* had authority, when he ſpake of approaching death. For I will freely tell you my mind: a man is generally more brave at the very point of death, than when it is at ſome diſtance from him: for Death, juſt at hand, hath given courage enough even to the unlearned, not to think of eſcaping what is inevitable. So the gladiator who was afraid

of

of death during the combat, yields his neck to his victorious adverſary, and even guides the point of his ſword to the moſt mortal place. But the death which is not ſo near but that it gives us leiſure to ſee it advancing towards us, requires a more compoſed firmneſs of mind; which is very rare, nor can be attained but by a wiſe man. I moſt attentively therefore heard *Baſſus* paſſing ſentence upon death, and, as upon a nearer inſpection, giving an account of it (f) No doubt was one to riſe from the dead and inform you upon his own experience, that there was no evil in death, he would find more credit, and have greater weight with you; yet what terror is to be apprehended at the approach of death, they can well inform you who have ſtood near it; who have ſeen it coming, and gave it welcome.

Among theſe you may reckon *Baſſus*; who would by no means deceive us; and he ſays that *a man is as great a fool who fears Death, as he that fears old age; for as old age follows manhood, Death follows old age.* He ſhould not deſire to live, who is afraid to die. Life is given us on theſe conditions; it is the path that neceſſarily leads to Death: how ridiculous therefore to fear it! Things doubtful are to be feared; things certain are to be expected. Equal and alike invincible is the neceſſity of death to all: who then can complain of not being exempt? The firſt part of equity, is equality. But it is idle to pretend to plead the cauſe of Nature, who would not have our condition to differ from her own: whatever ſhe hath framed, ſhe breaks, and in time diſſolves; and whatever ſhe hath broken and diſſolved, ſhe frames anew. Now if any one is ſo happy as to be gently taken off by old age; not ſuddenly torn from life; but having ſtolen away (g) gradually by an eaſy decay: ſurely he hath great reaſon to thank all the gods; that, being full of days, he now retires to reſt, ſo neceſſary to man, ſo grateful to one that is weary and fatigued.

You ſee ſome wiſhing for death, and indeed with more earneſtneſs than others wiſh for life. I know not which to think will inſpire us with a nobler mind; they who wiſh for and demand death, or they who chearfully and contentedly *wait its coming:* the former ſometimes happens from

from ſuddden indignation or a fit of paſſion; but the latter is a tranquillity founded on reaſon and ſound judgment *(b)*: it is common to receive death angrily; no one receives him chearfully but ſuch as have been a long while prepared for his coming.

I confeſs therefore I made frequent viſits to my dear old friend; to know whether I ſhould find him ſtill the ſame, or whether the vigour of his mind decayed with the ſtrength of his body: but I found it rather encreaſed *(i)*, like the joy of a racer, when, in the ſeventh and laſt round, he drew near the prize. He ſaid indeed that conforming himſelf to the precepts of *Epicurus*, he from the firſt had no great apprehenſions of pain at the laſt moment; or, if it was ſo, his comfort was, it could be but ſhort; as no pain can laſt long that is exquiſite: and ſtill a greater comfort, that if in the ſeparation of ſoul and body, there muſt be torture, he had no reaſon to fear any other pain after that: yet that he did not doubt but that the ſoul of an old man was juſt ſitting, as it were, upon his lips, and had no need of being forced from him by a painful violence: the fire that meets with fuel, muſt be extinguiſhed by water, and ſometimes not without the fall of the houſe: but where fuel is wanting, it goes out of itſelf. I am attentive, *Lucilius*, to theſe things, not as if they are new to me, but as what I muſt ſoon make proof of myſelf. What then? Have I not ſeen many forcibly breaking the thread of life? Indeed I have: but I eſteem them more, who welcome death, not out of any hatred, or indignation to life; and who rather receive him as a viſiter, than force him to them.

Baſſus moreover ſaid, that it was entirely from ourſelves that we were tortured with the apprehenſion of death's being near: for to whom is he not near, being ready to ſtrike in all places, and at every moment? But let us conſider, ſays he, even then, when there is an apparent cauſe of death, ſome cauſe may be nearer, which we do not dread. An enemy has threatened ſome one with death, and behold a ſudden indigeſtion prevents the ſword. If we were to diſtinguiſh the cauſes of our fear, we ſhould find that ſome are real, and others only imaginary. We fear not Death, but only the thoughts of Death: for we are not further

from it at one time than another; ſo that if Death is to be feared, he is always to be feared: for, what hour is exempt from death?—But I am afraid you ſhould hate ſo long an Epiſtle worſe than death; and therefore ſhall conclude with this caution; *The beſt way, never to fear Death, is to be often thinking of it (k).*

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) Baſſus, an eminent hiſtorian in the time of *Auguſtus* and *Tiberius*.

(b) Circumſpiciendum eſt, quomodo exeas. The Stoic again, according to cuſtom. *See* the laſt Note in the foregoing Epiſtle. And I cannot but think that *Seneca* himſelf hath ſufficiently contradicted that favourite tenet in this Epiſtle; as when he commends the ſkilful pilot for endeavouring to work his ſhip, and keep on his courſe, though the veſſel is almoſt a wreck: and in what follows with regard to *Hope*, and the extraordinary eſcapes from danger and death. Vid. infr. (N. h. i.) Ep. 24.

(c) "Let us fence againſt phyſical evil by care, and the uſe of thoſe means which experience "muſt have pointed out to us: let us fence againſt moral evils by *philoſophy*.—We *may*, nay (if we "will follow *Nature*, and do not work up imagination againſt her plaineſt dictates) we *ſhall* of courſe "grow every year more indifferent to life, and to the affairs and intereſts of a ſyſtem out of which we "are ſoon to go. The decay of *paſſion* ſtrengthens philoſophy."—*Bolingbroke*, Lett. 47.

(d) Sc. componere] Thus Horace (Sat. I. 9. 27.)

Haud quiſquam; omnes compoſui.—
Not one (remains)—*I ſaw them all by turns*
Securely ſettled in their urns.—Francis.

(e) The belief of a *particular providence* indeed is founded on ſuch probable reaſons as juſtly to demand our aſſent: and to preſume, in this our imperfect ſtate, to point out any particular inſtances of an immediate divine interpoſition, would be meer weakneſs and folly. *(See* Fitzoſborne's Lett. 48.) Yet the paſſage before us in *Seneca* was exemplified in ſo extraordinary a manner, ſome years ago, in my neighbourhood, that to *ſome* at leaſt the hand of providence could not but be manifeſtly viſible. I mean in the preſervation of two young gentlemen, (the ſons of Sir *Richard Mill*, Bart.) and others of the ſame ſchool at *Kenſington*; when, in a high wind, *November* 1, 1740, part of the houſe fell, and the Rev. Mr. *Dorman*, the worthy maſter, (æt. 42) and his amiable and induſtrious conſort (æt. 38) were both killed: and of the two young gentlemen beforementioned, one, who was, in turn, attending on Mr. *Dorman*, was *thrown out of the room*, as by report, rolled up in the carpet; and the other, who was ſtanding by Mrs. *Dorman*, was thrown down into the cellar, and dug out of the ruins, both unhurt. And the reſt of the young gentlemen, near ſixty in number, it being *Saturday*, were happily in the yard at play; who, with the reſt of the family within, received no injury. *See* the excellent Preface to Mr. *Dorman's* poſthumous Sermons.

(f) Was one to riſe from the dead] Whatever effect this might have had upon *Lucilius*; of the Jew, and unbelieving Chriſtian we are told by divine authority, *that if they hear not Moſes and the Prophets, neither would they believe, though one roſe from the dead.* Luke 16. 31.

(g) Minutatim ſubductum. See Ep. 26. (N. b) *Alexis*, the comic poet, when he was decrepit and could ſcarce crawl along, being aſked, τὶ ποιεῖς; *How do you do?* or, *what are you doing?* anſwered, Κατὰ χρόνον ἀποθνήσκω, *I am dying leiſurely.* (Stob. Serm. 115.)

(*b*) *Founded in reaſon and ſound judgment*] Here ſpeaks *Seneca* indeed and not the Stoic: as alſo in what follows; Animus non magnâ vi diſtraheretur; *The ſoul is not to be forced from the body by painful violence.* Sophocles.

Σμικρᾶς παλαιὰ σωματ' εὐναζει ῥοπῆ. /π

The aged with ſmall impulſe reſt in peace.

(*i*) "When the body inſtead of acquiring new vigour, and taſting new pleaſures, begins to decline, and is ſated with pleaſures, or growing incapable of taking them, the mind may continue ſtill to improve and indulge itſelf in new enjoyments. Every advance in knowledge opens a new ſcene of delight; and the joy that we feel in the actual poſſeſſion of one, will be heightened by that which we expect to find in another: ſo that before we can exhauſt this fund of ſucceſſive pleaſures, Death will come to end our pleaſure and pains at once. In his ſtudiis laboribuſque viventi, non intelligitur quando obrepit ſenectus ita ſenſim ſine ſenſu ætas ſeneſcit, nec ſubito frangitur ſed diuturnitate extinguitur. [*In fine, he who fills up every hour of his life in ſuch kind of labours and purſuits as thoſe I mentioned, will inſenſibly ſlide into old age without perceiving its arrival; and his powers, without being ſuddenly and prematurely extinguiſhed, will gradually wear away by the gentle, and natural effect of accumulated years.* Melmoth.]——Bolingbroke on Retirement.—See Ep. 26.

(*k*) I cannot but ſubjoin to this Epiſtle that excellent imitation of *Martial's* Epigram, De M. Antonio, (x. 24.) by Mr. *Pope.*

At length, my friend, (while Time with ſtill career
Wafts on his gentle wing his eightieth *year*)
Sees his paſt days, ſafe out of Fortune's pow'r,
Nor dreads approaching Fate's uncertain hour:
Reviews his life, and, in the ſtrict ſurvey,
Finds not one moment he could wiſh away,
Pleas'd with the ſeries of each happy day.
Such, ſuch a man extends his life's ſhort ſpace,
And from the goal again renews his race.
For he lives twice, who can at once employ,
The preſent well, and ev'n the paſt enjoy.

Be pleaſed to add to the foregoing Note the concluſion of Ep. 61. from *Seneca* himſelf, Mortem plenus expecto. *Having had the full enjoyment of life,* I wait for *Death.* Supr. (N. b.)

EPISTLE XXXI.

Labour neceſſary for the Attainment of Virtue, the only Good.

YOU are now my own, *Lucilius,* ſince you begin to be what you promiſed. Follow that impulſe of mind, which deſpiſing and trampling under foot all popular good, will lead you to the fountain-head. I do not deſire to have you greater or better, than what you really endeavour

to be. The foundation you have laid is large; only finiſh what you have begun: let the building completely anſwer the deſign. After all, you will ſhew yourſelf a wiſe man if you ſtop your ears; I do not mean with wax, but with ſomething cloſer than what *Ulyſſes* is ſaid to have ſtopped the ears of his companions *. The voice he was afraid of was ſoft and ſoothing, not a public one: but this that you have to fear, comes not from one rock alone, but reſounds from every part of the globe. Pleaſure ſpreads not her ſnares peculiarly in one place; there is not a city, but is to be ſuſpected: but eſpecially, where they ſhew moſt fondneſs, be moſt upon your guard: however good their intention, if you would be happy, it will be requiſite, to pray to the gods, that none of thoſe things that are generally prayed for, may be your portion: the things, which theſe pretended friends deſire may be heaped upon you, cannot be called *good:* there is but one *good*, the cauſe and foundation of an happy life, and that is, *a ſure confidence in virtue (a)*. Now this cannot be attained, except labour be deſpiſed; and ranked with thoſe things that are neither good nor evil. For it is impoſſible the ſame thing ſhould be good and bad; ſometimes to be light and ſufferable, or ſometimes to be dreaded. Labour therefore is not a *good*. What then is good? the contempt of labour, (i. e. not to be concerned, when it is required.) Therefore have I blamed all ſuch as labour, and are induſtrious, to no good purpoſe: but as to thoſe, who ſtrive at what is juſt and good, the more pains they take, and the leſs they ſuffer themſelves to be overcome, and ſtop for breath, I admire and encourage them, ſaying, *Riſe ye ſo much higher, and then take reſpite; but gain the top of this hill, if you can, in one breath.* Labour ſtill whets a generous mind. There is no neceſſity therefore, that you ſhould ſelect from the old formal prayer of your parents, what you would have, or wiſh for: and much leſs, having atchieved great things, that you ſhould be continually importuning the gods: make yourſelf happy, which you certainly will do, if you have a right apprehenſion that all ſuch things are good as appertain to virtue; and all vile and baſe wherein vice is concerned. As nothing is ſplendid without a mixture of light, and nothing black, but with a mixture of ſhade and darkneſs; or, as nothing, without the help of fire, is warm; and without air nothing cold; ſo, the conjunc-

tion

tion of virtue and vice makes things either good or bad, ſcandalous or honourable.

What then is good? The knowledge of things. And what is evil? ignorance *(c)*. The prudent obſerver of times will reject ſome things, and will chooſe others; but if he has a truly great and noble ſoul, he neither fears what he rejects, nor too fondly admires what he has choſen. I beg of you, not to give out, or be diſcouraged in your purſuits; it is not enough, not to refuſe labour, you muſt demand it. What labour, you will aſk then, is vain and frivolous? That which is laid out in trifles; not that it is bad in itſelf, any more than what is ſpent upon things of fairer account; 'tis only the ſufferance of the ſame mind, that exhorts to arduous and difficult undertakings, ſaying, *Why do you ſtop? It is not the part of man, to fear the ſweat of his brow.*

Add to this, that perfect virtue conſiſts in an equality and honour of life, always conſiſtent with itſelf; and well-ſkilled in the knowledge of things both human and divine *(d)*. This is the *ſummum bonum*, which if obtained you are no longer a ſupplicant, but *a companion of the gods (e)*. And how, you ſay, is it to be obtained? Not by paſſing over the *Alps*, or the *Graius (f)*, or through the deſerts of *Candavia*; or by the *Syrtes*, or *Scylla* and *Charibdis*; all which you have done for the ſlight recompence of a petty government. The way is ſafe and pleaſant which Nature hath pointed out to you: ſhe hath given you thoſe things which, if you decently retain, you will riſe a god. Now it is not money that can thus exalt you; for God has not money: nor is it the outward robe, for God is not clothed: nor fame, nor oſtentation, or notoriety among mankind; no one knows God *(g)*: many entertain ſtrange and prepoſterous opinions of him, and are overlooked *(h)*. Nor is it that you have a crowd of ſervants, ready to carry you in a litter, in town or country: God, the moſt high and powerful, himſelf upholdeth all things *(i)*. Nor is it beauty or ſtrength that can make you happy: all theſe things are ſubject to decay. We muſt therefore look out for ſomething, which is not to be impaired by length of time; ſomething which fears no lett or hindrance,

and

and than which nothing better can be deſired. And what is that? A ſoul, that is truly juſt, and good, and great. For what elſe can you call this, *but a Deity within (k)?* And which a freed-man, or a ſlave, may be maſter of, as well as a Roman knight. For what is a Roman knight? what a freed-man or a ſlave? names, that have ſprung from ambition, or oppreſſion. From any obſcure corner of the world you may riſe to heaven. Riſe then,

— Et te quoque dignum finge Deo. (Virg. 8. 365.)
— *And ſhew yourſelf full worthy the divine abode.*

A god, not made of gold, or ſilver; nor of ſuch materials indeed can the likeneſs of God be made *(l)*. Remember that ſuch, as have heretofore been propitious to Rome, *had their images made of clay (m)*.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

* Hom. Od. p. 39. Σειρῆνας μὲν πρῶτον ἀφίξεαι, κ. τ. λ.
Next where the *Sirens* dwell you plow the ſeas;
Their ſong is death, and makes deſtruction pleaſe.——
Fly ſwift the dangerous coaſt; let every ear
Be ſtopp'd againſt the ſong; 'tis death to hear.—
Then ev'ry ear I ſtopp'd againſt the ſtrain,
And from acceſs of phrenzy lock'd the brain.—*Pope.*

This celebrated ſtory of the *Syrens*, (ſaid to have been invented by the *Phœnicians*,) ſeems beſt accounted for, if, with the Annotator, we ſuppoſe the whole merely allegorical; or a fable containing an excellent moral; applicable not only to idleneſs and diſſipation, (according to *Horace*, Vitanda eſt improba Siren deſidia—) but to all pleaſures in general, *which by being too eagerly purſued, betray the uncautious into ruin; while wiſe men, like* Ulyſſes, *making uſe of their reaſon, ſtop their ears againſt their inſinuations.*—The Annotator likewiſe obſerves a great ſimilitude between this paſſage in *Homer* and the words of (his cotemporary) *Solomon*, in the Proverbs, c. vii. 6.—27. c. ix. 13. 18. a moſt beautiful deſcription of an harlot, and her ſilly devotees.—*I beheld among the ſimple ones*, &c.

(*a*) "The ſchool of *Zeno* placed this *ſovereign good* in naked virtue, and wound the principle up to an extreme beyond the pitch of nature and truth. (See N. e.) A ſpirit of oppoſition to another doctrine, which grew into great vogue while *Zeno* flouriſhed, might occaſion this exceſs. *Epicurus* placed the ſovereign good in pleaſure. His terms were wilfully or accidentally miſtaken. His ſcholars might help to pervert his doctrine, but rivalſhip enflamed the diſpute; for in truth there is not ſo much difference between *Stoiciſm*, reduced to reaſonable intelligent terms, and genuine orthodox *Epicuriſm*, as is imagined. The felicis animi immota tranquillitas (*the ſteady tranquillity of an happy mind*) and the voluptas (*pleaſure*) of the latter are near akin. And I much doubt whether the firmeſt hero of the *Stoics* would have borne a fit of the ſtone, on the principles of *Zeno* with greater

greater magnanimity and patience than *Epicurus* did, on thoſe of his own philoſophy. However *Ariſtotle* took a middle way, and placed *Happineſs* in the joint advantages of mind, of body and of fortune." See *Bolingbroke* on Exile, *inf.* Ep. 41.

(*b*) Air, (in the opinion of the Stoics) the coldeſt of all bodies. Vid. *Plut.* περὶ τῦ πρώτυ Ψυχέυ. *Lipſ.* Phyſiol. ii. 15.

(*c*) The doctrine of Socrates. See Ep. 81. 118.

(*d*) *Conſiſtent with itſelf*] See Ep. 20. (N. b.) 35.

So *Marcus Antoninus* Emp. adviſes,—" to do every thing, even the moſt minute, as mindful of the connection there is between divine and human things; for (ſays he) you will neither rightly diſcharge any duty to man, without a due regard to divine things; nor, on the other hand, any duty to God, without a regard to human things. L. 3. c. 16.

(*e*) Socius Deorum] The common boaſt of the Stoics; which originates from ſuppoſing *Virtue* to be the ſame as in God. Ep. 87. Quæris quæ res ſapientem efficit? Quæ Deum. *Do you aſk what conſtitutes a wiſe man? The ſame that conſtitutes a God.* There is a bolder rant in Ep. 73. *Sextius*, &c. was wont to ſay that Jupiter *could not do more than a wiſe and good man. Lipſius* indeed very juſtly condemns this, but ſoftens the ſentiment before us, by ſuppoſing *Seneca* to ſpeak not abſolutely, but comparatively, as in Ep. 59; Sapiens cum Diis *ex pari* vivit. And elſewhere, Diis ſocii ſumus et membra, (de Prov. c. 1.) ſapiens vicinus proximuſque Diis; excepta mortalitate, *ſimilis Deo*; this is not only admiſſible, but commendable, when it goes no further than *Homer's* θεοπρέπεα, θεοείκελοι, ἰσόθεοι, (*godlike*) or, Ep. 73. nulla ſine Deo mens bona, *'Tis the Divinity within that forms the wiſe man.* Thus St. John, 1 Ep. 4. 16. *Hereby we know that we dwell in God, and God in us. God is love; and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him.* See Epp. 41. 73. Lel. i. 295.

(*f*) Alluding to the paſſage of *Hannibal*, and *Hercules*.

(*g*) Nemo novit Deum] *Canſt thou by ſearching find out God? Canſt thou find out the Almighty to Perfection? It is as high as heaven, what canſt thou do? deeper than* Hades, *what canſt thou know?* Job 11. 7. *What man is he that can know the counſel of the Lord? Or who can think what the will of the Lord is? for, the thoughts of mortal man are miſerable, and our devices are but uncertain.* Wiſd. 9, 14. *No man knoweth the things of man, ſave the ſpirit that is in him; even ſo knoweth no man the things of God, but the ſpirit of God.* 1 Cor. 2. 11.

(*h*) Multi de Deo malè exiſtimant, et impune] *And the times of this ignorance God winked at*, &c. Act. 17. 30.

(*i*) *Upholding all things by the word of his power.* Heb. 1. 3.

Omnia fers; oneri tamen haud obnoxius ulli es. Vida. H. 1.
Eternal reſt is thine, and ſoft repoſe,
That bearing all things, yet no preſſure knows.
Omnia ſuſtentas, procuras omnia, aliſque
Dum præſens ades; ipſa tua eſt præſentia vita,
Omnibus ipſa ſalus—Ib.
Thy preſence keeps, directs, preſerves the whole;
Kind guardian of the world, its life and ſoul.—M.

(*k*) Deum in humano corpore hoſpitantem] A remarkable expreſſion, which ſeems to border upon that of *St. John* (i. 4.) *And* the Word *was made fleſh and dwelt among us*, &c. though it implies little more than what is expreſſed in the foregoing Note (*e*). To which let me add from Ep. 74, Miraris hominem ad Deos ire? Deus ad homines venit, imò, quod propius eſt, in homines venit. Ep. 41. Bonus vir ſine Deo (interno, *Lipſ.*) nemo eſt. *Vid. Lec.*

(*l*) " *Numa*,

(*l*) "*Numa* (A. M. 3237. U. C. 40.) forbad the *Romans* to repreſent God in the form of man or beaſt; nor was there any graven image admitted among them formerly. The firſt 160 years they built temples and chapels, but made no ſtatue or image; thinking it great impiety to repreſent the moſt excellent of beings by things ſo baſe and unworthy; as there was no acceſs to the Deity but *by the mind*, raiſed and elevated by divine contemplation." *Plutarch's* Life of *Numa*.

Foraſmuch as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think the Godhead is like unto gold or ſilver, or ſtone graven by art and man's device; &c. Act. 17. 29.—*To whom then will you liken me, or ſhall I be equal?* ſays the Holy One; *Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created theſe things*; &c. Iſaiah, xl. 18. 28.

(*l*) Fictiles fuiſſe] See Epp. 95. 98. cv.—Or perhaps the words will bear another ſenſe; *the Gods, to whom we are ſo much obliged, were but men, made of clay like ourſelves.*

EPISTLE XXXII.

On Retirement, and Perſeverance in Virtue.

I AM always enquiring after you, *Lucilius*, and aſking every one that comes from your way, how you do, and where, and with whom you converſe. You cannot deceive me; I am with you. Live then as if I was a conſtant inſpector of your actions. Do you aſk, what pleaſes me moſt concerning you? Why, that I hear nothing of you; and that moſt of thoſe I enquire of, can give me no information. This, I ſay, is what is right and ſalutary: to converſe as little as poſſible with men of a different ſentiment. 'Tis true I have ſo good an opinion of you, that I am perſuaded you cannot be warped, or drawn from your purpoſe, though a crowd of ſollicitors ſtood around you. What then do I fear? not that they can work any change in you, but leſt they ſhould hinder you in your progreſs.

Now nothing can be more prejudicial, than to be dilatory; eſpecially as life is ſo ſhort, and made much ſhorter by inconſtancy. Still ever beginning with ſome new employ or other, we cut it out as it were into ſmall parcels, and ſo make waſte of it. Haſten therefore, my deareſt

deareſt *Lucilius*, and think how you would accelerate your ſpeed, was an enemy purſuing you; as when a troop of horſe are coming and preſſing upon ſuch as fly: for this is really the caſe: you are preſſed upon, make haſte, and eſcape. Convey yourſelf into ſafety; and now and then conſider with yourſelf, how excellent a thing it is to finiſh life before death; and then to wait ſecure, and ſelf-dependent, in the poſſeſſion of an happy life; which cannot be happier be it ever ſo long *(a)*. O, when will you ſee the day, when you ſhall know that time does not belong to you; when in a pleaſing tranquillity, and the full enjoyment of ſelf-complacency you are regardleſs of to-morrow *(b)*!

Would you know what it is that makes men ſo deſirous of length of days, and ſollicitous after futurity? No one is a friend to himſelf *(c)*. Your parents wiſhed other things for you than what I do; for I recommend the contempt of all thoſe things, which they prayed you might enjoy in plenty. Their deſires were to rob many, to enrich you; as what was transferred unto you, was to be taken from others. I only wiſh you to be maſter of yourſelf: that your mind long agitated with vain imaginations, may reſiſt them, and be ſteady: that it may ſatisfy itſelf, and underſtanding what is the *true good* (which being underſtood is eaſily attainable) it may not want any aſſiſtance from Time *(d)*. In ſhort, the man has got the better of all wants,—is diſmiſſed and abſolutely free,—who lives when he hath finiſhed life *(e)*.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) Self-dependent] I read this paſſage with *Gronovius*,—inniti ſibi in poſſeſſione beatæ vitæ—As in the preceding Epiſtle, Beatæ vitæ cauſa eſt—*Sibi fidere*. And Ep. 92. Tenet ſumma, et ne ulli quidem, niſi ſibi innixus.—Though, by the way, this Stoical paradox is by no means a Chriſtian doctrine; and what *Solomon* condemned, long before the name of a Stoic was in being. *He that truſteth to* (himſelf, or) *his own heart, is a fool.* Prov. 28. 26. But perhaps the *vita beata* may likewiſe be referred to another ſtate after this; eſpecially if we read it, as ſome do, *ſed* (inſtead of *ſi*) *longior*.

(b) Take therefore no thought for the morrow, &c. Matth. 6. 34. Do your duty, as in the foregoing verſe, and leave the reſt to Providence.

(c) Nemo ſibi contingit. *No one is himſelf*, or *for himſelf*.—*Eraſmus* (Adag.) interprets it, Neminem ſibi naſci, *No one is born for himſelf*, which interpretation *Lipſius* juſtly diſapproves; and underſtands it, of not being diſtracted by various purſuits, or the direction of other people; much

the ſame with what follows; Opto tibi tui facultatem, *I wiſh you to be maſter of yourſelf.* C'eſt qu'il ne ſe trouve perſonne, qui *ſe veule aider.* Vet. Gall.—*Malherbe,* Il ne point d'homme, qui *ſoit a ſoi.*

(d) From time to time] Since according to the Stoics, *Happineſs is always one and the ſame.* See Ep. 92.

(e) O that bleſt ſon of foreſight! Lord of Fate!
That awful independent on to-morrow!
Whoſe work is done: who triumphs in the paſt,
Whoſe yeſterdays look backward with a ſmile;
Nor wound him, like the Parthian, as they fly;
That common, but opprobrious lot!—*Young.*

EPISTLE XXXIII.

On Reading and Study. Sentimental Stoiciſm.

YOU deſire, *Lucilius,* that in theſe, as in my former Epiſtles, I ſhould tranſcribe ſome particular ſentence from our maſters (the *Stoics,* as well as from the *Epicureans).* Give me leave to tell you, they buſied not themſelves with flowery ornaments. Their whole context is equally ſtrong and nervous: it would betray an inequality, were ſome parts to ſhine more conſpicuous than other: one tree is not admired particularly where the whole grove ſhoots up to an equal height.—With ſuch wiſe ſayings as you require, both the Poets and Hiſtorians abound; therefore I would not have you think they are only to be found in *Epicurus:* they are public enough, eſpecially among us Stoics: but they are taken more particular notice of in *him,* as *they* are rarely interſperſed, and 'tis unexpected for *him* to exhibit any thing that is bold and ſtrong; who is the profeſſed maſter of ſoftneſs and delicacy: for ſuch is the opinion moſt men entertain of him; though to me I own he ſeems quite the contrary, even brave, notwithſtanding his long ſleeves *(a).* Fortitude and induſtry and a warlike diſpoſition are as well

well found among the *Perſians* as among the *Romans*, and other ſhort-ſkirted *(b)* nations. There is no reaſon therefore to require from us ſelect repetitions of choice things: you will find among our writers the choiceſt things in a continued ſtrain: but we make no parade of ſuch things: nor do we deceive the buyer, as if nothing was to be found in the ſhop, but what is exhibited in the ſhew-glaſs: he is permitted to chuſe what pattern he pleaſes. And what if we deſired to diſtinguiſh ſome particular ſentences; to whom ſhould we aſſign them? * To *Zeno*, or *Cleanthes*, or *Chryſippus*, or *Panætius*, or *Poſſidonius?* No; we are under no ſuch reſtriction; every one claims his own privilege; is King of himſelf; whereas among the *Epicureans*, whatſoever *Hermachus* ſays, or *Metrodorus*, it is ſtill referred to one; whatever doctrine is advanced in *that* ſchool, it is under the conduct and auſpices of one, *(Epicurus.)* With us, there is ſo great plenty of things, and all of the ſame tenor, that, if we would, we could not, extract any thing in particular;—Pauperis eſt numerare pecus, (Ov. Met. 13, 824.) *He is a poor man who can count his flock.*—Wherever you turn your eye, ſomething occurs, that would appear eminent, were it not read among its peers.

Wherefore think not, *Lucilius*, that you can taſte ſummarily, and by ſcraps, the writings of our greateſt men: the whole muſt be read, and thoroughly digeſted. It is one finiſhed piece; and by the due proportion of the whole, according to the plan of the projector, the work is ſo connected that you cannot ſpare a part, without detriment: not that I diſpute your conſidering the ſeveral parts one after another, ſo that you take in the whole man. As it is not a fine arm, or a fine leg that ſpeaks a beautiful woman, but the graceful ſymmetry of the whole, that takes off your admiration of any ſingular part. However, if you require it, I will not deal ſo niggardly with you as I pretend, but will wait upon you with a full hand. There are plenty of beauties, ſcattered up and down; but we muſt take them, I ſay, all together, and not pretend to pick and chuſe: for they do not drop one after another, but flow connected in a perpetual ſtream: and I doubt not but they will be of great ſervice to thoſe, who are yet ignorant, and admitted only to

the *Exoteric* doctrine. For things circumſcribed, and, like verſes, confined to meaſure, are more eaſily fixed upon the mind; and therefore we give boys certain ſentences to learn, and what the Greeks call χρείας (c); becauſe their tender minds can better comprehend them, and are not yet capable of further proficiency.

But it is ſcandalous for a man to catch at fine ſayings, and to depend upon his memory for a few of the beſt note. He ought now to ſtand upon his own bottom; and to ſay ſuch things as of himſelf: not as having heard them from others. It is ſcandalous, I ſay, for an old man, or one bordering upon age, not to be wiſe beyond the reach of his note-book. *This is what* Zeno *ſaid; or this is what* Cleanthes: but what do you ſay yourſelf? How long muſt you be under tutorage? Exert yourſelf, and exhibit ſomething worthy of notice, and from your own ſtock. I can have no great opinion of the generoſity and greatneſs of ſoul in thoſe, who are for ever ſkulking under the protection of another, and whoſe ambition reaches no further than to read or interpret; without daring to publiſh, as an Author, what they have been learning all their lives. They have exerciſed indeed their memories in the writings of others; but memory is one thing, and knowledge another: to remember, is to retain a thing entruſted with the memory; but to know, is to exhibit ſomething of one's own; and not to depend upon example; and be continually referring to a maſter; as thus *ſaith* Zeno, or thus ſaith *Cleanthes:* let there be ſome difference made between *you* and a book. How long muſt you be learning? Preſcribe ſomething yourſelf: what avails it for me to hear, what I may read, perhaps better expreſſed elſewhere? But we are told a living voice can do much! It may be ſo; but not *that*, which utters only what another hath ſaid, and ſo performs the part of a Notary (d).

Add now, what belongs to thoſe who are ſtill mere pupils: firſt, they follow thoſe who have gone before them, in that, wherein every one hath diſſented from his predeceſſor: 2dly, they follow them in that, which is ſtill to be ſought, and will never be found, if we content ourſelves with what is already attained; and laſtly, he that follows another, invents nothing; nay he ſeeks nothing. What then? muſt I not follow the

the ſteps of thoſe who have gone before me? Yes; I will walk in the old path *(e)*; but if I chance to find one nearer and plainer, I ſhall be inclined to take it, and direct others thereto. Truth is open to all men; but as yet hath not been engroſſed: much is left to future generations.

ANNOTATIONS &c.

(a) Long ſleeves] Licet manuleatus ſit.]

Et tunicæ manicas, et habent redimicula mitræ. Virg. 9. 616.
Your veſts have ſweeping ſleeves; with female pride
Your turbans underneath your chins are ty'd.—Dryden.

Vid. Gell. 7. 12. Arceſilaus, interrogatus, cur ex aliis ſectis ad Epicureas tranſirent multi, nemo ex illis ad alias? Nam, *inquit*, ex viris Galli fiunt *(euirati)* ex Gallis viri nunquam. *Lipſ.*

(b) Malchinus tunicis demiſſis ambulat, eſt qui
Inguen ad obſcenum ſubductis uſque facetus. Hor. Sat. I. 2. 25.
Malchinus *trails his robe along the ground,*
Another humouriſt *tucks it up around*
His waiſt, how filthily obſcene!

* *Zeno*, the founder of the ſect of the Stoics.

Cleanthes, the Stoic, ſcholar to *Crates*, and ſucceſſor to *Zeno*: by his firſt profeſſion a wreſtler, and forced to work by night, to keep him from hunger and ſcorn in the day-time.---His phyſicians enjoining him to faſt two days, for the cure of an ulcer under his tongue, he refuſed to comply, taking it unkindly, that they would offer to bring him back, being two days onward on his journey; ſo continuing to faſt two days longer, he died, *æt.* 80. Vid. Juv. II. 5. Perſ. v. 64.

Chryſippus, ſcholar to *Zeno*, and ſucceſſor to *Cleanthes*, having ſpent what his father left him, he took to the ſtudy of philoſophy, and became ſo incomparable a logician, that it grew to a proverb, *If the gods would ſtudy logic, they would read Chryſippus.* He died, of a violent laughter with ſeeing an aſs eat thiſtles, as ſome ſay, but, according to *Hermippus*, of a vertigo, æt. 73. *Hor.* freq.

Panætius, a *Rhodian* by birth, mentioned and imitated by *Cicero*, in his Offices. He was tutor to *Scipio Africanus*, and *Lælius*. Nobiles libros Panæti. *Hor.*

Poſidonius, the diſciple of *Zeno*, and an eminent hiſtorian.

(c) χρεία] A ſhort and facetious ſentence: the word is likewiſe applicable to fact; as, *Crates* cum indoctum puerum vidiſſet, pædagogum ejus percuſſit; Crates *ſeeing a blockhead, did not puniſh the boy, but his maſter.*

(d) This, and great part of the Epiſtle, I own, militates againſt the Annotations here offered to the public. I have endeavoured to make ſome apology for them in my Preface, to which I refer the reader; and if he pleaſes he may take in the three or four laſt lines of this Epiſtle.

(e) Walk in the old path] Ego vero utar via veteri.----Thus ſaith the *Lord, Stand ye in the ways, and ſee, and aſk for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye ſhall find reſt for your ſouls.* Jer. 6. 16.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE XXXIV.

It is Part of Goodneſs, to deſire to become Good.

I THRIVE, I exult, and ſhaking off old age, am warm again, as often as I underſtand what you do, and what you write, and how much you excel yourſelf, (for it is ſome time ſince you left, and roſe above the populace). If a well nurtur'd tree, bearing fruit, delights the huſbandman; if a ſhepherd takes pleaſure in the increaſe of his flock: if a foſter-father looks upon the youth, his ward, as his own, what pleaſure muſt it be to one, who hath tutored a good underſtanding, to ſee it anſwer his hopes when grown to maturity? I claim you to myſelf; you are my work *(a)*; when I firſt ſaw your good diſpoſition, I laid my hand upon you; I exhorted you; I ſpurred you on; nor would ſuffer you to loiter; but frequently puſhed you forward; and do ſo ſtill; but now I encourage you in your ſpeed; and am myſelf encouraged by you.

And what (you ſay) would you have more? Truly this is doing a great deal; but it is not with the affairs of the mind as with common things, where the beginning of every work is ſaid to be half *(b)*. It is a great part of goodneſs to deſire to become good. But do you know whom I call *good?* One that is abſolutely perfect *(c)*; whom no power, no neceſſity can force to do a bad thing: and ſuch a one I ſee in you; if you endeavour, and perſevere, ſo to behave, that all you ſay and do may tally and be conſiſtent with itſelf; and all alike ſterling. The mind of one, whoſe words and actions diſagree, can never be right and perfect *(d)*.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) Opus es meum] *You are my work*; ſo St. Paul to the Corinthians; *are not you my work in the Lord?* 1 Cor. 9. 1.

(*b*) *To be half*] Operis dimidium.] So *Horace*, Ep. 1. 2. 40.

Dimidium facti, qui bene cœpit, habet; ſapere aude
Incipe——
Who ſets about, hath half his work performed:
Dare to be wiſe; begin——

Well begun is half done, *Prov.*

(*c*) See Ep. 16. N. (a).

(*d*) See Ep. 20. N. (a).

EPISTLE XXXV.

On Love and Friendſhip.

WHEN I ſo earneſtly intreat you, *Lucilius*, to ſtudy philoſopy, it is to ſerve myſelf: I am in queſt of a friend, which I cannot expect, unleſs you go on to poliſh yourſelf as you have begun. I am perſuaded you love me, and yet you are not what I call a friend. *What then, are love and friendſhip different qualities?* Certainly. He that is a friend, loves; but not every one that loves, is a friend. Therefore friendſhip is ſomewhat more than love; and always does good: whereas love is ſometimes prejudicial. Go on then with your ſtudies, were it only that you may learn to love truly; and be as expeditious as you can, leſt while you intend my advantage, another ſhould reap the benefit.

Indeed I already ſeem to enjoy the fruit of amity; while I fancy to myſelf, that we ſhall be of one mind; and that all the vigour which age hath taken from my years, will be reſtored me in yours; though I confeſs they fall not much ſhort of mine: however I long effectually to enjoy this pleaſure. There is a certain complacency that reacheth us from thoſe we love, even in their abſence; but it is light and tranſitory: the ſight, the preſence, the converſation of a friend, give a more ſenſible and lively pleaſure; eſpecially when we ſee not only *him* we deſire to ſee, but ſuch a one as we would wiſh him to be. Bring me therefore yourſelf, nothing can be a more acceptable preſent, *(b)* and to haſten you the more, conſider that I am old, and yourſelf mortal. Proceed then upon my account, not regardleſs of your own: and above all things take care that you be conſiſtent *(c.)*

As often as you would make trial of your proficiency, *Lucilius*, obſerve whether you deſire the ſame thing to-day as yeſterday; a change of the will ſhews the mind to be reſtleſs, and fluctuating juſt as the wind ſits; what is fixed and ſteady will abide ſo. This is abſolutely the caſe of one perfectly wiſe; and in ſome meaſure of a proficient *(d)* in the way of wiſdom. *Wherein conſiſts the difference?* The one is moved indeed, but without quitting his place, only nods a little; whereas the other is not in the leaſt moved.

ANNO-

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) See Ep. 2. Friendſhip derives all its ſtrength and ſtability from virtue and good ſenſe. There is not, perhaps, a quality more uncommon in the world, than that which is neceſſary to form a man for this refined commerce; for however *ſociableneſs* may be eſteemed a juſt characteriſtic of our ſpecies, friendlineſs, I am perſuaded, will ſcarce be found to enter into the general diſpoſition. *Fitzoſborn.* Lett. iv.

(*b*) Ingens munus, Sen. de benef. c. 8. *He that gives me himſelf,* (if he be worth taking) *gives a great benefit* (magnum). And this is the preſent which *Æſchines,* a poor diſciple of *Socrates* made his maſter; *others may have given you much,* ſays he, *but I have nothing left to give but myſelf. This gift,* ſays *Socrates, you ſhall never repent of, for I will take care to return it better than I found it.* L'Eſtrange.

(*c*) See Ep. 20 (N. b.)

(*d*) This diſtinction between (proficientem et conſummatum; ſtudioſum, et doctum) the *Proficient,* and the *Adept,* in wiſdom is frequent; Ep. 72. Hoc intereſt inter conſummatæ ſapientiæ virum et alium procedentis.—De vit. beat. c. 24. Noſtrum vitium eſt, quo quod dicitur de *ſapiente* exigimus de *proficiente.*---De conſtant ſap. c. 98. Aliud eſt *ſtudioſus* ſapientia, aliud jam *adeptus* ſapientiam. Vid. Ep. 92. *Lipſ.* Manud. 11. diſſ. 9.

EPISTLE XXXVI.

The Opinion of the Vulgar to be deſpiſed.—No Annihilation.

ENCOURAGE your friend, *Lucilius,* ſtrenuouſly to contemn thoſe, who pretend to chide him for ſeeking ſolitude and retirement, forſaking his dignity; and when he had it in his power ſtill to riſe, preferring to every thing elſe a quiet life. How well he hath managed for himſelf, will be viſible every day. They, who now ſeem ſo much to be envied, will ſoon paſs away; ſome be ſtricken down; others fall of courſe. Proſperity is often turbulent and reſtleſs; it torments itſelf; it racks the brain in more ways than one; it incites men to different

purſuits; ſome to ambition; others to luxury; it puffs up ſome, and renders others effeminate and totally involved in diſſipation. *But may not ſome bear their proſperity well?* Yes, as ſome do wine (*a*). There is no reaſon, therefore, they ſhould perſuade you he is a happy man, who is ſurrounded with clients; they run to him as to a lake of water, which they, who drink, at the ſame time diſturb.—But they ſay your friend is an idle trifler? what then? you know how perverſely ſome ſpeak, and mean the contrary.

And what, if they once called him, when in power, a happy man? (*b*) was he *ſo?* Nor ſhould I any more regard their thinking him of a ſour churliſh diſpoſition. *Ariſto* was wont to ſay, that he had rather ſee a young man ſedate and grave, than gay and agreeable to the populace. The wine (*c*) that at firſt was rough and hard, becomes in time good and palatable; but that which is ſoft and ſmooth at firſt barrelling, will ſeldom bear age. Or let them call him ſtupid, if they pleaſe, and an enemy to his own preferment; this ſolidity will turn out well in the end; let him only perſevere in the way of virtue, and drink deep in the *liberal* ſtudies, properly ſo called, not ſuch as it is enough to be ſprinkled with, but thoſe wherewith the mind ought to be thoroughly embued. This is the proper time to learn: *what then, is there any time improper?* No; but though at all times it is right and decent to ſtudy, it is not right to be always under a maſter. It is a mean and ſcandalous thing to ſee an old man at his A. B. C. (*d*) It is for young men to learn; and old men to make a right uſe of what they have learned.

It will turn out, therefore, to your advantage, to make him as great and as good as you can. Theſe are the benefits, which are profeſſedly to be required, and in return beſtowed; theſe undoubtedly of the firſt claſs, which it is as honourable to give as to receive. *(e)*

Laſtly, He is not now at his own liberty; having promiſed and vowed, he muſt go on. It is leſs ſcandalous for a man to become a bankrupt, than to deceive the hopes of a friend in his goodneſs. To pay a common debt, the merchant hath need of a proſperous voyage;

and the huſbandman of a fertile ſoil, and a good ſeaſon; but all that is demanded of your friend, a good will alone can pay.

Fortune hath no juriſdiction over morals. Let him rightly order theſe, that the tranquil mind may arrive at perfection: as when a man is not ſenſible of any deprivation or addition, but continues in the ſame even temper let what will happen; who, if the common goods of life are heaped upon him, ſtill ſoars above them; or if any, or every thing of the like kind be taken from him, he is as great as ever. Had he been born in *Parthia*, he would have handled his bow from his infancy; if in *Germany*, he would have brandiſhed his little ſpear, *(f)* while yet a boy; if he had lived in the time of our anceſtors, he would have learned to ride, and to cloſe in with the foe. Thus is every one diſciplined by the cuſtom of his country. What is it then your friend muſt make the chief employment of his meditation? Even that which will be of ſervice to him, againſt all the arrows of fortune, and the attack of every enemy; *to deſpiſe death.*

I grant there is ſomething terrible in death, and ſhocking to our minds, that are formed by nature for ſelf-love. There is no need therefore of being prepared and diſciplined to that which we are voluntarily carried to by a certain natural inſtinct, as all men are inclined to ſelf-preſervation. No one need be inſtructed, if occaſion was, to lie on a bed of roſes; but a man muſt be hardened and well fortified, to retain his fidelity on the rack; to ſtand his ground when covered over with wounds; to watch before the trenches, and not ſo much as to lean upon his pike, becauſe ſleep is apt to creep upon a reclined poſture. But after all, death is no evil; that which is really an evil, muſt have been proved ſuch by ſome one *(g)*.

But if you have ſo great a deſire to prolong life; conſider that none of thoſe things that are taken from our ſight, and are hid in the boſom of nature, from whence they come and go, are entirely conſumed. They go off the ſtage, but do not periſh; and death, which we ſo much dread and deteſt, puts off life for a while, but does not deprive us of it

it entirely: a day will come, which ſhall raiſe us again to light; *(h)* and which many indeed would refuſe, had they not forgot all that was paſt *(i)*. But hereafter I ſhall more fully explain to you, how things that ſeem to die and be loſt, are only changed. If then we are to return, we ought to make our exit with a willing mind. Obſerve the circling courſe of things, you will ſee that nothing in this world is extinguiſhed, but riſes and ſets alternately. The ſummer paſſeth away, but another *March* reſtores it again; the winter is gone, but returns again in its uſual months. Night hides the ſun under the earth, but day ſoon brings him back again: the ſtars in their courſes go the ſame round, and one hemiſphere is depreſſed while the other riſes.—But I ſhall conclude at preſent with this obſervation, that as neither infants nor children, nor the infirm of mind, fear death; it is ſcandalous for reaſon, not to afford that confidence and ſecurity which mere ignorance animates us with.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) Without being intoxicated; or according to *Lipſius*, drink it with moderation. But he thinks the place to be ſuſpected, and that ſomething is wanted.

(b) Unhappy man] *Lipſius* doubts, whether *Seneca* here means himſelf, when in proſperity, or *Comitius Sylla*.

(c) Frequent compariſon is made, between man and wine; which, when new, ferments and is turbid: ſo in a young man, the ſpirits are apt to riſe and boil, but become calm and ſettled by age. Thus *Alexis* the comic poet,

Ὁμοιοτατον ανθρωπος οινῳ την φυσιν. κ. τ. λ.

The compariſon is likewiſe transferred to fruit;

When *Accius*, the poet, had read his tragedy called *Atreus*, to his friend *Pacuvius*, *Pacuvius* told him, that there were many great and ſublime things in it, but that they ſeemed to him a little too harſh and ſtiff; it may be ſo, ſays, *Accius*, and *I am not ſorry for it; for from hence, I hope, I ſhall write better hereafter; for it is with a man's genius as with fruit: that which is hard and ſour at firſt, becomes mild and pleaſant; but ſuch as is at firſt ſoft and inſipid, ſeldom ripens properly, but grows mealy and rotten.* Agell. 13. 2.

(d) To ſet about habits of meditation and ſtudy late in life, is like getting into a go-cart with a grey beard, and learning to walk when we have loſt the uſe of our legs. In general the foundation of an happy old age, muſt be laid in youth; and in particular, he who has not cultivated his reaſon young, will be utterly unable to improve it old. Maneat ingenia ſenibus, modo permaneat ſtudium et induſtria. Cic de Senect.—See *Bolingbroke* on Retirement and Study.

(e) To give as to receive] Like all other acts of charity, of which we are told by divine authority, *it is more bleſſed to give than to receive.* Acts. 20, 36.

(f) Tenerum haſtile, i. e. Framea, *A Javelin.*

(g) *The undiſcovered country, from whoſe Bourne no traveller returns.* Hamlet.

(b) This is not to be underſtood of the παλιγγενεσία, the *renovation* or *regeneration* of the *Pythagoreans*, but of the *Stoics*, ſomewhat like that of the *Millenians*. To the former of which *Lucretius* alludes. l. 3. v. 168.

Nec ſi materiam noſtram collegerit ætas,
Poſt obitum rurſum que redegerit, *ut ſita nunc eſt.*
Atque iterum nobis fuerint data lumina vitæ
Pertineat quidquam tamen ad nos id quoque factum.
Nay grant the ſcattered aſhes of our urn
Be join'd again, and life and ſenſe return;
Yet how can that concern us, when 'tis done,
Since all the memory of paſt life is gone? Creech—Vid. *Lipſ.* Phyſiol. Diſſ. 22.

(i) *Forget all that was paſt*] This ridiculous opinion prevailed amongſt many, even the wiſeſt of the Heathens, from the time of *Pythagoras*, that *after a certain revolution of years, we ſhould live in the world again, without the leaſt reminiſcence of a former life.* How much more then are we Chriſtians obliged to divine revelation, that hath delivered us from this and the like errors, with regard to futurity, that, *we ſhall not all ſleep*, or die, *but we ſhall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye at the laſt trump; for the trumpet ſhall ſound, and the dead ſhall be raiſed incorruptible and we ſhall be changed, &c.* 1 Cor. 15. 52.

EPISTLE XXXVII.

In Praiſe of Philoſophy.

YOU have promiſed, *Lucilius*, to ſhew yourſelf a good man; which is the greateſt tye and obligation imaginable upon a good diſpoſition: you are hereby as ſtrongly bound as upon oath: and ſhould any one tell you, this warfare is ſoft and eaſy, he would impoſe upon you; but be not deceived: the words of this honourable indenture run in the ſame ſtrain with thoſe of the vileſt ſort *(a)*; Uri, Virgis, ferroque, necari: *to be burned, ſcourged to death, or ſlain by the ſword.* All the difference is that the wretches, who hire themſelves for gladiators, and eat and drink what they muſt repay with their blood, ſuffer theſe things perforce; but from you it is required, that you ſuffer willingly and freely: it is lawful for them, to lay down their arms, and beg for mercy of the people

people *(b)*: but it is not for you to ſubmit, and beg your life: you muſt ſtand your ground, and die unconquer'd. Beſides, what avails it to gain a few days or years? We are born without any particular time of diſcharge. *How then*, you will ſay, *ſhall I get off?* You cannot indeed avoid neceſſities; but you may overcome them. There is a way to do this; and the only way is philoſophy. Apply yourſelf to this, if you would be well, if you would be ſecure, if you would be happy; in a word, what is the greateſt of all, if you would be free.—It muſt be ſo.—Folly is mean, abject, ſordid, ſervile; ſubject to many, and the moſt cruel, paſſions: and from theſe lordly maſters, which ſometimes govern by turns, and ſometimes all together, nothing can deliver you but wiſdom, which is the only true liberty. There is but one path *(c)* that leads to this, and that a ſtraight one; you cannot wander from it; only march boldly on.

If you would ſubject all things to you, ſubject yourſelf to reaſon: you will govern many, if reaſon governs you: you will learn from her, what to attempt, and the manner how; you need not fear a ſurprize: whereas it is difficult to find a man, who can give a rational account for what he wills; he is not led thereto by any previous deliberation, but driven by a certain impulſe, or whim: we as often attack Fortune, as Fortune us; but it is ſcandalous not to go of ourſelves; but to be continually hurried along, and, on a ſudden, being ſurprized in the middle of a ſtorm, to ſtand amazed, and aſk, *How came I hither?*

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) *Of the vileſt ſort*] viz. The oath of the Gladiators. The form of which we have in a fragment of *Petronius Arbiter*, In verba Eumolpi juravimus, *Uri vinciri, verberari, ferroque necari*; et quiquid aliud Eumolpus juſſiſſet, tanquam legitimi Gladiatores, domino corpora animoſque religioſiſſimè addicimus. *We engaged in an oath* to be bound, ſcourged, burned, or killed by the ſword, *or whatever elſe* Eumolpus *ordained*; *and thus like free-born Gladiators ſelling our liberty, we religiouſly devote both ſoul and body to our new maſter.*

Quid refert, uri vergis ferroque necari? Hor. Sat. II. 7. 56.
What difference is there, whether you engage,
Be cut and ſlaſh'd, and kill'd upon the ſtage?——Creech.
Or, &c.——————See Epp. 7. 71. *Lipſ.* Saturn. II. c. 5.

(*b*) Of the Gladiators the party that was worſted (ſubmiſit arma) *laid down his arms*, and acknowledged himſelf conquered: yet this would not ſave his life, unleſs the people pleaſed, and therefore he made his application to them for pity. Vid. *Lipſ.* Saturn. II. 22. 23.

(*c*) *viz. Wiſdom*, or the guidance of right reaſon.

EPISTLE XXXVIII.

On Epiſtolary Correſpondence.

YOU juſtly deſire, *Lucilius*, to keep up this epiſtolary correſpondence. The inſtruction is generally of ſervice, which is gradually inſtilled into the mind. Prepared harangues, poured forth among the people, make indeed more noiſe, but they want familiarity. Philoſophy is good counſel; and counſel is not given with clamour. Sometimes indeed the former preachments, if I may call them ſo, are neceſſary; where he that heſitates, hath need to be driven; but where this is not the caſe, *viz.* to enkindle in a man a deſire only to learn; but that he may learn to ſome purpoſe; words in a lower tone will ſuffice: they enter more eaſily, but they take good hold: nor is there need of many words, but only ſuch as promiſe efficacy. They are to be ſcattered, like ſeed, which, however ſmall, having found a proper ſoil, unfolds its powers, and from a ſmall grain (*a*) expands itſelf marvellouſly all around. The ſame doth ſpeech; you ſee not the effects at firſt; but it dilates in its gradual working: few things are ſaid, but if the mind gives them good reception, they gather ſtrength, and ſhoot out to perfection: the condition of good precepts, I ſay, is the ſame with that of ſeeds; they have a great effect, though in a narrow compaſs, let the mind be prepared to receive, and harbour them properly: the mind itſelf will likewiſe generate more; and give back with encreaſe what it hath received.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) *Which from a ſmall grain*, &c.] Seminis modo; quod quamvis ſit exiguum, cum occupavit idoneum locum, vires ſuas explicat, &c. *The kingdom of heaven is like a grain of muſtard-ſeed, which indeed is the leaſt of all ſeeds, but when it is grown it is the greateſt among herbs, and becometh a tree.* Matth. 13. 31. Where likewiſe in the parable of the Sower, it is written, *He that received ſeed into the good ground, is he that heareth the Word, and underſtandeth it; which alſo beareth fruit; and bringeth forth, ſome an hundred-fold, ſome ſixty, ſome thirty.* See Ep. 73. (N. h.)

EPISTLE XXXIX.

On the Contempt of Superfluities.

THE commentaries you deſire carefully digeſted and reduced to a narrower form, I will in truth ſend you, *Lucilius*; but conſider, whether the common form of addreſs would not be of more advantage to you than what we now vulgarly call (breviarium) a *breviary*: but formerly when we ſpoke *Latin* (ſummarium) a *ſummary*: the former is more neceſſary for a learner; the latter for one who already knows ſomething: *that* teacheth, and this exhorteth; but I will furniſh you with both: tho' I think there is no neceſſity for my quoting any one by way of authority; for he that acts by his proctor *(a)*, or gives ſecurity, argues himſelf unknown. However I will write on the ſubject you deſire, but it ſhall be in my own way. Among many, perhaps you will find thoſe whoſe writings may ſeem not ſo well drawn up, and digeſted as they ought to be: but look into the liſt of philoſophers; this will oblige you to rouſe yourſelf; and, when you ſee how many have laboured for *you*, make you wiſh yourſelf one of the party: for a generous mind hath always this good quality, to be eaſily incited to do what is juſt and honourable. A man of a truly noble ſoul delights not in any thing that is baſe and mean; nothing but what has the appearance at leaſt of ſomething great, can attract him and call him forth to action.

As the flame riſes on high in ſtraight lines, nor ſinks, any more than it can reſt, while there is fuel to maintain it; ſo the mind is ever in motion, and the more in earneſt it is, ſo much the more lively and active: but happy is the man who applies this impulſe, to things that are lovely and of good report: he will ſoon ſet himſelf out of the power and reach of fortune: he will moderate proſperity, leſſen adverſity, and deſpiſe thoſe things that are generally moſt admired: as it is the part of a great mind to contemn grandeur; and rather to wiſh for a genteel competency than ſtore of wealth; for that is uſeful and laſting *(b)*; but this,

this, in being ſuperfluous, is often prejudicial: as the corn is laid, when the ears are overcharged by too rich a ſoil, the branches are broke down by their load of fruit; and too great fertility ſeldom comes to perfection: thus it happens to the mind, when broke by immoderate proſperity, men employ it in not only injuring others, but themſelves.

What enemy was ever ſo outrageous againſt any man, as their very pleaſures are againſt ſome; whoſe weakneſs and mad luſtings you may pardon upon this very account; that they themſelves greatly ſuffer from their own doings.

Nor undeſervedly does this vile paſſion torment them. The deſire can never be ſatisfied, that tranſcends the bounds of nature: Nature hath her limits; but vain and libidinous deſires ſcorn a boundary. Neceſſary things are meaſured by utility; but where will you put a ſtop to ſuperfluities? Beſides ſuch men plunge themſelves in pleaſures, which, becoming habitual to them, they cannot diſengage themſelves from: and in this, they are moſt miſerable, that they are come to ſuch a paſs as to make even ſuperfluities neceſſary. They are ſlaves therefore to their pleaſures, they do not enjoy them: and they are in love with their own diſtreſſes, which is ſure the greateſt of all: for then indeed is their wretchedneſs complete, when baſe and vile things not only amuſe, but pleaſe them; and there is no room left to hope for a cure, when what were the moſt deteſtable vices, are become (habitual, or) the manners of the age.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) Notorem. *Cic.* Cognitorem. *Zen.* γνωστῆρα. *One to whom application is made, concerning the condition or quality of another perſon.* *Sen.* in Lud. *de morte Claudii*—Si quis a me *notorem* petiſſet, te ſui nominaturus, *If any one had aſked me to recommend to him a* proctor, or advocate, *I ſhould have named you.*

(b) Uſeful and laſting] Illa enim utilia vitaliaque ſunt.

—— Amicum
Mancipium domino, et frugi quid ſit ſatis, hoc eſt
Ut vitale putes—Hor. Sat. II. 7. 3.
Thy faithful, thrifty, ſervant, ſir,
Who fancies that *ſufficient ſtore,*
Which Nature's wants ſupplies, and aſks no more.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE XL.

On Elocution *.

I AM obliged to you, *Lucilius*, for your frequent Epiſtles: it is the only way I have to know you, when at ſuch diſtance: I never receive one from you, but I ſuppoſe you preſent. If the pictures of our abſent friends are agreeable to us, by calling them to our minds, and alleviating the diſcomfort of abſence, however falſe and illuſory the conſolation; how much more agreeable are the letters, that convey a lively repreſentation of thoſe, for whom we have an affection? For the moſt pleaſing part of an interview with a friend is effected by his hand-writing; we ſee and acknowledge him.

You ſay, you have heard that *Serapion* the philoſopher, when he came to *Sicily*, and, as uſual, harangued the people, was wont to roll out his words with great impetuoſity, preſſing and crowding them together; as more things roſe to his imagination, than one mouth could ſuffice to utter diſtinctly. I can by no means approve of this in a philoſopher: whoſe pronunciation ſhould be as regular and well-compoſed as his life: no oration can be decently exhibited that is hurried and gabbled over. Therefore in *Homer* a ſpeech delivered with vehemence, and coming over us like the fall of ſnow, is attributed to the orator *(Ulyſſes)*: *(a)* while ſuch as flows more mildly, and ſweeter than honey, comes from the old man *(Neſtor)*. *(b)* Think therefore that a rapid and verboſe way of ſpeaking, rather becomes a mountebank *(c)*, than one who is treating of any great and ſerious ſubject; and whoſe buſineſs it is to give inſtruction. Nor would I have the delivery too ſlow any more than too ſwift: to give it out drop by drop is as diſagreeable, as pouring it out all at once: we muſt not keep the ear upon the ſtretch, nor oppreſs it with tediouſneſs. A barrenneſs of thought and imbecility of ſpeech takes off the attention of an audience, by reaſon of the diſguſt

that ariſes from unneceſſary pauſes, and a ſleepy ſort of language: tho' I muſt own that what is waited for, is more eaſily impreſſed upon the mind, than what flies by promiſcuouſly: and laſtly, men are ſaid to *deliver* precepts to their pupils: but that cannot be ſaid to have been *delivered*, which hath eſcaped unnoticed.

We may add to the foregoing, that a diſcourſe, deſigned to convey truth, ought to be plain and ſimple, not too much laboured. A popular harangue ſeldom aims at truth; it is calculated to move the paſſions of the vulgar, and to pleaſe, with its rapidity, the unthinking ear; it gives no time for recollection: it is gone. And how can that be ſuppoſed to direct others, which is under no direction itſelf? Beſides a diſcourſe, intended for the cure of a ſick mind, ought to ſink deep into us: no remedy can have any effect unleſs it be well digeſted. There is nothing therefore more vain and idle than an haſty and careleſs delivery; it is nothing more than mere ſound. My fears are to be aſſuaged, my paſſions are to be curbed; my doubts are to be cleared; luxury reſtrained; and avarice reproved: and how can any of theſe things be done in a violent hurry? Can a phyſician cure his patient by paſſing by him? or can a din of words ruſhing on us, without any ſelect meaning, give us any more pleaſure than it does profit? As it is ſufficient once to have ſeen and known a thing which you did not think poſſible; ſo to have heard *once* the men, who thus exerciſe their lungs, is full enough. For what can any one learn, what can he follow; or how judge of the mind of thoſe, whoſe oration is confuſed, and always upon the gallop, ſo as not eaſily to be ſtopped? As when we are running down a hill, we cannot halt, juſt where we pleaſe; but the body is carried along by its own impulſive weight; ſo, ſuch volubility of ſpeech cannot command itſelf; and is eſpecially indecent in philoſophy; which ought calmly to lay down its well-choſen words, and not fling them out at random, but proceed gravely ſtep by ſtep. *What then? muſt it never exert itſelf, and raiſe its voice?* Yes certainly, provided that grace and dignity are ſtill preſerved; which too great earneſtneſs and violence are ſure to deſtroy: let it have ſtrength and energy, but in a moderate degree; let it flow in a perpetual ſtream, but not ruſh down like a torrent. I would ſcarce allow

allow a public orator ſuch a velocity of ſpeech, and much leſs a philoſopher, as not to be able to recover himſelf, and keep within bounds. For how can a judge keep pace with him, and eſpecially the rude and unſkilful, when oſtentation, or an affected paſſion has worked him up beyond his ſtrength? He ought to ſpeak no faſter, nor throw in any thing, but what the ear can patiently imbibe.

You would therefore, *Lucilius*, do right, if you would not mind thoſe who regard not what is ſaid, or in what manner, but how much: and if, when neceſſity requires it, you had rather ſpeak like *Publius Vinicius*, concerning whom, when it was required, how he declaimed, *Aſellius* anſwered, *Slow enough:* for *Geminus Varus* ſaid of him, *He could not conceive how ſuch a one could be called eloquent, who could not join three words together.* Yet why ſhould you not ſtill prefer the manner of *Vinicius*; though ſome ſuch fellow ſhould interrupt you, as ſaid to him, parcelling out his words, as if he was dictating, not declaiming, *Prithee, ſpeak, or not.* For I am far from thinking the method of *Quintus Haterius*, a celebrated orator in his time, to be what a man in his ſenſes would chuſe. He never pauſed, he never heſitated, but ended in the ſame ſtrain as he began. Different nations however are of a different taſte: and though among the Greeks this manner of ſpeaking might be faſhionable enough, yet it is our cuſtom when we write to ſtop every word *(d)*. And even *Cicero*, who brought the Roman eloquence to perfection, kept but a gentle pace *(e)*. The Roman dialect is ſomewhat vain-glorious; it ſets a value upon itſelf, and would be valued by others. *Fabian*, a moſt excellent man, in life and literature, and, what comes after theſe, in eloquence, diſputed rather dexterouſly than earneſtly; you might call it eaſe, rather than volubility. This then is what I recommend in a wiſe man, though I do not inſiſt upon it; that his ſpeech ſhould run on without any let or impediment; yet I had rather the pronunciation ſhould be diſtinct than fluent. But what makes me the more urgent in this affair, is, that it is a trade you cannot enter upon, without loſing, in ſome meaſure, your credit: you muſt brazen your face, and bawl ſo, as ſcarce to hear yourſelf ſpeak; and ſuch a rapid courſe of ſpeech will be apt to fling out many things, which you would

by no means approve of: I ſay therefore you cannot well enter upon it, without loſing, at leaſt, a part of your wonted modeſty. Beſides it will require daily application, and take you off from the ſtudy of more eſſential things, for that of mere words: which if you were a maſter of, and extremely fluent, yet are they ſtill to be tempered with care and diſcretion. For as a grave and modeſt gait becomes a wiſe man, ſo does a ſmooth and compact diſcourſe, without an air of intrepid boldneſs. The ſum of all is, I command you, ſpeak, rather ſlow and diſtinctly.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

* *Muretus* prefaces his notes on this excellent Epiſtle, with a reflection concerning the pſeudo-philoſopher *Serapion*, as here ſet forth by *Seneca*.—"Many, ſays he, and very notable examples "have I found of the *Serapion* kind among the preachers, and interpreters of the moſt ſacred "writings: whoſe diſcourſes, inſtead of being ſo ſpruce and curled, (like themſelves,) ought to be "full of gravity, authority, majeſty, ſanctity: but the whole has been ſo beſprinkled with the "flower of poppy and ſeſame; and wound up in ſo ſweet and honied a ball of words; that the "people have ran to them, as to hear ſome jeſter or comedian, rather than a maſter of morals, and "a corrector of vice. They ſet themſelves in ſome mimic attitude, and then twice or thrice ſtroaking the face downwards, they ſtretch out their hands to the vulgar, (under which I comprehend "both great and ſmall) who are gaping after ſomething wonderfully great and divine: this done, "they let looſe the tongue, in a perpetual flow of words, without much reſpect to either ſtop or "cadence; heaping together a vaſt number of ſimilies, and pretty antitheſes; and having ſaid a "thing properly enough *once*, they know not when to have done with it; but repeat it over and "over again, with various turns, in a moſt puerile manner: all the while toſſing their arms about, "as if they were dancing; and adapting their geſticulations to ſomething they fancy very arch, tho' "ridiculouſly abſurd; allowing not the leaſt reſpite to themſelves or their audience; among whom "the ignorant and unſkilful are rapt with admiration; while the wiſer ſort nauſeate and are ſhocked "at the unmeaning ſtuff."—"I ſhould adviſe therefore, ſays *Muretus*, all ſuch modern *Serapions* "to read this Epiſtle, and conſider whether they do not border upon the foibles that are here ſo "ſmartly reprehended by *Seneca*."———He alſo refers them to what *Muſonius* ſays on this point in *Gellius*.—Noct. Att.

And I cannot help recommending the ſame to the many young *Serapions* in our great metropolis; who affect fine and florid diſcourſes *on the ſocial and moral virtues*, (as they are called) in preference to, and even excluſive of, the ſound doctrines and exalted precepts of Chriſtianity. But more eſpecially let me recommend it to thoſe, who unmindful of decency, as well as duty, either drawl, and dream over, *the Common Prayers*, or gabble them over ſwifter than ever lawyer did his brief. I have heard of one not long ago, who vaunted that "*he would give any parſon in town to the Second Leſſon, and read prayers with him.*" He was one day chid for this fancied excellency by one of ſome authority (whom he had given pain to, during the whole ſervice) in the following odd manner of expreſſion, though it wants not its meaning; "*Sir, you have a good voice and would read very well, but that you always read the word GOD with a little g.*" This is ſo well known, that perhaps it may

point

point out the gentleman; if it does, let him take ſhame to himſelf, and others warning by it.

☞ This note was wrote ſome years ago when I firſt thought of tranſlating theſe Epiſtles; and I fear it is not *now* out of date.

I have lately met with ſomething ſo apropos to the foregoing, by way of contraſt, in a ſermon by the Rev. Mr. *Lamot*, that the tranſcribing it, I think, will need no apology, even to thoſe who had read it before.---" By a good preacher, (ſays Mr. Lamot) I do not mean a man of noiſe and geſture, who preaches up himſelf and not his ſubject, and goes to the pulpit as many go to the church to be ſeen of men. The action of the Theatre, and the bombaſt of the Romances, are unworthy of the pulpit, and diſgrace its ſolemnity. But by a *good preacher*, I underſtand, a man, who from his original good ſenſe, improved by a good education, enters deep into the ſpirit of the ſacred text, ſpeaks what he feels, and feels what is juſt, who in his lectures is clear and copious; in his ſermons, accurate and perſuaſive; in both more attentive to ſenſe than to ſound, to dignity of ſentiment, than loftineſs of ſtyle; who manages his diſcourſes with ſuch propriety, that in each there is as much ſimplicity as will render it inſtructive to the vulgar, and as much ſublimity as will render it acceptable to the refined."

(*a*)——ἔνθα πρὸς ἦστον ἰὼν κεκορυθμένα μήδεα πυκνά. Il. γ. 222.

But when *Ulyſſes* roſe in thought profound,
His modeſt eyes he fix'd upon the ground:
As one unſkill'd or dumb, he ſeemed to ſtand,
Nor rais'd his head, nor ſtretch'd his ſcepter'd hand,
But when he ſpeaks, *what elocution flows!*
Soft as the fleeces of deſcending ſnows;
The copious accents fall with eaſy art;
Melting they fall, and ſink into the heart. *Pope.*

(*b*) Τῷ καὶ ἐπὶ γλώσσης μέλιτος γλυκίων ῥέεν αὐδή. Il. α. 249.

——Slow from his ſeat aroſe the *Pylian* ſage,---
Experienced *Neſtor* in perſuaſion ſkill'd;
Words, ſweet as honey, from his lips diſtill'd. Id.

(*c*) Circulanti. Ep. 88. Appion, qui tota circulatus eſt Greciâ.

(*d*) As, QUAMQUAM. TE. MARCE. FILI.

(*e*) Gradarius fuit.] So, *Lucilius* ſpeaking of a horſe, Ipſe equus non formoſus, gradarius, optimus vector. *The horſe indeed was not very handſome, but an* excellent pacer, *and carried one exceeding well.*

EPISTLE XLI.

There is a certain Divinity in good Men.
A man is not to be eſteemed for any external and foreign Good.

NOTHING, *Lucilius*, can be more commendable and beneficial; if, as you write me word, you perſevere in the purſuit of wiſdom. It is what would

would be ridiculous to wiſh for, when it is in your power to attain it (*a*). There is no need to lift up your hands to Heaven, or to pray the Ædile to admit you to the ear of an image, that ſo your prayers may be heard the better. God is near thee; he is with thee *(b)*. Yes, *Lucilius*, I ſay, a holy ſpirit reſides within us, the obſerver of good and evil (*c*), and our conſtant guardian. And as we treat him, he treats us (*d*). At leaſt no good man is without a God. Could any one ever riſe above the power of fortune without his aſſiſtance? It is he that inſpires us with thoughts, upright, juſt and pure. We do not indeed pretend to ſay *what God*; but that a God dwells in the breaſt of every good man, is certain (*e*).

When you enter ſome grove (*f*), peopled with ancient trees, ſuch as are higher than ordinary, and whoſe boughs are ſo cloſely interwoven that you cannot ſee the ſky; the ſtately loftineſs of the wood, the privacy of the place, and the awful gloom, cannot but ſtrike you, as with the preſence of a deity; or, when we ſee ſome cave at the foot of a mountain, jutting over it with a ragged load of ſtone; not made with hands, but hollowed a great depth by natural cauſes; it fills the mind with a religious fear: we venerate the fountain-heads of great rivers: the ſudden eruption of a vaſt body of water, from the ſecret places of the earth, obtains an altar: we adore likewiſe the ſprings of warm baths; and either the opaque quality, or immenſe depth, hath made ſome lakes ſacred (*g*). And if you ſee a man, unterrified with danger, untainted with luſtful deſires, happy in adverſity, calm and compoſed amidſt a ſtorm, looking down as from an eminence, upon man: and on a level with the Gods; (*h*) ſeems he not a ſubject of veneration? Will you not own, that you obſerve ſomething in him, too great and noble to bear any ſimilitude to the little body of the man, that it inhabiteth? Yes; a divine power deſcendeth hither from above: a ſoul of ſuch excellence and moderation, as to look down with a noble ſcorn on earthly things, and to laugh at thoſe trifles we are apt to wiſh for or fear, cannot but be enkindled by the deity within; ſo great a quality cannot ſubſiſt but by the help of God: he is there in *part*, though ſtill remaining above in the Heavens. As the rays of the ſun reach, and with

with their influence pierce the earth, and yet are ſtill above, in the body from whence they proceed; ſo, a *mind*, great and holy, and thus humbled, to give us a more adequate knowledge of divine things, dwells indeed with us, but ſtill adheres to its original; it depends upon that; thither tend all its views and pious endeavours, vaſtly ſuperior to, however concerned in, human affairs.

And what is this, I ſay, but a *mind* that depends upon its own excellence, and ſhines by its own native ſplendour? For, what can be more abſurd, than to extoll in man, what is not properly his own? What greater folly, than to admire in man, what can and muſt be transferred to another? The golden trappings makes not the horſe a whit the better. It is one thing to ſee a Lion under obedience, and tamely ſuffering himſelf to be ſtroked and dreſſed by his keeper; and another thing, to ſee him wild in the deſert, and of untamed ſpirit: how much to be admired is this, while fierce and impetuous as nature formed him, and deck'd with terror, in which chiefly conſiſts his beauty; than the other, weak and faint, and ſpangled with plates of gold to make a ſhew? No one ought to glory in what is not his own. We praiſe the vine, whoſe branches are ſo loaded with fruit, as to bend the very props to the ground, with their burthen. And would you prefer to this a vine, with golden leaves, and golden fruit? Fertility is the proper virtue of a vine: in man likewiſe that alone is commendable, which is from himſelf. He has a beautiful family, ſuppoſe; a noble houſe, large farms, and money at intereſt: what then? None of theſe things are in him, but about him. Commend *that* in him, which cannot be taken away from, nor made a preſent to, him.

Do you aſk what that is? The *mind*, and reaſon perfected therein. For man is a rational animal; he has therefore compleated his own proper good, if accompliſhed according to the end for which he was born. And what is it that reaſon requires of him? The eaſieſt thing in the world; only to live up to the dignity of his nature (*i*). But I own, the common madneſs of the world makes this difficult: we puſh one another on to vice: and what hopes can there be of being reſtored to ſanity, while the people continue to drive us on, and there is no friend to ſtop us in our career?

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) *When it is in your own power to attain it.*] So in Ep. 31. Unum bonum eſt. Sibi fidere.—Fac te ipſe felicem. This may be looked upon as a very proper ſentiment, *goodneſs depends upon a man's own will and endeavours*; conſidering man merely as a free-agent. But it rather ſeems a ſtoical boaſt, which ſtands refuted by what follows in this excellent epiſtle.——For ſuch was the abſurd and impious opinion of the Stoics. They had heard, that by the conſent of all nations, the Gods were called *the givers of all* good *things*, but they would not allow any thing to be *good*, but *virtue*, a *ſound mind*, *perfect reaſon*, and the like; and theſe, they fondly imagined, were attainable by man, without any favour of the Gods.

According to that of *Horace*, Ep. 1. 18. ult.

Sit mihi quod nunc eſt, etiam minus; ut mihi vivam
Quod ſupereſt ævi, ſi quid ſupereſſe volunt dî.
Sit mihi librorum, et proviſæ frugis in annum,
Copia, ne fluitem dubiæ ſpe pendulus horæ;
Hæc ſatis eſt orare Jovem: qui donat et aufert,
Det vitam, det opes; *æquum mi animum ipſe parabo.*
Let me enjoy but what I have, or leſs,
'Twill not abridge me of my happineſs;
So that I've ſtore of books, ſweet mental cheer,
And in my purſe proviſion for the year,
Leſt I dependent on the future hour,
Subject myſelf to Fortune's wayward pow'r;
While thus for life and moderate wealth I pray,
If mighty Jove, *who gives and takes away,*
Will hear my pray'r; I, in myſelf will find
The bleſſing of a firm and tranquil mind.
Monſtro quod ipſe tibi poſſis dare; ſemita certè
Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ. Juv. x. ad fin.
The path to peace is virtue, what I ſhow,
Thyſelf may freely on thyſelf beſtow. Dryden.

To be conſiſtent with themſelves therefore the Stoics were obliged to affirm that the Gods gave them nothing that was truly *good*. It is our happineſs to know better, from Truth itſelf, that, *every good gift is from above, and cometh down from Heaven.* Jam. 1. 17. 2 Cor. 3. 5. See Ep. 52. (N. b) *It is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleaſure.* Phil. 2. 13.---Nay, *Seneca* himſelf, ſo great is the force of truth, here acknowledgeth, that *God inſpireth us with good counſels, and the moſt exalted thoughts*, and that *no man can properly be ſaid to be maſter of his own fortune*; and accordingly adviſes his friend to pray for *bonam mentem*, and a good ſtate, *firſt of the* ſoul, and then of the body, Ep. 10. Vid. Lipſ. Phyſiol. *Leland.* II. c. 9.

(*b*) Prope eſt a te Deus, tecum eſt intus eſt.] How truly chriſtian is this, and what follows to the end of the paragraph! particularly bonus vir ſine Deo nemo eſt. As it is ſaid of *Abraham*, *God is with thee in all thou doeſt*, Gen. 21, 22. And of *Samuel*, *God is with thee.* 1 Sam. 10. 7. The *Lord*, ſaith St. *Paul, is not far from every one of us; for in him we live, move, and have our being.* As certain of your *own poets have ſaid* (Aratus, τοῦ γὰρ καὶ γένος ἐσμέν) we are his offſpring. Acts 17, 27.

17, 27. *I have ſaid ye are God's, and the children of the moſt High.* Pſ. 86. 6. *Partakers of the divine nature,* ii Pet. 1. 4. Sen. *de Prov.* c. 1. Vir bonus eſt Dei proximus. Ep. 92. Quid eſt autem cur non exiſtimas *in eo divini aliquid exiſtere, qui Dei pars eſt?* Cic. Tuſc. II. Humanus animus decerptus ex mente divina.---Hor. Sat. II. 2. 79. Divinæ particula auræ.

Quis poſſet cœlum, niſi cœli munera poſſet
Et reperire Deum niſi *qui pars ipſe Deorum eſt.* Manilius.
Who can know Heav'n, but by the gift of Heav'n;
Or find out God, but who of God is part?---

Vid. Ep. 31. (N. d.) Lipſ. Phyſiol. III. Diſſ. 8.

(*c*) Sacer intra nos ſpiritus ſedet,---obſervator et cuſtos.] *Nebuchadneſſar* ſpeaking of *Daniel,* ſays, *In whom is the ſpirit of the holy Gods.* Dan. 4. 8. And thus the Evangeliſt to all good Chriſtians; *God ſhall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever; even the Spirit of Truth, whom the world cannot receive becauſe it ſeeth him not, neither knoweth, but ye know him,* for he dwelleth with you, and ſhall be in you. John 14, 17. The Apoſtle frequently to the ſame purpoſe, *His ſpirit dwelleth in you.* Rom. 8. 11.---*Know ye not that ye are the temple of God* and that *the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?* 1 Cor. 3, 16. 6, 15. *That good thing which was committed unto thee, keep,* by the Holy Ghoſt which dwelleth in us. 2 Tim. 1. 14. God *is a diſcerner of the thoughts, and intents of the heart, neither is there any creature that is not manifeſt in his ſight.* Heb. 4, 12. *I know their works and their thoughts,* ſaith the Lord. Iſ. 66, 18.

(*d*) *If any man defile the temple of God, him ſhall God deſtroy; for the Temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.* 1 Cor. 3. 17. as in the foregoing verſe, quoted above. *Hereby know we, that we dwell in God, and God in us, becauſe he hath given us of his Spirit.* 1 John 4, 3. And, *as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the ſons of God.* Rom. 8, 14. Wherefore, *grieve not the holy Spirit, whereby ye are ſealed to the day of redemption.* Epheſ. 4. 30.

(*e*) Quis Deus incertum eſt] habitat Deus. Virg. 8. 352.

—— *here makes abode*
What God,---not known, but ſure it is a God. See Ep. 73. (N. g.)

(*f.* g.) Lucos, atque in iis ſilentia ipſa adoramus. *Plin.* 12. 1. *We venerate the groves and their awful ſilence.* He mentions likewiſe the river *Clitumnus,* and the lake *Vadimon,* nulla in hoc navis, ſacer enim eſt; *in which no ſhip is allowed to ſail, for it is ſacred,* &c. Vid. *Lipſ.* ad Tac. Ann. 14.

(*h*) The conſtant boaſt of the Stoics. See above, and Ep. 31. (N. d.)

(*i.*) Sic eſt faciendum ut contra *univerſam* naturam nihil condemnamus, et eâ tamen conſervatâ *propriam* ſequamur. Cic. Off. 1. *We ought to manage ſo as never to counteract* the general ſyſtem of nature; but having taken care of that, we *are to follow the ſway of our conſtitution.* Quæ ea eſt? in nobis ratio. *Quid autem eſt ratio?* (Sen. Ep. 66.) Naturæ *imitatio. Quid eſt ſummum bonum? Ex naturæ voluntate ſe gerere.* Vid. Loc. (N. a.) *Lipſ.* Manud. II. Diſſ. 17.

EPISTLE XLII.

There is ſcarce to be found a good Man.

YOU are perſuaded, you ſay, *Lucilius*, that ſuch a one is a good man: believe me, a good man is not ſoon accompliſhed, nor ſo eaſily known. Whom do you think I here call *a good man?* One but of the ſecond claſs; for, of the firſt, you will ſcarce find ſuch a phœnix in a thouſand years *(a)*. No wonder; great things appear but in diſtant ages. Mean and ordinary things are the common produce of Fortune; but it is their ſcarceneſs that recommends all excellencies. The man you point out, is very far from being what he profeſſes; and if he really knew what a *good man* was, he would by no means think himſelf one at preſent; and perhaps deſpair of ever arriving to that honour. *He has a bad opinion,* you ſay, *of all bad men.* What then? even bad men have the ſame. Nor is there a greater puniſhment of wickedneſs, than that it diſpleaſeth itſelf, and all that are concerned with it. You alſo alledge, that *he abhors thoſe who inſolently abuſe the authority and power they are entruſted with*; yes, and would do the ſame thing had he the ſame power.

The vices of many lie concealed in their imbecility (*b*): they would dare as great things, did their ſtrength ſuffice, as they, whom a more proſperous fortune hath expoſed to view: they only want the proper inſtruments for diſplaying their iniquity: ſo, even venemous ſerpents may be ſafely handled, while benumbed with cold; not that they now want venom; but it is frozen up, and conſequently inactive. Cruelty, and ambition, and luxury, in divers perſons, want nothing more than the favour of Fortune to make them attempt as bad offices as the baſeſt men: give them their full ſcope, and you will eaſily perceive their inclination. You remember, when you told me, that you had now got ſuch a one in your power, and could treat him as you pleaſed; my anſwer was, that he was light and volatile, and that you had not hold of his foot

foot but of his wing: I was miſtaken; you had hold indeed of a quill, but it was ſlipped out, and he fled.(c) You know what pranks he played afterwards, and what miſchiefs he intended for you, that were more likely to fall upon his own pate. He did not ſee, that he was himſelf ruſhing upon the dangers, which he deſigned for others: he did not conſider, how burthenſome thoſe very things would prove, which he wiſhed to enjoy, although they were not ſuperfluous.

This then is principally to be obſerved concerning thoſe things which we affect and labour after with great induſtry; either that there is no advantage in them, or more diſadvantage. Some things are altogether ſuperfluous; and ſome but of little value. We do not foreſee this, and think we have thoſe things for little or nothing, which we pay moſt dearly for: from hence appears our ſtupidity, we look upon thoſe things only as bought, for which we pay down our money; and fancy we receive thoſe *gratis*, for which we pay no leſs than our very ſelves: what we ſhould be unwilling to buy, were we to give our houſe for it, or a pleaſant and fruitful farm, we are ready to purchaſe, with anxiety, with danger, with the loſs of liberty and time: ſo that nothing ſeems of ſo little value to man, as man himſelf. In all our deſigns therefore and affairs, we ſhould act as when we apply to a merchant's factor for wares, we muſt conſider the price that is ſet upon what we intend to purchaſe; we oftentimes pay a high price for what we think coſts nothing: I could mention many things which having been agreed for and received, have extorted from us our liberty; things, which if we were not in the poſſeſſion of, we ſhould ſtill be maſters of ourſelves.

Weigh theſe things therefore with yourſelf; not only when the queſtion relates to gain, but alſo when it relates to loſs: *may ſuch a thing be loſt?* Certainly, as it was merely caſual; and you will live as well without it now, as before: *Have you had it long in poſſeſſion?* you may the more eaſily ſpare it, being ſatiated: *have you had it but a little while?* you loſe it, almoſt before you had time to reliſh it: *have you leſs money?* you have the leſs trouble: *have you leſs favour?* you will be leſs envied: look into thoſe things, which drive us almoſt to madneſs; and which

we cannot part from but with a flood of tears: you will find, that it is not any real loſs, that gives you all this uneaſineſs, but only the opinion of loſs: no one really feels that they are gone, but only thinks ſo: he that truly poſſeſſeth himſelf, hath loſt nothing; but how few enjoy ſo goodly a poſſeſſion?

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) Plutarch (de Pugn. Stoic.) juſtly obſerves, that there is not, nor ever was a man, who had reached to what the Stoics call *perfect wiſdom*; they talk indeed of ſuch a one, but he is only to be found in idea: as *Cicero* has painted a perfect orator, though no ſuch had ever exiſted. See Ep. 16. (N. a.)

(b) The late Mr. *Donaldſon*, a friend and neighbour obſerved to me, that he did not think it improbable that Mr. *Gray* had this paſſage in his eye when he wrote thoſe excellent lines in his Elegy on a Country Church-yard.

Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
Some heart, once pregnant with celeſtial fire;
Hands, that the rod of Empire might have ſway'd,
Or wak'd to ecſtacy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the ſpoils of Time did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repreſs'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul, &c.

(c) Te non pedem ejus tenere, ſed pennam, mentitus ſum; plumâ tenebatur. *Malherbe* has given this metaphor another turn, that *inſtead of taking hold of his foot, you only took hold of his ſleeve; which he ſlipped from and fled.* The perſon here intended is ſuppoſed to be the adverſary mentioned in Ep. 24.

EPISTLE XLIII.

On Report; and Conſcience.

YOU wonder, *Lucilius*, how I came to be ſo particularly informed of your affairs; who could poſſibly tell me your thoughts, which you had diſcloſed to no one? He who knows almoſt every thing, *Rumour*. *What*

What then, you ſay, *am I of ſuch conſequence as to be the ſubject of rumour?* It may be ſo; but there is no reaſon why you ſhould judge of yourſelf from what is ſaid of you here (at *Rome*) but what is ſaid of you where you dwell. Whatever is eminent in a neighbourhood is of conſequence, where it is eminent: but greatneſs has no certain meaſure; compariſon either raiſes or depreſſeth it. A veſſel that ſeems large in a river, looks very little in the wide ocean. The rudder is large in one ſhip, and ſmall in another: though you think not ſo highly of yourſelf, you are really a great man in the province where you dwell: how you live, how you ſup, how you ſleep, is enquired after, is known.

You muſt live therefore with the more care, and circumſpection; and eſteem yourſelf a happy man, when you can thus live, as it were, in public; when the roof and the walls indeed cover you, but do not hide you: whereas there are many who think themſelves happily encloſed therein, not that they may live more ſafely, but that they may ſin more ſecretly. I will tell you how to judge of the morals of men: you will ſcarce find any one who dares to live with open doors: it is ſelf-conſciouſneſs, not pride, that ſets the porter there: we live, as if we were in fear of being caught, or ſeen, unawares: but what avails it to hide ourſelves, and eſcape the eyes and ears of men? a good conſcience calls a crowd around it, undiſmayed; a bad one even in ſolitude is anxious and uneaſy *(a)*. If what you do be juſt and honourable, let all the world know it; if it be vile and ſcandalous, what ſignifies that no one knows it, when you know it yourſelf? Wretched art thou, O man, who deſpiſeſt this witneſs *(b)*!

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) It is finely ſaid by *Tertullian*, Nullum maleficium ſine formidine eſt, quia nec ſine conſcientiâ ſui. *There is no evil doing but what is attended with dread, becauſe there is none but what is attended by conſcience.*

(b) Polybius.—Οὐκ ἔστι τοιοῦτος οὐδὲ τοσοῦτος μάρτυς κ. τ. λ. *There is no evidence ſo formidable, no judge ſo ſevere, as conſcience that ſits upon the mind of every evil doer.*

Conſcientia mille teſtes.—

Juv. 13. 192.—Cur tamen hos tu
Evaſiſſe putes, quos diri conſcia facti
Mens habet attonitos, et ſurdo verbere cædit,

Occultum

Occultum quatiente animo tortore flagellum.
Pœnæ autem vehemens, ac multo ſævior illis,
Quas et Cæditius gravis invenit aut Rhadamanthus,
Nocte dieque ſuum geſtare in pectore teſtem.
But why muſt thoſe be thought to 'ſcape, that feel
Thoſe rods of ſcorpions, and thoſe whips of ſteel
Which conſcience ſhakes, when ſhe with rage controuls,
And ſpreads amazing terrors through their ſouls?
Not ſharp Revenge, nor Hell itſelf can find
A fiercer torment than a guilty mind;
Which day and night will dreadfully accuſe;
Condemns the wretch, and ſtill the charge renews.—Creech.

EPISTLE XLIV.

Virtue and Philoſophy confer Nobility.

DO you ſtill make yourſelf ſo little, *Lucilius*, as to complain, that Nature firſt uſed you hardly, and then Fortune? I am aſtoniſhed at ſuch language; when it is in your own power, not only to raiſe yourſelf above the vulgar, but to aſcend the higheſt ſtep of human felicity. This good, if any, we owe to philoſophy, that it pays no peculiar regard to geneaölgy. If we look back into the origin of mankind, we ſhall find that all are alike deſcended from the gods *(a)*. You are a Roman knight, and your own induſtry hath advanced you to this honour: this however is an honour few can boaſt: the Court or Senate admits not every one; and even the Camp, that calls men to toil and danger, is very nice in its choice of officers (*b*): but Virtue opens her doors to all: in this reſpect all are alike noble. Philoſophy makes no diſtinction of perſons, but finds ſufficient ſplendour for all. *Socrates* was no patrician; *Cleanthes* worked at the well, and earned his living by watering gardens; philoſophy did not find *Plato* noble (*c*), but made him ſo. Why ſhould you deſpair of being equal to theſe great men? They were all your anceſtors, if you behave worthy of them: and you *will* ſo behave, if you can perſuade yourſelf that no one excels you in nobility:

and why not; ſince ſo many have gone before us, that every one's origin is loſt, beyond the reach of memory? *Plato* ſaith, *there is no King but who* (in all probability) *is deſcended from a ſlave, and no ſlave but who may be deſcended from a King (d).* Such is the confuſion of things in proceſs of time; and ſo various the perpetual exerciſe of Fortune.

Who then is noble? He who hath a natural diſpoſition to virtue. This is the chief thing to be conſidered; otherwiſe there is no one, but who may carry his claim back to the firſt principles of things *(God and matter.)* From the birth of the world to the preſent day, an alternate ſeries of good and evil, hath rendered us either ſplendid or vile. The hall decorated with ſtatues, black with age and ſmoke, makes not the nobleman: no one hath lived for our glory; nor have we any claim upon what was done before we were born: it is the *mind* that ennobleth a man *(e)*; which as well from a cottage, as a palace, exalts him above the power of Fortune.

Suppoſe then you were not a Roman knight, but a plebeian, the ſon of a freed-man; you may yet attain the honour of being the only free man among many of the beſt-born. Do you aſk by what means? By diſtinguiſhing good and evil, not according to vulgar eſtimation; you muſt conſider, not from whence they ſpring, but whither they tend; not what they are in themſelves, but in their conſequences. Whatever can make life truly happy, is abſolutely good in its own right, becauſe it cannot be warped into evil. *From whence then comes error?* In that, while all men wiſh for a happy life, they miſtake the means for the thing itſelf; and, while they fancy themſelves in purſuit of it, they are flying from it: for, when the ſum of happineſs conſiſts in ſolid tranquillity, and an unembarraſſed confidence therein, they are ever collecting cauſes of diſquiet, and not only carry burthens, but drag them painfully along, through the rugged and deceitful path of life: ſo that they ſtill withdraw themſelves from the good effect propoſed; the more pains they take, the more buſineſs they have upon their hands: inſtead of advancing they are retrograde; and as it happens in a labyrinth, their very ſpeed puzzles and confounds them.

ANNO-

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) Τὸ γὰρ γένος ἐσμὲν. See Ep. 31.

(b) As to the Roman levies; every tribe being called out by lot, was ordered to divide into their proper centuries; out of each century were ſoldiers cited by name, with reſpect had to their ſtate and claſs; for this purpoſe there were tables ready at hand, in which, the *name*, age, and wealth, of every perſon was exactly deſcribed, &c. See *Kennet. Lipſ.* Milit. l. 1.

(c) This is contradicted by *Laertius*, *as* Ariſto *was ſaid to have been his father, and* Perictione *the daughter of* Glaucus *his mother: which ſpake his nobility on both ſides; as his father was deſcended, through* Codrus, *from* Neptune *himſelf, and his mother's family from the wiſeſt of men,* Solon. *And* Apulius *remarks that when* Plato *was a boy, he wore gold rings in his ears,* the token of nobility.—Be that as it will, it was philoſophy and learning that truly ennobled and rendered him famous.

(d) If *Plato* has any where ſaid this, he likewiſe ſays, *Kings deſcended from Kings may be traced up to* Jupiter. Though the former may certainly be true in the circle and courſe of things.

(e) According to *Euripides*,

——Τὰς γὰρ ἀνδρείας φύσιν
Καὶ τὰς δικαίας, τῶν κενῶν δοξασμάτων
Κἂν ὦσι δούλων εὐγενεστέρας λέγω.
The juſt and well-diſpos'd put in their claim,
Tho' born of ſlaves, for ſome high-honour'd name.

EPISTLE XLV.

Of Books. The Mind is to be employed on Things and not on Words. The happy Man.

YOU complain, *Lucilius*, that, where you at preſent reſide you want books: it matters not, how many you have, but how good they are. Reading, with ſome point in view, profits a man; but variety only amuſeth *. He that hath fixed upon the end of his journey, muſt purſue one path, and not wander out of his way: this would not be called a journey, but rambling. You had rather, you ſay, I ſhould give you books than counſel. Such as I have I am ready to ſend you, and even my whole ſtock; nay, I would, if poſſible, tranſport myſelf to you; and

and indeed did I not expect that you ſoon will have fulfilled your commiſſion, old as I am, I ſhould have undertaken the voyage: nor would *Charybdis*, *Scylla*, or any fabulous ſtories relating to this ſea, have deterred me from it. I would have ſwam over it, inſtead of being carried; to have enjoyed your preſence, and learned what progreſs you have made in the accompliſhments of the mind. But as for your deſiring me to ſend you my books, I think myſelf not a whit the more ingenious, than I ſhould think myſelf handſome, becauſe you deſired my picture. I know you make this requeſt more out of complaiſance than judgment; but if it be from judgment, I muſt tell you, your complaiſance hath impoſed upon you. However, ſuch as they are, I will ſend them; and entreat you to read them, as the writings of one, who is ſtill ſeeking after Truth; not preſuming to have found it; and ſeeking it with earneſtneſs and reſolution: for I have not given myſelf up to any particular maſter; I have not enliſted myſelf ſolemnly in any ſect †: I truſt indeed much to the judgment of great men, but at the ſame time deſpiſe not my own. They have ſtill left us many things for future inveſtigation; and perhaps might have ſupplied us with many things neceſſary, had they not attached themſelves to things vain and ſuperfluous: they loſt much time in cavilling about words, and in captious diſputations, which ſerve only to exerciſe and amuſe vain minds. They ſtart knotty queſtions, and then ſolve them, by the help of a few words of doubtful meaning: and have we leiſure for all this? do we yet know how to live, or how to die? Thither ſhould our utmoſt care and diſcretion be directed, in order to be provided againſt being deceived by things, as by words: what avails it to perplex yourſelf and me, with the diſtinction of words of like ſound, when no one can be deceived by them but in ſubtle diſputations?

Things themſelves deceive us: let us learn to diſtinguiſh them: we embrace evil for good; we wiſh for things contrary to what we wiſhed for before; our vows impugn our vows; and our purpoſes thwart and oppoſe one another: how nearly does flattery reſemble friendſhip? It not only imitates friendſhip, but ſeems to overcome and excel it *(a)*; it is ſucked in with favourable ears; deſcends into the heart; and is then moſt grateful, when moſt pernicious: teach me to diſtinguiſh this like-

neſs: a fawning enemy ſometimes attacks me in the name of a friend; vice impoſes upon us under the maſk of virtue; temerity lies concealed, under the title of valour; indolence is taken for moderation; and the coward for a cautious man. Now, error in this reſpect is very dangerous; ſet therefore a particular mark on theſe things: but was you to aſk a man if he has got horns, no one would be ſo fooliſh as to rub his brow for conviction; nor ſo dull and ſtupid as not to know, he has not got that which, by the moſt ſubtle inferences you would perſuade him he has. Theſe then deceive without any detriment; like the cups and balls of jugglers (*b*), in which the very fallacy delights us; make me to underſtand how the feat is done, and all the pleaſure of it is loſt: I may ſay the ſame of all idle queſtions, properly called *Sophiſtry*; which to be ignorant of is by no means prejudicial; nor is there any profit or delight in knowing them.

Throw aſide the ambiguity of words, and teach us this important truth; that he is not the happy man, whom the vulgar eſteem ſo, on account of his great wealth, but he whoſe mind is all goodneſs; upright, and noble, trampling upon what the world holds in admiration; who ſees no one, with whom he would change condition; who reckons a man happy, only in that he preſerves the dignity of man; who takes Nature for his guide; conducts himſelf by her laws; and lives up to her preſcriptions; whoſe truly good poſſeſſions are ſuch, as no external power can take away; who turns evil into good; ſure and ſteady in point of judgment, without prejudice, without fear; whom no external force can diſturb, though perchance it move him; whom, when Fortune hath pointed at him her ſharpeſt arrow, and with her whole ſtrength, ſhe only rakes, but cannot wound him; and *that* but ſeldom; for her other weapons, with which ſhe aſſails mankind, rebound from him like the hailſtones, which falling on our houſes, without any inconvenience to the inhabitants, make a little rattling, and are diſſolved (*c*).

Here then exert yourſelf, for why ſhould you detain me with ſuch ſtuff as you yourſelf call *pſeudomenon* (i. e. *fallacious reaſoning:*) and of which ſo many idle books are compoſed? Behold, the whole of life deceives

deceives me; reprove this; if you are ſo acute, reduce this to truth. We judge thoſe things neceſſary the greateſt part of which are merely ſuperfluous; and even thoſe things, which are not ſuperfluous, have not ſufficient weight in them to make a man rich and happy: nay, though a thing be neceſſary, it is not immediately to be pronounced good: we proſtitute this title if we give it to bread, or other viands, without which no one can ſupport life: what is good, is neceſſary; but not every thing that is neceſſary is good; becauſe ſome things are abject and mean, which however are abſolutely neceſſary.

There is no one, I think, ſo ill informed of the importance of *good*, as to apply this term to the neceſſaries of the day: why then will you not rather transfer your care, to ſhew to all men, that with great loſs of time they are ever ſeeking ſuperfluities; and that many ſpend their whole life in queſt of the means to live. Conſider the whole world; reconnoitre individuals; who is there, whoſe life is not taken up with providing for to-morrow? Do you aſk what harm there is in this? An infinite deal: for ſuch men do not live, but are about to live: they defer every thing from day to day: however circumſpect we are, life will ſtill outrun us *(d)*: but now, while we are ſo dilatory, it paſſeth away as if it did not belong to us; it ends indeed at its laſt day, but is loſt every day.

But that I may not exceed the bounds of an epiſtle, and fill the reader's hand with a load of paper; I ſhall defer to another opportunity this diſpute with the Logicians; who generally ſpin their reaſonings ſomewhat too fine; and are ſtudious to exhibit little elſe than *this* and *that (e)*.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

* See Ep. II. † Nullius addictus jurare in verba magiſtri. *Hor.* Ep. I. l. 14.

(a) Thus *Horace* (A. P. 431.)

Ut qui conducti plorant in funere, dicunt
Et faciunt prope plura dolentibus ex animo.
As hirelings, paid for the funereal tear,
Outweep the ſorrows of a friend ſincere.

(b) This rub on the logicians comparing their trifling argumentation to the tricks of jugglers, was from *Arceſilaus*, who ſaid, τὰς διαλεκτικὰς εἰκέναι τοῖς ψηφοπαίκτοις οἵτινες χαριέντως παραλογίζονται.

(c) This is a moſt admirable character or deſcription of *a good man*; but how greatly it may be heightened under the Chriſtian ſcheme, we may ſee exemplified in that incomparable fiction, entitled *Sir Charles Grandiſon*. Fiction did I ſay? Be it ſo. It ſeems to me ſo replete with ſentimental truths, and elegant diction, that I know no book, next to thoſe of a religious tenour, that I would ſooner recommend for peruſal to a young man, and eſpecially one of a ſuperior rank.—According to my firſt plan I had inſcribed the following Epiſtle to Mr. *Richardſon*; and deſired his acceptance of my application of it to his the ſaid hiſtory, as coming from one of his many juſt admirers.

(d) Life will ſtill outrun us] —— Life ſpeeds away,
From point to point, tho' ſeeming to ſtand ſtill;
The cunning fugitive is ſwift by ſtealth:
Too ſubtle is the moment to be ſeen:
Yet ſoon man's hour is up and we are gone.
Too prone's our heart to whiſper what we wiſh;
'Tis later with the wiſe than he's aware;
The wiſeſt man goes ſlower than the ſun;
And all mankind miſtake their time of day,
Ev'n age itſelf.——*Young.*

(e) This and *that*] Hoc ſolum curantibus, non et hoc. Alluding to the uſual forms of their ſyllogiſms; *a thing muſt be either* this *or* that; *it cannot be* this; *therefore it muſt be* that; or, it *cannot be* this *and* that; *it is* this, *therefore not* that. This puts me in mind of two lines, which a modern wit hath ſet by way of *moral* to a burleſque tragedy.

From ſuch examples as of *this* and *that*,
We all are taught to know—I know not what. *Covent-Garden Tragedy.*

EPISTLE XLVI.

Concerning a Book which Lucilius *preſented him with of his own Writing.*

I HAVE received, *Lucilius*, the book you promiſed me; I opened it, intending juſt to have a taſte of it, and to read it at my leiſure: but I

was

was ſo delighted with it, that I could not help reading on: and my opinion of its being well wrote, will be manifeſt from hence; that I thought it ſhort, though it be too voluminous to be either of your writing or mine *(a)*; and ſeems at firſt ſight to be the works of *Livy*, or *Epicurus (b)*; but ſo entertaining and alluring was all that I read, I was reſolved without delay to finiſh it. And though it was late in the evening, hunger pinched me, and the clouds threatened a ſhower *(c)*, yet I read the whole: nor was I only amuſed but quite charmed: what judgment! what ſtrong ſenſe! what forceful energy! Was there any pauſe given, or did it riſe by ſtarts? No: it was not any peculiar ſtroke, but the whole tenour of it, that pleaſed me, as a maſterly and divine compoſition: yet, however ſtrong, it did not want grace and ſweetneſs in its proper place. You are indeed great and ſublime: this is what I would have you maintain and perſevere in: the ſubject matter is alſo of conſequence; eligible, and copious; ſo as to pleaſe the fancy, and exerciſe the genius.

I ſhall write more concerning this book, when I have again peruſed it: my judgment is not yet ſettled; it is as if I had only heard and not read it: permit me therefore to re-examine it: you have no reaſon to fear that I ſhall flatter you with an untruth. How happy are you, in giving no room for any one to ſay a falſe thing of you, even at ſuch a diſtance; except that where no cauſe is given, we ſometimes flatter for cuſtom's ſake.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) Cum eſſet nec mei nec tui *temporis*. *So* Lipſius, Salmaſius, *and others*. *But* Gronovius *Gruter*. et al. read it, *Corporis*. The antient way of writing was in long rolls, which when too large for the hands, were put under the chin, to be enrolled by degrees; or when too voluminous for this, they were laid upon a deſk, and ſuch as was gone through with, was puſhed forward and hung down from it. According therefore to the latter reading, the book here mentioned is ſuppoſed ſuch as neither of them could conveniently read without the like aſſiſtance.

(b) Epicurus is ſaid to have wrote more books than any one among all the philoſophers, not excepting *Chryſippus*.

(c) Though it was almoſt ſupper time, and he was afraid a ſhower would prevent his taking his uſual walk before it.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE XLVII.

On the Treatment of Servants.

IT by no means diſpleaſes me, *Lucilius*, to hear from thoſe you converſe with; that you live in ſome ſort of familiarity with your ſervants: this becomes your prudence, your erudition *(a)*. *Are they ſlaves?* No; they are men; they are comrades; they are humble friends: *Are they ſlaves?* Nay, rather fellow-ſervants; if you reflect on the equal power of Fortune over both you and them. I therefore laugh at thoſe, who think it ſcandalous, for a gentleman, to permit, at times his ſervant to ſit down with him at ſupper: why ſhould he not? but that proud cuſtom hath ordained, that the maſter ſhould ſup in ſtate; ſurrounded at leaſt by a dozen ſervants; with greedineſs he loads his diſtended paunch, now diſuſed to do its proper office (of digeſtion.) So that it coſts him more pains to evacuate than to gormandize; while the poor ſervants are not allowed to open their lips, ſo much as to ſpeak: the ſcourge reſtrains every murmur; nor are mere accidents excuſed, ſuch as a cough, a ſneezing, an hiccup; ſilence interrupted by a word is ſure to be puniſhed ſeverely: ſo that they muſt ſtand, perhaps the whole night, without taking a bit of any thing, or ſpeaking a word. Whence it often happens, that ſuch as are not allowed to ſpeak before their maſters, will ſpeak diſreſpectfully of them behind their backs *(b)*: whereas they who have been allowed not only to ſpeak before their maſters, but ſometimes with them; whoſe mouths were not always ſewed up, have been ready to incur the moſt imminent danger, even to the ſacrificing their lives, for their maſter's ſafety; they have talked at an entertainment; the rack cannot extort a word from them. Beſides, from the forementioned arrogance, ariſes the proverbial ſaying, Totidem eſſe hoſtes, quot ſervos: *As many ſervants, ſo many enemies (c)*; not that they are naturally enemies, but we make them ſuch.

I paſs

I paſs by the more cruel and inhuman actions, wherein we treat ſervants, not as men, but as beaſts of burthen *(d)*; and need only mention, that while we are indulging our appetites, one is employed to wipe up our ſpawlings; another, down upon his knees, gathers up the ſcraps and broken bottles; another carves up ſome choice birds, and, diſſecting them with a dexterous hand, lays the breaſts and rumps in delicate order *(e)*; wretched is the man, who lives to no other purpoſe, than to cut up with dexterity a fat fowl; unleſs he is more wretched who teaches this art out of mere voluptiouſneſs, than he who learns it to get his bread; another ſerves as ſkinker, and *** is ſubject to the vileſt and moſt ſcandalous offices! Another who is allowed the freedom of playing the buffoon, (*f*) and cenſuring the gueſts, goes on in his wretched ſtate of life, expecting every day, that his ability to flatter, to drink, and prattle, will induce ſome one to invite him again to-morrow; add to theſe the caterers, who have an exquiſite knowledge of their maſter's taſte; what reliſh beſt provokes his appetite; what will moſt pleaſe his eye; what dainty will ſuit his ſtomach; what he loaths from ſatiety; and what ſuch a day he will eat greedily; and yet their maſter diſdains to ſup with them, thinking it a diminution of his grandeur to admit a ſervant to the ſame table. The Gods are moſt juſt, who to repay their wonted arrogance, have ſometimes given *them* maſters, even from thoſe whom they ſo much deſpiſed. Before the door of *Caliſtus*, (*g*), have I ſeen his former Lord waiting; and even the man, who once fixed a label on his breaſt, and ſet him to ſale among his rejected ſlaves, excluded, while others were admitted: the ſervant, who was put in the firſt rank of abject ſlaves, whom to make vendible the cryer was obliged to exert his voice (*h*), hath now returned the compliment (*i*); in his turn rejected his maſter, and thought him not worthy to enter his houſe. His maſter ſold *Caliſtus*, but how many things ſince hath *Caliſtus* ſold his maſter?

Were you to conſider, that he, whom you call your ſlave, is ſprung from the ſame origin, enjoys the ſame climate, breaths the ſame air, and is ſubject to the ſame condition of life and death, you might as well think it poſſible for you to ſee *him* a gentleman, as he to ſee *you* a ſlave.

ſlave. In the fall of *Varus (k)*, how many born of the moſt ſplendid parentage, and not unjuſtly expecting, for their exploits in war, a ſenatorial degree (*l*), hath fortune caſt down? She hath made of one a ſhepherd, of another a cottager. And can you now deſpiſe the man, whoſe fortune is ſuch, into which, while you deſpiſe it, you may chance to fall?

I will not enter into ſo largea field of diſcourſe, as to diſpute on the uſe of ſervants, whom we are apt to treat with contumely, pride and cruelty: but this is the ſum of what I would preſcribe; *live ſo with an inferior, as you would have a ſuperior live with you* (*m*). As often as you think on the power you have over a ſervant, reflect on the power your maſter has over you. But you ſay you *have no maſter*: be it ſo; the world goes well at preſent (*n*); it may not do ſo always; you may, one day, be a ſervant yourſelf. Do you know at what time *Hecuba* became a ſlave? as alſo *Cræſus*; and the mother of *Darius*(*o*); and *Plato*, and *Diogenes* (*p*)? Live therefore courteouſly with your ſervant; vouchſafe him conference; admit him to counſel, and even to your table. I know the whole band of fops will cry out upon me, alledging, that nothing can be more mean, nothing more ſcandalous: and yet I have caught ſome of theſe kiſſing the hand of another's ſervant.

See you not by what means our anceſtors withdrew all manner of envy from maſters, and contumely from ſervants? They called a maſter, *pater familias*, *the father of a family*; and ſervants, *Familiares*, (as the word is ſtill uſed in our *Mimes*) their *familiars* (*q*). They inſtituted certain feſtivals, when the ſervants not only ſat at table with their maſters, but were allowed to bear honourable rule in the Houſe, and enact laws; in ſhort they looked upon a family as a little commonwealth. What then, ſhall I admit all ſervants to my table? Yes, as well as all your children: you are miſtaken if you think I would reject even thoſe of the meaner ſort; ſuppoſe, the groom, or the cow-keeper; I eſteem them not according to their vocation, but their manners: the manners are a man's own; his vocation, ſuch as it is, is the gift of Fortune; let ſome ſit down with you, becauſe they are worthy,

and others that they may become ſo; what remains in them of low and ſervile converſation, may be thrown off by converſing with their betters.

There is no reaſon, my *Lucilius*, that you ſhould ſeek a friend only in the *Forum*, or at Court; if you ſearch diligently, you may poſſibly find a truer friend at home: good materials are often loſt for want of a workman; for once make the experiment: as he is a fool, who, when buying a horſe, inſpects or examines nothing more than the bridle and ſaddle, he is as great a fool who eſteems a man from his dreſs, or his condition in life, which is alſo a ſort of dreſs. *Is he a ſlave?* His mind may yet be free: *is he a ſlave?* Why ſhould this prejudice you againſt him? Shew me the man who is not a ſlave (*r*). One is a ſlave to luſt; another to covetouſneſs; another to ambition; and all to fear. I can ſhew you a man of conſular dignity, a ſlave to an old woman; a very rich man a ſlave to his handmaid; and many a young nobleman, who are the very bond-ſlaves of players. No ſlavery is more infamous than that which is voluntary: there is no reaſon, therefore, that ſome over-nice perſons ſhould deter you from ſhewing yourſelf affable and good-humour'd to your ſervants; inſtead of carrying yourſelf proudly as their ſuperior: let them rather honour you than fear you (*s*).

Some one now will ſay that I am inviting every ſlave to aſſume the cap (*of Liberty*), and degrading every maſter from his proper ſtation, becauſe I have ſaid, rather let them reſpect, than fear you; what, ſays he, muſt they only reverence him, as his clients, and ſuch as attend his leveè? He that will ſay this, forgets, that what ſatisfies God, may well ſatisfy a maſter: God is reverenced and loved: love cannot accord with fear. I think therefore you act juſtly in not requiring your ſervants to fear you; and in chaſtizing them with words only; it is for brutes to be corrected by the ſcourge; not every thing that offends, hurts us: daintineſs compells us to outrage; ſo that the leaſt thing that thwarts our inclination can put us in a paſſion; we take upon us to act like Kings (*t*); who not conſidering their own ſtrength, and the weakneſs of others, are cauſeleſsly enraged as if they re-

an injury; when the greatneſs of their ſtate hath rendered them quite ſecure againſt any ſuch danger: this they know, but by an unjuſt complaint, they pretend to have received an injury, in order to commit one themſelves. I am unwilling to detain you any longer; for I think you have no need of exhortation. Good morals, among other advantages, have this quality; they enjoy ſelf-complacency, and are always ſteady; but a wicked diſpoſition is ever light and changeable; no matter whether the change be for the better, a change is enough.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) Erudition, with the Stoicks is the ſame as wiſdom. Vid. *Lipſ.* Manud. II. diſſ. 1.

(b) Like him in the old comedy. (Ariſtoph. Ran. 737)

—— μαλα γ' ἐποπτευειν δοκῶ,
Ὅταν καταρᾶσωμαι λάθρα τῷ δεσπότῃ.
—— *Nothing gives me greater pleaſure*
Than privily to abuſe and curſe my maſter.

(c) From *Cato*.—But ſurely they muſt be either very bad ſervants, or bad maſters.—See this proverbial ſentence, and other paſſages of this epiſtle fully treated of in *Macrob.* Saturn I. c. 11. It is notorious, that the Lacedæmonians not only, in their general conduct treated their ſlaves with great harſhneſs and inſolence, but even maſſacred them, on ſeveral occaſions, in cold blood, and without provocation; leſt from growing too numerous or powerful, they might endanger the State.

But as M. de Monteſquieu very properly obſerves, their danger was owing to this inhuman treatment; whereas among the *Athenians*, who treated their ſlaves with great gentleneſs, there is no inſtance of their proving troubleſome or dangerous to the public. *Leland* Vol. II. p. 45, l. 4.

There is a pertinent reflection in Lord *Orrery's* obſervations (on Plin. Ep. l. 3. 14.) "What "can be baſer, what more inhuman, than to oppreſs ſervants and ſlaves, miſerable by their ſituation, and only to be made leſs ſo, by that *proper* indulgence, which is due to the meaneſt of our "fellow-creatures, and which will always be allowed them by thoſe, who ſpring from the ſeeds of "virtue, and who ſcorn to wear honours, they have not deſerved? When we behold a barbarous "maſter and an ill-natured Lord, it is no unjuſt preſumption, notwithſtanding his load of titles, "to conclude, that by ſome accident or another he certainly ſprouts from the refuſe of the people, "and the dregs of mankind.

(e) Theſe dextrous carvers were called *Chironomontes*, Juv. V. 121.

—— Et Chironomonta volanti
Cultello, donec peragat dictata magiſtri.
Meanwhile thy indignation yet to raiſe,
The carver, dancing round each diſh, ſurveys
With flying knife; and as his art directs,
With proper geſture, every fowl diſſects. Bowles.

Sen. de beat. Vit. c. 17. *Carpi, Carptores*; Petron. *Scindendi opſonii Magiſtri.—Vid.* Sidon. Apoll. l. 4. Ep. 7. Ib. 2. 12. Quantâ arte ſcindantur aves in fruſta non enormia.

(f)

(*f*) Such a one was Calliodorus, to whom *Martial*,——

Feſtivè credis te, Calliodore, jocari,
Et ſolum multo permaduiſſe ſale;
Omnibus arrides, dicteria dicis in omnes,
Sic te convivam poſſe placere putas,
At ſi ego non bellè, ſed verò, dixero, quiddam,
Nemo propinabit, Calliodôre, tibi.
You think it ſmart, my friend, to cut your jeſts,
And with your gibes beſpatter all the gueſts;
At all you laugh, cenſure, abuſe, and teaſe;
And think by ſuch accompliſhments to pleaſe;
But were I only to ſpeak truth of you,
You'd find no Houſe to be invited to. M.

(*g*) *Caliſtus* was the freed-man of *Claudius*, yet this is ſaid not of *Claudius*, but of ſome former maſter. Infra domino quam multa] Sc. by the favour of *Claudius*. *al leg.* domini; i. e. *of his maſter's*; viz. *Claudius*.

(*h*) As *Apulcius* ſays jocoſely of himſelf, Tunc præco diruptis faucibus et rancâ voce ſaucius, in meas fortunas ridiculos conſtruebat jocos; *The cryer then ſtrained his jaws, and tore his throat, till he was quite hoarſe, in ſetting me off with his ridiculous jeſts.*

(*i*) Apologavit.] A word in uſe among the vulgar, but from a Greek original. Απολόγεν. Our *to apologize*, from the ſame.

(*k*) Variana clade. *So*, Lipſius. AL. *Marianâ* clade. But I think the former preferable; as it happened in the time of *Auguſtus*, and the effects were ſtill viſible. *Quinctilius Varus*, with three legions, was overthrown, and ſlain, by *Arminius*.

(*l*) Having ſerved three years, as a military Tribune, according to the inſtitution of *Auguſtus*. Vid. *Lipſ.* Milit. II. c. 20.

(*m*) *Whatſoever you would that men ſhould do unto you, even ſo do unto them; for, this is the law and the prophets.* Matth. 7, 12. *Maſters give unto your ſervants, that which is equal and juſt; knowing that ye alſo have a maſter in Heaven.* Col. 4. 1.

(*n*) Bona ætas.] Or, *you are young*, as, mula ætas, ſignifies *old age*.

(*o*) *Hecuba*, the wife of *Priam*, the laſt King of Troy. *Cræſus*, the laſt King of *Lydia* taken priſoner by *Cyrus*. The mother of *Darius*, taken priſoner by *Alexander*.

(*p*) *Plato*, having given ſome offence to Dionyſius in *Sicily*, he ordered him to be ſold; and accordingly he was carried to *Ægina*, and there ſold for twenty pounds, to *Anniceris*, the *Cyrenaic*; who very readily gave him his liberty, and reſtored him to his friends at *Athens*.

When *Diogenes* was to be ſold for a ſlave, he cry'd, *Who will buy a maſter?* And to him that bought him, *you muſt diſpoſe yourſelf to obey me*, (ſaid he) *as great men do their phyſicians.*

(*q*) Familiares. *See* Ep. 77. Sidon. Apol. l. 4. Ep. 8.

(*r*) Hor. Sat. I. 4. 25.—Quemvis media erue turba
Aut ab avaritiâ aut miſerâ ambitione laborat
Hic nuptarum inſanit amoribus.——
Take me a man, at venture from the croud,
And he's ambitius covetous, or proud;
One burns to madneſs for a wedded dame.—Francis.

Whoſoever committeth ſin is the ſervant of ſin. 1 John. 8. 92. *Know ye not that to whom ye yield yourſelves ſervants to obey, his ſervants ye are to whom ye obey.* Rom. 6. 16.

(s) *There is no fear in love, but perfect love caſteth out fear, becauſe fear hath torment: he that feareth is not made perfect in love.* 1. John, 4. 18.

(t) *Sen.* (de ira. l. ii. c. 31.) Regis quiſque intra ſe habet animam, ut licentiam ſibi dari in alterum velit, in ſe nolit.---We have too many inſtances of this tyranny even in our own hiſtory; ſuch were Rich. II. Edw. IV. Henry VIII. upon particular occaſions.

EPISTLE XLVIII.

On ſocial Virtue, and the Trifling of Sophiſtry.

THE Epiſtle which you favoured me with, *Lucilius*, on your journey, almoſt as long as the journey itſelf, I ſhall anſwer at another opportunity. I muſt retire awhile, and conſider what counſel it will be proper to give you: for as you, when you applied to me, took time to conſider of it; have I not a right to claim the ſame indulgence; when the queſtion is of ſuch a nature *(a)*, as to require more time to ſolve, than to propoſe it; eſpecially as one thing may be expedient for you, and another for me? I am ſpeaking again as an *Epicurean (b)*: for indeed what is expedient for me, is alſo expedient for you; or I am not your friend, if what concerns you, is not of like concern to me.

Friendſhip makes a mutual interchange of things neceſſary, be it either in proſperity or adverſity: true friends have all things in common *(c)*: nor can any one live happily who lives to himſelf alone, and conſiders nothing further than his own advantage: you muſt live for others if you would live honourably for yourſelf. This ſocial virtue is to be diligently and religiouſly obſerved, which blends us all one with another, and points out one common right to mankind; but has moſt efficacy in cultivating the interior ſociety of friendſhip: for he will certainly have all things in common with a friend, who knows that he hath many things in common with man, as his fellow-creature. Therefore, *Lucilius*, beſt of men, I had rather theſe ſubtle diſputants would direct

me, in diſtinguiſhing what I owe my friend, and what to mankind in general; than pretend to ſhew me how many ways a man may be ſaid to be a *friend*; and to what different ſenſes the word *man* may be applied.

Lo! wiſdom and folly take different paths: on which do I attend? or which do you recommend to me? Wiſdom looks upon man as a common friend: Folly regards not a friend in man. The former (the *Stoic*) deſigns a friend for himſelf; the latter (the *Epicurean*) himſelf for a friend: (i. e. *referring all things to himſelf alone.*)

You are apt, *Lucilius*, to wreſt the meaning of words; and amuſe yourſelf in the arrangement of ſyllables: indeed, unleſs I contrive the moſt artful queſtions, and by a falſe concluſion built upon true premiſes, affirm a lye, I can ſcarce ſeparate what is to be followed, from what is to be eſchewed: I am really aſhamed, that, old as we are, we ſhould thus trifle in ſerious affairs—

Mouſe is a ſyllable,
But a mouſe gnaws cheeſe;
Therefore, a ſyllable gnaws cheeſe.

Suppoſe now I was not maſter enough of logic to find out the fallacy of this ſyllogiſm, how dangerous would be my ignorance? what inconvenience would ariſe therefrom? Surely, I ought to be afraid, leſt I ſhould catch ſyllables in my mouſetrap; or, were I not to take more care, leſt a book ſhould eat my cheeſe. But perhaps the following ſyllogiſm is more acute and better formed:

Mouſe is a ſyllable;
But a ſyllable does not gnaw cheeſe:
Therefore a mouſe does not gnaw cheeſe.

What childiſh trifling! Is this the effect of all our gravity! Does our beard grow for this? Does all our labour and ſtudy tend to teach ſuch wretched ſtuff, with a grim and melancholy viſage?

Would you know what true philoſophy promiſeth all mankind? I will tell you, *good counſel.* We ſee one man ſtruggling in the jaws of death; another rack'd by poverty; another is tortured by riches, either his own or his neighbour's: one man dreads bad fortune, another is diſſatisfied with good; one thinks himſelf hardly uſed by man, another by

by the gods: ſeeing all this, why do you offer me ſuch ſilly trifles as the abovementioned? Here is no room for jeſting; you are called upon to ſuccour the diſtreſſed; you are under an obligation to lend all poſſible aſſiſtance to the ſhipwreck'd, to the priſoner, to the ſick, to the poor and needy, and to the unhappy under ſentence of death. Whither do you turn away? what are you doing? The man you ſport with is in great fear and trouble; rather aſſiſt him; beſtow your eloquence in favour of thoſe, who from real pains are ready to periſh; ſee how on every ſide they all ſtretch out their hands to you, and implore your aſſiſtance, with regard to the life that is paſt, and is ſtill decaying; in you is all their hope and ſtrength; they beſeech you to deliver them from this ſtorm of trouble and vexation, and ſhew the clear light of truth to ſuch as are diſtracted with error *(d)*. Diſtinguiſh to them what *Nature* hath made neceſſary from what is vain and ſuperfluous; what eaſy laws ſhe hath impoſed upon mankind; how pleaſant life may be made; how free and eaſy to ſuch as follow her laws; and how ſevere and intricate to thoſe, who rather truſt to opinion than nature. But, pray, what do theſe ſubtle diſputants with all their art? Do they drive out the luſtful paſſions? Do they even reſtrain them? I could wiſh that theſe diſputes only did no good: they really do hurt: I will make this manifeſt to you when you pleaſe; and that good natural parts are cramped and weakened by ſuch quirks and ſubtleties. I am aſhamed to ſay, what uſeleſs weapons they put into the hands of thoſe who are warring againſt fortune; and how poorly they equip them. This (the way you are in) is the only way to obtain the chief good; in the other the exceptions to philoſophy are intricate and vile, ſuch as engage the young ſtudents that attend the Prætor *(e)*. For, what elſe do ye, when you draw into error him, whom ye interrogate, but cauſe him to appear nonſuited? But as the Prætor reſtores the one to his right, ſo does Philoſophy the other. Why do ye depart from your large promiſes? and having ſpoke big words, that ye would cauſe that the glittering of gold ſhould no more dazzle my eyes than that of a ſword;—that with great conſtancy I ſhould deſpiſe and trample upon all that either men wiſh or fear;—do ye deſcend to the A, B, C, of grammarians? Is this the way to heaven? For this is what philoſophy promiſeth, that it will make me equal to the powers above. To this was I invited: for this purpoſe I came:

I came: perform your promiſe. As much as poſſible, therefore, *Lucilius*, withdraw yourſelf from theſe exceptions and preſcriptions of ſophiſts. Plain and ſimple arguments beſt become and ſet forth truth. Even had we more time in life, it muſt be ſparingly laid out, that we might have enough for neceſſaries: but now what madneſs is it to learn trifles, when life is ſo very ſhort *(f)*?

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) There ſeems to have been a conſultation between *Seneca* and *Lucilius* concerning the latter's remaining in the province, when *Seneca* wiſhed for his return to *Rome*.

(b) According to the Epicurean principle of meaſuring friendſhip by profit and advantage. See Epp. 3. 20. and the following Note.

(c) Ariſtotle being aſked, Quid eſſet Amicus? *What was a friend?* anſwered, μια Ψυχη δυο σωμασιν ἐνοικουσα, *One ſoul inhabiting two bodies.* Amicum qui intuetur, tanquam exemplar aliquod intuetur ſui, &c. *Cic.* Læl. c. 7. "Whoever is in poſſeſſion of a true friend, ſees the exact counterpart of his own ſoul. In conſequence of this moral reſemblance between them, they are ſo intimately *one*, that no advantage can attend either, which does not equally communicate itſelf to both." And "ſurely, nothing can be more delightful than to live in a conſtant interchange and viciſſitude of reciprocal good offices." "Not that a good man's benevolence is by any means confined to a ſingle object: he extends it to every individual. For true virtue incapable of partial, and contracted exceptions to the exerciſe of her benign ſpirit, enlarges the ſoul with ſentiments of univerſal philanthropy." *Melmoth.*—And ſuch, from indiſputable authority, were the primitive Chriſtians; *The multitude of them that believed were of one heart and one ſoul, neither ſaid any of them, that ought of the things he poſſeſſed was his own; but they had all things in common.* Acts 4. 32.

And here I cannot but acknowledge, (as every Chriſtian reader will acknowledge) an obligation to the tranſlator of *Cicero's Lælius*, for his admirable remark (N. 68.) on this ſubject, concluding as follows; "Upon the whole then, it appears, that the divine Founder of the Chriſtian Religion, as well by his own example, as by the ſpirit of his moral doctrine, has not only encouraged, but *conſecrated* FRIENDSHIP.

(d) This is what the philoſophers promiſe, and perform according to *Lucretius*, V. 12.

——Deus ipſe fuit, Deus——
Qui princeps vitæ rationem invenit eam, quæ
Nunc appellatur ſapientia; quique per artem
Fluctibus e tantis vitam tantiſque tenebris,
In tam tranquillo, et tam clarâ luce locarunt.
He was a God, who firſt inform'd our ſouls
And led us by philoſophy and rules,
From cares and fears, and melancholy night,
To joy and peace; and ſhew'd us ſplendid light.——Creech.

But we learn from the moſt authentic records, that the wiſeſt and beſt of the antient philoſophers, when they undertook to ſettle the great foundations of religion, were at a loſs, and ſo ſtrangely puzzled, that the moſt knowing among them renounced all knowledge; and ſo far were they from being able to point out the way to happineſs, that ſcarce any two of them could agree in what that happineſs conſiſted: wherefore, I ſhould not think it much amiſs, if a Chriſtian looked upon theſe lines of *Lucretius* as prophetical, and applied them, with a grateful heart, to the Chriſtian ſcheme.

(e) The

(*e*) The Prætorſhip was the ſecond office for dignity in *Rome*. Their principal buſineſs was to adminiſter juſtice to the citizens, and ſtrangers; and to make edicts as a ſupplement to the civil law.

(*f*) Our want of time and the ſhortneſs of human life are ſome of the principal commonplace complaints, which we prefer againſt the eſtabliſhed order of things. The man of buſineſs deſpiſes the man of pleaſure, for ſquandering his time away; the man of pleaſure pities or laughs at the man of buſineſs for the ſame thing, yet both concur ſupercilioufly and abſurdly to find fault with the Supreme Being for having given them ſo little time. The philoſopher, who miſpends it very often as much as the others, joins in the ſame cry and authoriſes the impiety. *Theophraſtus* thought it extremely hard to die at ninety, and to go out of the world, when he had juſt learned to live in it: his maſter *Ariſtotle* found fault with Nature, for treating man, in this reſpect, worſe than ſeveral other animals: both very unphiloſophically! And I love *Seneca* the better for his quarrel with *Ariſtotle* on this head." *Bolingbroke* on Retirement.

EPISTLE XLIX.

On the Brevity of Life. Uſeful Things only to be ſtudied.

I OWN, my *Lucilius*, that he is ſupine and negligent, who is no otherwiſe put in mind of a diſtant friend, than by an advertiſement from ſuch a place: but ſo it happens that places, which have been familiar to us, often call forth the affection repoſited in our boſom; and not ſuffering the remembrance of a friend to be quite extinguiſhed, rouſe it from its dormant ſtate; as the grief of thoſe who have loſt a friend or relation, though lulled for a while, is renewed at the ſight of an old ſervant, or of the clothes, or place of reſidence of the deceaſed. You cannot imagine what an affection for you, at our preſent diſtance, *Campania*, and particularly *Naples*, hath raiſed in me at the ſight of your beloved (villa) *Pompeii:* your whole ſelf ſtands, as it were, before my eye, eſpecially at the time of my taking leave of you; I ſee you reſtraining the tear juſt ſtarting from your eye; and labouring in vain to ſtifle thoſe affections, which, from being ſuppreſſed, diſcover themſelves the more: even *now* methinks I muſt part from you.

For

For what may not this *now* be applied to, upon reflection? It was but juſt *now* when I was ſitting at the feet of *Sotio (a)* the philoſopher; juſt *now* I began to plead at the bar; juſt *now* I was deſirous to leave off; and but juſt *now* the taſk was too much for me. O the infinite velocity of time, which is more apparent, when we look back upon what is paſt: for it deceives us, when we are intent upon the preſent. So ſwift is the courſe of its precipitate flight, we have not leiſure to conſider it *(b)*. Shall I give you a reaſon for this? All that is paſt of time, is in one place: it is at once beheld, and gone at once. Hence all things fall into the vaſt abyſs: otherwiſe there could not be ſuch long intervals in a thing, ſo entirely ſhort in itſelf: we live, comparatively, but a moment; nay leſs than a moment; but this, little as it is, Nature hath divided into the ſpecious appearance of a longer ſpace: of one part ſhe hath formed what we call *infancy*; of another, *childhood*; of another, *youth*; of another, *manhood*, ſtill inclining to old age; and of another, *old age* itſelf. How many degrees hath ſhe comprehended in a narrow compaſs! It was but juſt *now*, when I began a friendſhip and correſpondence with you; and yet this *now* hath proved a great part of life; whoſe brevity we muſt one day become ſenſible of.

I was not uſed to think the flight of time ſo ſwift; which now ſeems to me incredible *(c)*; either becauſe I am got as it were upon the laſt line of it *(d)*; or becauſe I have of late began to reflect and compute my loſs of it; and conſequently am more vexed, that any one ſhould ſpend the greater part of it in vanities and trifles, when the whole, though attended to with the moſt diligent care and circumſpection, ſufficeth not for doing, what is neceſſary to be done.

Cicero affirms, that were his days to be doubled, he ſhould not find time enough to read the Lyric Poets; I ſay the ſame of the Logicians: the more demure and wretched triflers! The former profeſſedly wanton away their time; but theſe fondly imagine they are doing ſomething of importance: not but that they are ſometimes to be looked into; but nothing more than with a tranſient view; a ſalute, as it were, at the door; to the intent only that we may not be impoſed upon; and fancy more good couched under them than is apparent. But why ſhould you

perplex yourſelf and me with a queſtion, which it is more prudent to deſpiſe than to ſolve? It is for one who is idle, and can make a miſtake without much detriment, to enquire into theſe minute things. As when the alarm is given, and the ſoldier is commanded to march; neceſſity obliges him to quit the fardels he had collected in the time of peace; and with proper accoutrements to take the field: I have no leiſure to ſift the meaning of doubtful words, or to try my ſkill in unriddling them.

Aſpice qui coeunt populi, quæ mænia clauſis
Ferrum acuant portis.—(Virg. 8, 385.)
[*Behold what nations join, and ſhut their gates*
'Gainſt me and mine!]

The horrid din of war reſounding on every ſide muſt be attended to with great preſence of mind; I ſhould juſtly be thought a madman if, when even the women and old men were piling up ſtones to fortify the wall; when the young men within were expecting or demanding an order to ſally out; when hoſtile weapons ſhook the gates, and the ground under foot trembled, by being dug and undermined; I ſhould then ſit idle and at eaſe propounding queſtions of this ſort:

What you have not loſt, you have got,
But you have not loſt horns,
Therefore you have horns.

Or inventing others conſtructed in the form of this acute dotage. Nor ſhould I ſeem leſs mad, was I *now* to beſtow my time upon ſuch traſh; for I am even *now* beſieged: in the former caſe I was threatened only with danger from without; and was defended from the enemy by ſtrong walls; but my preſent danger is from within, even the danger of death; I am not at leiſure therefore to trifle; I have a great work in hand. What ſhall I do?

Death purſues me; life is fleeting; inſtruct me with regard to theſe points; teach me ſomething, that I may not fly from death, nor life from me *(e)*: exhort me, againſt theſe difficulties, to put on æquanimity; ſtrengthen me with conſtancy, againſt theſe inevitable evils; make me content with the time I have to live; teach me that the good of life, conſiſts not in the duration, but in the right uſe of it. That it

it is poſſible, nay, that it often happens, for a man, who hath been long in the world, to have lived but a little time. Remind me, as I am going to ſleep, that it may be I ſhall wake no more; or rather, when I awake that I ſhall ſleep no more. Tell me when I go out, that poſſibly I may not return; and, when I return, it may be I ſhall go out no more. You are miſtaken, if you think that upon the wide and dangerous ſeas only, there is the ſmalleſt line or interval between life and death; it is the ſame in all places; Death indeed does not ſhew himſelf every where ſo near, yet every where he is as near. Take away this darkneſs from me *(f)*, and you will the more eaſily diſcover to me theſe things, for which I am prepared.

Nature hath endowed us with ſufficient docility: and though as yet our reaſon may be imperfect, it is what may be perfected. Let us confer together concerning juſtice, piety, frugality, and particularly chaſtity; both that which teaches me from violating the body of another, and that which inſtructs me in the due care of my own. If you would not lead me into any by-path, I ſhall ſooner attain to the wiſh'd-for end of my journey. For as the Tragedian ſaith, *The ſpeech of truth is ever plain and ſimple (g)*. It ſhould not therefore be rendered intricate or obſcure; nor can any thing be more diſagreeable than ſuch wily and ſubtle craftineſs, to a generous mind that hath great things in view.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) Euſeb. Chron. *(extremis Auguſti annis)* Sotio philoſophus Alexandrinus, præceptor Senecæ, clarus habetur. *At the end of the reign of* Auguſtus *flouriſhed* Sotio, *the philoſopher of* Alexandria, *tutor to* Seneca.—See Ep. 24.

(b) Thoſe hours which lately ſmil'd, where are they now?
Pallid to thought, and ghaſtly! drown'd, all drown'd,
In that great deep, which nothing diſembogues!
The reſt are on the wing—how fleet their flight!
Already has the fatal train took fire:
A moment, and the world's blown up to thee,
The ſun is darkneſs, and the ſtars are duſt.—*Young.*

(c) Time in advance behind him hangs his wings,
And ſeems to creep, decrepit with his age.
Behold him when paſt by, what then is ſeen,
But his broad pinions, ſwifter than the winds!
And all mankind in contradiction ſtrong,
Rueful, aghaſt! cry out on his career.—*Id.*

(d) Quia

(*d*) Quia admoveri lineas ſentio.———

Linea was a trench drawn round the *Arena* to mark the courſe for thoſe who entered the liſts.

Admoveri lineas, *is the ſame with* decrepitos et extrema tangentes, Ep. 26. *Upon the laſt ſtage of life.*

Or metaphorically for the laſt line on the cheſs-board, as Hor. Ep. I. 16, ult.—Mors ultima linea rerum eſt.

Death is that goal the poet here intends,
The utmoſt courſe, where human nature bends.

This does not mean that Death is an end of all things, but of all our misfortunes. Rerum *for* rerum malarum, *as in* Virgil, feſſi rerum,—ſunt lacrymæ rerum,—trepidæ rerum.

— Ες' ἄκραν ἥκομεν γραμμὴν κακῶν. Eur. Antig.
Reduced to the laſt extremity.
Μύ μοι, τὸ πρῶτον ζῆμ' ἐαν δράμῃ καλῶς,
Νικᾶν δόκειται τὴν δίκην, πρὶν ἂν πέλας
Γραμμῆς ἵκηται καὶ τέλος καμψῇ δίυ. Id. Elect. 954.
Let no one dream of victory,
Howe'er ſucceſsful his firſt round,
'Till he hath reach'd the goal, and end of life.

(*e*) i. e. live in indolence, and doing nothing to the purpoſe of being.

(*f*) Has tenebras diſcute.—
Through this opaque of nature and of ſoul,
This double night, tranſmit one pitying ray,
To brighten and to chear.—*Young.*

(*g*) Απλῆς ὁ μῦθος τῆς ἀληθείας ἔφυ. Eur. Phæn. 472.

EPISTLE L.

Tender Minds are the more eaſily wrought upon, but it is not impoſſible to get the better of an inveterate Habit.

AFTER ſome months, *Lucilius*, I have received the letter you ſent me: I therefore thought it of little avail to enquire of the perſon who brought it, any news relating to you: for he muſt have had a good memory to have recollected every thing. And yet I hope you live ſo, as in whatever place you are, I may be informed of what you are doing: but what elſe can you be doing, than ſtudying every day, to make yourſelf a better man? caſting off ſome error or other; and particularly learning that your vices are your own, and not to be imputed to circumſtances;

ſtances; for ſome we aſcribe to times and places; but wherever we go, they are ſuch as ſtill follow us.

The ſimpleton, *Harpaſte*, that attends my wife, hath continued an hereditary burthen in my family; for I own I am much diſguſted at ſuch prodigies. If I would divert myſelf with a fool, I have not far to look for one; I laugh at myſelf. This ſilly girl went blind on a ſudden; and what I tell you, is very ſtrange, but true: ſhe does not ſeem to know, that ſhe is blind: ſhe often aſks her governeſs to walk out; for ſhe ſays, the houſe is ſo dark ſhe cannot ſee *(a)*. Now tho' we are apt to laugh at her, we all lie under the ſame predicament: no one will own himſelf covetous; no one, luſtful: yet the blind deſire a guide; but we ſtill wander on without a guide, and ſay, "*I am really not ambitious, but no one can live otherwiſe at Rome. I am not expenſive, but it is impoſſible to be penurious while we live in the city: it is not my fault that I am paſſionate; for I have not yet fixed upon a certain rule of life: it is the failing of youth.*" Why do we thus deceive ourſelves? The evil that infects us comes not from without; it is internal, it reſides in the very breaſt: and therefore it is the more difficult to be reſtored to health, becauſe we know not, or pretend not to know, that we are ſick.

Were we to undertake a cure, how long would it be before that of ſo many pains and diſeaſes could be effected? But we do not ſo much as ſeek a phyſician; who certainly would have much leſs trouble was he to be called in, upon the firſt ſymptoms. Young and tender minds are ſoon prevailed upon to attend to thoſe, who ſeriouſly point out to them the right path: no one is brought back with difficulty to the ſtandard of Nature, but ſuch as have quite deſerted her: but the misfortune is, we are aſhamed to learn wiſdom; we ſeem to think it diſgraceful to look out for a maſter in this reſpect; and yet we can never hope ſo great a good will flow in upon us merely by chance: ſome pains muſt be taken; and to ſay the truth, no great pains are required, if, as I before obſerved, we only begin to correct and reform the mind before it is too harden'd in depravity; nor, be it harden'd as it will, ſhould I quite

deſpair.

deſpair. There is nothing but what perſeverance, aſſiduity, and diligent care may overcome *(b)*. The hardeſt oak, however bent, may be made ſtreight; heat will unbend the crooked beam; and things, however deſigned by Nature for other purpoſes, are applied to ſuch ſervices as our uſe requires. How much eaſier will the mind take any form you pleaſe? it is flexible, and more pliant than either air or water; for what is the mind, but a certain indwelling ſpirit? And a ſpirit is the more eaſily worked upon than matter, as it is more fine and ſubtile.

There is no reaſon then, my *Lucilius*, that you ſhould entertain the leſs hopes of any one, becauſe the malignity of evil hath laid hold of him, and had him long in poſſeſſion: no one learns virtue before he hath unlearned vice: in this reſpect we are all pre-engaged *(d)*: but we ought to apply ourſelves more ſtrenuouſly to amendment; becauſe the poſſeſſion of good is everlaſting. No one that hath once learned virtue, can forget it *(e)*: for, the contrary evils are of foreign growth, and therefore may eaſily be extirpated and expelled. Such things as are in their proper place, abide there conſtantly: Virtue is according to Nature *(f)*; Vice is ever her foe, and ever prejudicial. But as virtues once truly received into the breaſt, cannot again depart; and conſequently the conſervation of them is eaſy; ſo the firſt entrance upon them is arduous; becauſe it is the common part of a weak and ſick mind, to dread what it has not yet experienced. Therefore the mind muſt be compelled to make a firſt eſſay; and then the medicine will not prove diſagreeable, when it gives delight at the time it effects a cure: the pleaſure of the remedies is ſeldom taſted before health is procured; but philoſophy is at the ſame time both ſalutary and pleaſant.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) Muretus (*in his Note*) makes mention of a friend of his under the like deluſion, though a ſenſible and learned man: he was grown deaf with age, being near fourſcore; but would not acknowledge his infirmity: he fancied every one ſpoke in a lower tone than they uſed to do formerly; and whiſpered, that he might not hear them.

(*b*) This is a principal maxim of the Stoics, that, *virtue is to be acquired by erudition:* Nemo enim per ſe ſatis valet, ut emergat, &c. Ep. 52. *No one is ſufficient of himſelf to emerge*, &c. Vid. *Lipſ.* Manud. II. Diſſ. X.

(*c*) Thus

(c) Thus *Horace*, Ep. I. 1. 38.

Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinoſus, amator,
Nemo adeò ferus eſt, ut non miteſcere poſſit
Si modo culturæ patientem commodet aurem.

Is fame thy paſſion? wiſdom's pow'rful charm,
If thrice read over ſhall its force diſarm;
The ſlave to envy, anger, wine or love,
The wretch of ſloth, its excellence ſhall prove.——Francis.

(d) *The imagination of man's heart is evil continually.* Gen. 8. 21. *Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, &c.* Matth. 15. 19. *Ceaſe to do evil, learn to do well,* &c. Iſ. 1. 16. 1 Pet. 3. 11.

(e) *Virtue,* ſays *Socrates, like truth, admits not either addition, or diminution.* Ep. 72. *See alſo* Epp. 74. 75. *Lipſ.* Manud. III. Diſſ. 3.

(f) See Epp. 92. 95.

EPISTLE LI.

Such Places are to be avoided as effeminate the Mind.

EVERY one muſt do as they can, my *Lucilius:* it is your lot to be near *Ætna*, that celebrated mountain of *Sicily*; which I am ſurprized that *Meſſala* and *Valgius* ſhould take to be the only one of the kind, for ſo they both write; whereas *vulcanos* are to be ſeen, not only in high places (where indeed they are more frequent, as it is the nature of fire to aſcend) but alſo in the low: for our part, we muſt be content with *Baiæ* (*a*); though, I own, I was induced to leave the place the day after I came thither: a place, not the more to be deſired becauſe nature hath endowed it with certain qualities, which the voluptuous take delight in, and the luxurious have made their theme of praiſe.

And what then? Is any place to be cried down at pleaſure? No; but as one dreſs is more becoming to a wiſe and good man than another; nor has he an averſion to any particular colour, but that he thinks ſome one leſs decent for a man who profeſſes frugality; ſo there may be a country, which a wiſe man, or one in purſuit of wiſdom, may diſapprove

of, as tending to the corruption of good morals: thinking therefore on a place of retirement, he would never fix upon *Canopus (b)*, (though as diſſolute a place as it is, it hinders no one from being ſober and temperate) nor on *Baiæ*, now become the very hoſtrie of vice: where luxury takes her full ſwing; and the people, as if by permiſſion, grow more and more diſſolute: whereas would we live happy, we ſhould reſort to a place, that is not only productive of health for the body, but conducive alſo to ſound morals. As I would not live among the executioners; ſo neither would I live in a tavern or a cook's-ſhop. Is there any neceſſity for ſeeing men drunk and reeling about the ſtreets; or hearing the riotings of ſailors; and the lakes reſounding with looſe ſongs, and concerts of muſick; with many the like entertainments; which luxury, as if altogether lawleſs, not only offends in, but makes public profeſſion of. It is our buſineſs to fly as far as poſſible from all allurements to vice: the mind is to be withdrawn from the ſoft blandiſhments of pleaſures, and inured to hardſhips. One winter-quarters pulled down the ſtrength of *Hannibal*; and the delights of *Campania* quite enervated that great man, who was impenetrable to the cold and deep ſnows of the *Alps*: he conquered in arms, but was conquered by luxury and vice. Our condition likewiſe is a warfare (*d*), and ſuch a one wherein no reſt, no leiſure-time is allowed. Pleaſures in the firſt place are to be ſubdued; which (as you ſee) have drawn in the moſt ſavage tempers. If any one ſhould propoſe to taſk himſelf, let him know, that nothing is to be done of a ſoft and delicate caſt.

What have I to do with warm baths or hot houſes, where the reeky air exhauſts the juices of the body (*e*)? If I muſt ſweat, let it be by exerciſe. Were we to do as *Hannibal* did; and, during the interruption in the courſe of affairs, or in the time of a truce, give up ourſelves to the pampering the body; no one would unjuſtly reprehend ſuch an indulgence, dangerous to a conqueror, much more to him who hopes to conquer. We are not allowed ſo much liberty as thoſe who followed the *Carthaginian* ſtandard: more danger remains for us, if we yield; and even more work, if we perſevere in duty. Fortune wages perpetual war againſt me; I have no mind to yield; I take not her yoke upon me; nay,

nay, what requires ſtill greater courage and virtue; when impoſed upon me, I throw it off; the mind is not to be thus ſhattered with delicacies. If I yield to pleaſure, I muſt ſubmit to pain, to trouble, to poverty: ambition would claim the ſame right over me; and alſo anger: I ſhall be diſtracted with a ſad variety of paſſions, nay, torn in pieces. Liberty is propoſed to me; this is the prize to be contended for: do you aſk, what is liberty *(f)*? it is to be a ſlave to nothing; not even to neceſſity, or accidents; to bring fortune to reaſon; from the day that I was ſenſible of my ſuperior power, ſhe could do nothing; and ſhall I ſuffer her to triumph over me, *while my mind is ſtill free (g)*?

To a man reflecting on theſe things no places are proper but ſuch as are ſerious and ſacred: too much pleaſantneſs effeminates the mind; and no doubt but ſome climates more than others corrupt the internal vigour of the ſoul. Any road is tolerable to our pack-horſes, whoſe hoofs are hardened and grown callous, by travelling in rough and craggy ways; while ſuch as are fed in ſoft and marſhy paſtures are ſoon fretted and worn out. The hardſhips of a country life (as in the *Highlands)* generally make better ſoldiers *(h)* than the idle and tender breeding of the city. The hands that are transferred from the plough to the pike refuſe no labour: the ſpruce and well-oiled boxer gives out at the firſt onſet: it is the more ſevere diſcipline of the place that ſtrengthens the diſpoſition, and renders it fit for great enterprizes. *Scipio (i)* thought *Linternum* a more proper place for his voluntary baniſhment than *Baiæ:* his fall was not to be ſo pleaſantly accommodated. And thoſe great men whom fortune had raiſed to the higheſt honours, and conferred on them the treaſures of *Rome*, *Caius Marius*, *Cneius Pompeius*, and *Cæſar*, *(k)* built themſelves indeed country-ſeats, in the *Baian* territory, but they placed them on tops of hills: this ſeemed more ſoldier-like, to live, as it were, in a watch-tower, that commanded the country far and wide. Behold what ſituations they choſe; in what places they raiſed their buildings; and what manner of edifices they preferred! you would not call them villas but fortreſſes. Do you think *Cato* would have choſe ſome pleaſant ſhore for his dwelling-place, that he might count the harlots as they ſailed by, and ſee variety of pinnaces painted with

divers colours; or a lake ſtrewed over with flowers; or to have heard the nocturnal revels of jovial ſongſters? Had he not rather, do you think, remain within the trenches (*l*), than ſpend a night amidſt ſuch merriment (*m*)? Who that is a man, had not rather be awakened with the ſound of the trumpet calling to arms, than with a midnight ſerenade!

We have quarrelled long enough with *Baiæ*; but never can enough with our vices; which I beſeech you, my *Lucilius*, to perſecute everlaſtingly: throw away from you every thing that tears the heart; and if you cannot otherwiſe get rid of it, ſpare not the heart itſelf *(n)*. But eſpecially diſlodge pleaſures; and have as great ſpite againſt them as againſt the thieves, whom the Ægyptians call *Philetas (o)*, who hug that they may trip up, and embrace, in order to ſtrangle us.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) Baiæ, a city of *Campania*, near the ſea, ſituated between *Puteoli* and *Miſenum*, famous for its warm baths: from whence it is ſuppoſed all other baths of the like kind are called *Baiæ*.

Nullus in orbe ſinus Baiis prælucet amœnis.—Hor. Ep. I. l. 83.
Ut mille laudem, Flacce, verſibus Baias;
Laudabo dignè non ſatis tamen Baias:
Baias ſuperbæ blanda dona naturæ. Mart. xl. 81.
The muſe, however copious in the praiſe
Of Baiæ's *healing ſprings, can never raiſe*
The theme above its merit, from where flow
The kindeſt gifts that nature can beſtow.—M.

Canopus, a city in *Ægypt*, 12 miles from Alexandria. It was built by *Menelaus* in memory of his pilot *Canopus* who died there; and wherein he left all his men who were unfit for ſervice.——*Where the ſhores*, ſays *Strabo*, *inceſſantly reſound, night and day, with the noiſe of pipes and feaſting, in all manner of luxury and intemperance, among both men and women, on ſhipboard:* ſo that *Canopea luxuria* was become a proverb. *Eraſm.* Adag. p. 1346.

Prodigia et mores urbis damnante Canopo.——*Juv.* VI. 84.
——— Luxuriâ quantum ipſe notari
Barbara famoſo non cedit turba Canopo. *Id.* XV. 45.

(c) Livy 23, 18. Itaque quos nulla mali vicerat vis, perdidêre nimia bona ac voluptates immodicæ; et eo impenſiùs quo avidiùs ex inſolentiâ in eas ſe immerſerant, &c.

And thus, they, whom no hardſhips, no forces in the field had conquered, were deſtroyed by luxury and voluptuouſneſs, to which fatal evils the more they were ſtrangers, the more eagerly they plunged themſelves into them.

(d) Στρατιά τίς ἐστιν ὁ βίος ἑκάστου καὶ αὐτὴ μακρὰ καὶ, ποικίλη. *Life is a warfare long and various.* Epict. III. 24. *The weapons of our warfare*, ſays St. *Paul, are not carnal, but mighty towards God, to the pulling down of ſtrong holds*, &c. 2 Cor. 10. 4. And of himſelf, *I have fought a good fight*, &c. 2 Tim. 4, 7. See alſo Ep. 6. 14. 17.

(e) In

(e) In ſudoribus---corpora exhauſturus.] Ep. 108. Decoquere corpus atque exinanire ſudoribus,---inutile ſimul delicatumque credimus. *Suppoſing it to be a nice and uſeleſs cuſtom to ſeeth the body, and weaken the ſolids by extravagant ſweating.*

(f) Epiſt IV. 21. *Sen.* Ep. 75.

(g) Ego illam feram, cum in manu mors ſit.] I am again, you ſee, obliged to give another turn to the ſentence, in order to avoid the horrid ſtoiciſm, ſo often advanced in theſe Epiſtles, and yet ſo often refuted by *Seneca* himſelf.

(b) Hor. Od. I. 12. Fabritium que
Hunc, et incomptis Curium capillis,
Utilem bello tulit, et Camillam
Sæva paupertas et avitus apto
Cum lare fundus.

Form'd by the hands of penury ſevere,
In dwellings, ſuited to their ſmall domains,
Fabritius, Curius, *and* Camillus *roſe*
To deeds of martial glory. Francis.

(i) I muſt beg leave here to tranſcribe, at leaſt an abſtract of the character of this great man (often mentioned in theſe Epiſtles), as moſt elegantly drawn up by Mr. *Melmoth* in his *Cato* (or *Cicero* on old age) N. 27. " The military talents of the firſt *Scipio Africanus*, although in no reſpect excelled by any of the moſt famous captains, in *Roman* or *Grecian* annals, were by no means ſuperior to the more amiable virtues of his heart." And to crown all, this illuſtrious *Roman* was impreſſed with a ſtrong ſenſe of religious duties, and a firm belief of a ſuperintending providence.---But " the important ſervices he had rendered his country, in conjunction with thoſe eminent private virtues which he had upon every public occaſion diſplayed, ſeem to have given him ſuch an aſcendancy in the ſtate, as to have raiſed, in ſome of the moſt diſtinguiſhed patriots of that age, a ſtrong jealouſy of his credit and power."---And accordingly " they commenced a proſecution againſt him."---But *Scipio*, " inſtead of vindicating his character from the charges of his impeachment, treated the accuſation with diſdain; and refuſing to comply with the ſummons for his appearance, withdrew to his villa at *Linternum*,---by a ſort of voluntary exile;---where he ſpent the remainder of his days, amuſing himſelf in the cultivation of his farms, and without diſcovering the leaſt regret at being excluded from a ſcene, in which he had figured with ſo much honour to himſelf, and advantage to his country." See Epiſt. 86.

(k) Viam Miſeni propter et villam Cæſaris, quæ ſubjectos ſinus editiſſima proſpectat. *Tac.* Ann. 14. 9. The wretched *Agrippina*, mother to *Nero*, from the benevolence of her domeſtics, received a ſlight and vulgar grave, *upon the road to Cape* Miſenum, adjoining to a villa of *Cæſar's* the *Dictator*; *which from its elevated ſtation overlooks the coaſts and bays below.*

(l) Among the various readings here I have followed *Gronovius*; in actâ. Baias, actas, convivia, commiſſationes. *Cic.* pro Cato.---Et in actâ cum ſuis accubuiſſet. *Cornel. Nep.*

(m) Quàm unam noctem inter talia duxiſſe] al. Quod (vallum) in una nocte manu ſuâ ipſe duxiſſet. So, the old Engliſh, *which in one night's ſpace he had digged and cauſed to be incloſed.*

(n) *If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and caſt it from thee,* &c. Matth. 5. 29. 18. 8 Mark, 9, 47. *See* Ep. 71, 8.

(o) Philetus] qu. *Kiſſers.* a Gr. φιλεῖν, oſculari, amplecti.
Ὅς γε γυναικὶ πεποιθεῖ, πεποιθὸς ὅτε φιλήτησι. Heſ. t. 373.
Too ſatirical on the fair ſex to be tranſlated!
Heſychius. Φιλητης, Κλεπτης λῃστης, fur, latro.

EPISTLE LII.

The Neceſſity of having a good Tutor. Philoſophy deſpiſeth the vain Applauſe of the Populace.

WHAT is it, *Lucilius*, that, as we are intentionally going one way, ſtill drives us another? What is it detains us there, where we have no inclination to ſtay? What is it, that thwarts our ſpirit nor permits us to determine upon any one thing ſeriouſly? Our thoughts are ever wavering; we *will* nothing freely, nothing abſolutely, nothing always. It is *folly*, you ſay; which is conſtant in nothing, and pleaſed with nothing long *(a)*.

But how or when ſhall we get cured of this malady? No one has ſtrength enough of himſelf to emerge *(b)*. *Epicurus* ſays, that *ſome*, (including himſelf among them) have been ſo happy, as to find out for themſelves a path, that leads to truth. And theſe he greatly commends; whoſe ſtrength of genius hath uſher'd them into the world; while others want help, and can never make any figure, unleſs ſome one goes before them, whom they follow with ſucceſs: ſuch a one, he ſays, was *Metrodorus*. This likewiſe is excellent; tho' a genius but of the ſecond claſs. Now we pretend to no more than this ourſelves: and we ought not to deſpiſe a man, becauſe he has been obliged to a friend, for putting him into a good way; the very deſire to be ſo obliged is of no ſmall conſequence.

Beſides theſe, you will find a third ſort of men, whom yet we ought not to diſdain, who require to be forced and compelled to good *(d)*; who want not only a leader, but an aſſiſtant with power irreſiſtible: if you deſire an example of this ſort; *Epicurus* offers you *Hermachus*; therefore he congratulates the one *(Metrodorus)* and admires the other: *(Hermachus:)* for tho' both arrive at the ſame end, yet greater praiſe ſeems due to him, who had the greater difficulty to encounter: as in building two houſes

of equal ſtrength and ſplendour; where the ground was firm and good, the work hath roſe preſently; but where the foundation is laid in a watery or ſandy ſoil, much labour and time muſt be ſpent before it comes to be ſettled: in the one caſe, the whole work that hath been done appears in ſight; in the other, a great and more difficult part of it lies concealed: I have therefore called him the happier man, who had little or no trouble with himſelf, but I think him the more deſerving, who hath overcome the malignity of his nature, and did not wheedle but force his inclination to attend wiſdom. Know then that ſuch is the hard and laborious taſk, impoſed upon us; we are continually meeting with impediments; we muſt engage therefore, as it were, in battle; and call in ſome ally *(e)*; but whom, you ſay, muſt I call? this man or that? It matters not; call whom you pleaſe: but I would have you regard the principals, who are at your ſervice; both among thoſe who now are or have been.

Of theſe who now are, we muſt not chuſe ſuch as with great fluency pour out their words, *(f)* and deal in common place ſtuff; and ſtrole from company to company: but ſuch, whoſe life itſelf is a lecture; who not only preſcribe what is to be done, but give proof of it in their own practice *(g)*; and who in teaching what is to be avoided, are never found guilty, of what themſelves condemn. Chuſe him for your guide, whom you admire more when you ſee his actions than when you hear his doctrine; nor do I altogether forbid you to attend on thoſe alſo, whoſe cuſtom it is to admit the populace, and to entertain them with an harangue, provided they do it with this view; to make both themſelves and others better men; and not on account of ambition: for what can be more ſcandalous than a philoſopher affecting popularity and applauſe! Does a patient ever *praiſe* the phyſician while he is uſing the knife or lancet *(h)*? Be ſilent, be patient, and give yourſelves up to proper direction for your cure: ſhould you exclaim, and be noiſy, I ſhould pay no regard thereto, except it were, that I thought I had touched you ſo, as to make you bewail your ſins; or, if it be only to ſhew, how much you attend to, and are moved with the ſublime: there is no harm in it; or be it to give your vote and approbation of what is conducive to your amendment, this too I permit.

The

The ſcholars of *Pythagoras* were enjoined ſilence for five years: think you then they were allowed to make their remarks, and give their plaudit? Beſides, how great muſt be his folly, who when he diſmiſſeth his audience is highly pleaſed with the acclamations of the unſkilful? What cauſe hath a man to rejoice at being praiſed by thoſe, whom he cannot praiſe himſelf! *Fabian* harangued the people; but he was heard with decency and modeſty: ſometimes indeed a loud applauſe would burſt forth, but it was at the ſublimity of his ſentiments, not at the charming ſound of his ſweet-flowing elocution. There is a great difference between the applauſe of the theatres and that of the ſchools: and there may be abuſe and an impropriety in giving praiſe. Things are known by certain ſigns and tokens if well obſerved; and a very little circumſtance will give proof of a perſon's diſpoſition: an immodeſt perſon is ſometimes known by his gait, by a motion of the hand, by a ſingle repartee, by ſcratching the head with one finger *(i)*, or a lear of the eye: laughter betrays a fool; and the countenance, or dreſs, a madman: theſe, I ſay, are common tokens; and you may alſo know what a man is, by obſerving in what temper he receives praiſe, and by whom it is given: An auditor will ſometimes ſtretch out his hands to a philoſopher, and a crowd of admirers riſing up, hover, as it were, over his head. Now ſuch a one is not praiſed hereby; if you underſtand the thing rightly, it is nothing more than a mere hubbub. Let ſuch acclamations as theſe be given to thoſe arts, that have nothing more in view than to pleaſe the populace. Let philoſophy be adored in ſilence. Young men indeed may ſometimes be allowed to follow the impulſe of the mind; but then only, when the impulſe is ſo ſtrong, that it is not in their power to refrain: this ſort of praiſe carries with it an exhortation to the whole audience, and particularly encourageth the minds of youth: but let them be moved with the ſubject propoſed, and not merely with the compoſition: otherwiſe eloquence is prejudical to them, if it only ſtirs up a deſire of the like accompliſhment, and not of virtue.

But I ſhall defer this matter for the preſent, for it requires a ſingular and long diſcuſſion, to ſhew how the populace are to be addreſſed, and what liberties are to be taken on each ſide. There is no doubt but that philoſophy

philoſophy is injured when it is proſtituted to any ſiniſter purpoſe: but it may be drawn in its proper colours and native beauty, when exhibited by a *Sage*, and not a mere pedlar.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) But what does the *Chriſtian* ſay? Why, that it is the internal depravity of mankind (entailed by *Adam* on his poſterity) of which the antient philoſophers not knowing the cauſe in vain ſought a remedy in their frantic ſchemes of philoſophy. Nor were the antient poets leſs ſenſible of the evil, though alike ignorant of the cauſe.

Τὰ χρηστ' ἐπιστάμεθα, καὶ γιγνώσκομεν,
Οὐκ ἐκπονοῦμεν δέ·---Eur. Hippol. 380.
Our duty well we know, and underſtand,
But practiſe not.

Euripides likewiſe introduces *Medea* ſpeaking thus of herſelf. *Med.* v. 1078.

Και μιγδανω μέν, οἷα δρᾶν μέλλω κακά.
Θυμὸς δὲ κρεισσων τῶν ἐμῶν βουλευμάτων.
Full well I know the ills by me deſign'd,
But paſſion over-rules the lab'ring mind. M.

Thus expreſſed by *Ovid.* Met. l. 7.

——Si poſſem ſanior eſſem:
Sed trahit invitam nova vis: aliudque Cupido,
Mens aliud ſuadet: video meliora, proboque:
Deteriora ſequor.——
Smit by new pow'rs, my heart unwilling bleeds;
Diſcretion there, and here affection pleads:
I ſee the right, and I approve it too;
I blame the wrong, and yet the wrong purſue.

Such were the Heathens. Comp. Rom. i. 22. II. 14. 15. Such the Scribes, Mark xii. 32. Such the Jew, Rom. x. 2. II. 17. 18. And ſuch, alas! the Chriſtian, according to the acknowledgment of St. *Paul*; *For the will is preſent with me, but how to perform that which is good I find not; for the good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do: Now if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but ſin that dwelleth in me.* Rom. vii. 18. Where note, the Apoſtle's expreſſions of *not willing the evil he doth*, &c. are not intended here to leave any innocence, or excuſe upon himſelf, as not acceſſary to his fault: but partly to acknowledge the good effect of the law upon him; partly the tyrannical and powerful operation of ſin *before grace*. *See* M. Fell. Rom. viii. 3. &c. Gal, i. 14, &c.

(*b*) Nemo per ſe ſatis valet, ut emergat. *Not that we are ſufficient of ourſelves* (ſo much as) *to think* (and much leſs to act) *any* (good) *thing, as of ourſelves; but our ſufficiency is of God.* Cor. iii. 5. *For by grace are ye ſaved through faith; and that not of yourſelves: it is the gift of God.* Epheſ. ii. 8. Phil. ii. 18. *See* Epp. 4, (N. a) 45.

(*c*) *Cicero* (de Nat. Deor.) *ſays that* Epicurus (gloriabatur, ut videmus, in ſcriptis, ſe magiſtrum habuiſſe nullum) *gloried, as we ſee in his writing, that he was* ſelf-taught: Laertius *affirms the ſame, though ſome ſuppoſe him to have been a pupil of* Xenocrates.

(*d*) *Forced*

(*d*) *Forced and compelled to good*] as is the ſuppoſed caſe of a *Calviniſt*.

(*e*) *Finally, my brethren, be ſtrong in the Lord, and in the power of his might, and put on the whole armour of God: for we* Chriſtians wreſtle (or contend) *not againſt fleſh and blood* (viſible enemies) *but againſt principalities, againſt powers, againſt the rulers of the darkneſs of this world, againſt ſpiritual wickedneſs in baſe ſlaves.* Epheſ. vi. 10. See the foregoing Epiſtle.

(*f*) *For when they ſpeak great ſwelling words of vanity, they allure, through much wantonneſs,* thoſe *that were for a while eſcaped from them who live in error; while they promiſe them liberty, they themſelves are the ſervants of corruption.* ii Pet. 2. 18.

(*g*) *For yourſelves know, how you ought to follow us; for we behaved not ourſelves diſorderly among you.* ii Theſſ. 3. 7.——

A living ſermon of the truths he taught.——*Chaucer's* Good Parſon.

(*h*) It is obſervable that the phyſicians in thoſe days profeſſed ſurgery, and prepared their own medicines, which is not reckoned ſo reputable among us as in foreign countries, where it is the general practice. See Ep. 75.

(*i*) This was looked upon as a ſure ſign of an effeminate coxcomb; Τῷ δακτύλῳ τὴν κεφαλὴν κνᾶσθαι (Lucian.) *To ſcratch the head with the top of one finger,* ſo as not to diſcompoſe the order of the curls. Of whom Juvenal, IX. 133.

Conveniunt et carpentis et navibus omnes
Qui digito ſcalpunt uno caput——
——— *All will throng*
To Rome, by boat or coach, to make this match,
Their heads who neatly with one finger ſcratch.——Stapylton.

EPISTLE LIII.

The great Power and Value of Philoſophy.

WHAT can I not be perſuaded to when I have been prevailed upon to attempt a voyage? I ſet ſail in an unruffled ſea, but the ſky look'd heavy as overcharged with dark clouds that generally turn to rain or wind: yet doubtful and blowing as the weather ſeem'd, I thought, *Lucilius*, I ſhould ſoon be convey'd ſo few miles as from your *Parthenope*, to *Puteoli (a)*: and to get thither the ſooner, we launched out into the deep in a direct courſe for the iſland *Neſis*, without coaſting it along the ſhore. But when I had got ſo far, as to be indifferent, whether I went on,

on, or returned, the ſmoothneſs of the ſea which firſt tempted me out *(b)*, was gone off: it was not indeed as yet a ſtorm, but the ſea began to roll and the ſurges to ſwell and claſh. Whereupon I deſired the maſter of the veſſel to ſet me ſomewhere aſhore; but he told me it was impoſſible; as there was no haven near; and that he feared nothing ſo much in a ſtorm as the land. But I was too much vexed, to be apprehenſive of any danger; for I was terribly ſea-ſick, and could get no relief by evacuation: I therefore inſiſted upon it whether he would or not, that he ſhould bear to ſhore; which as ſoon as we drew nigh to, I waited not, till, as *Virgil* ſays *(c)*, obvertunt pelago proras, *(they turn the prow of the ſhip to the ſhore)* aut, anchora de prora jaciatur *(or caſt anchor)*. But mindful of my old cuſtom, I flung myſelf into the ſea in my looſe robe, as when we go into the cold bath: And you cannot imagine what I ſuffer'd, when I ſprawled among the rocks, ſeeking or making what way I could: I then perfectly underſtood, why mariners are ſo juſtly afraid of land: and it is incredible to think what I further ſuffer'd, when I could not bear my own load: know this, that the ſea was not ſo great an enemy to *Ulyſſes*, either from ſickneſs, or frequent ſhipwreck, as it is to me; ſo that was I oblig'd to ſail again, I ſhould think it twice ten years before I finiſh'd my voyage.

However as ſoon as I was a little recover'd (for, this ſickneſs, you know, ſoon goes off upon landing,) and had refreſh'd my body with anointing it in the ſun, I began to reflect with myſelf, how forgetful we are of our infirmities, not only thoſe of the mind, which the greater they are, the more they lie concealed; but of the body, which now and then admoniſh us, and make us ſenſible of them. A ſlight diſorder is apt to deceive us; but when it gathers ſtrength, and a real fever burns up the body, it forces acknowledgment, be the patient ever ſo hardy, and ſubject to ſuch diſtempers. The feet ach, the joints prick and ſhoot; but as yet we diſſemble *(d)*, and ſay, we have ſprained our ancle, or over-tired ourſelves by ſome violent exerciſe, or in ſhort, we know not what it is; but when the knots are formed, and the nervous fibres grown ſo ſtiff as to diſable one from walking, it is then acknowledg'd to be the gout (*e*). It is not ſo with the diſeaſes of the mind, which the worſe they are, are the leſs perceived. Nor need you wonder at this, deareſt

Lucilius; for he that dozes, or takes a nap, ſometimes thinks that he is ſleeping, even in his ſleep: whereas a ſound ſleep extinguiſheth all dreams, and ſinks the mind ſo deep, as to deprive it of its intellectual faculties. Why is not a man ready to acknowledge his faults? becauſe he is as yet plunged in them *(as in a ſound ſleep.)* To tell a dream is the part of one awake; and to confeſs our imperfections, is a token of ſanity.

Let us awake therefore *(f)* that we may be ſenſible of, and correct our errors. Now, it is philoſophy alone that will rouſe us; tis ſhe alone that will ſhake off a ſound ſleep: dedicate yourſelf entirely to her; you are worthy of her, and ſhe of *you*; embrace her moſt cordially: deny yourſelf to all beſides, boldly, publickly. There is no reaſon that a philoſopher ſhould be at the will and pleaſure of any one elſe. If you were ill, you would not concern yourſelf with family-affairs; nor with the buſineſs of the Forum; nor would you have ſo great a value for any one, as to appear an advocate in court for him: your whole attention would be taken up, in endeavouring to get rid of your diſorder: and will you not do the ſame now?

Let every impediment be thrown aſide, while you attend only to the attainment of a ſound mind. No one can attain this, who is buſied about other things (*g*). Philoſophy exerciſeth a regal power: ſhe grants time; but accepts it not: ſhe is no ſubſtitute; ſhe is the principal, in waiting, and gives commands (*h*). *Alexander*, to a certain ſtate that promiſed him part of their lands, and half their property, ſaid, *that he came into Aſia with this reſolution; not to accept of what they would be pleaſed to give him; but that they might enjoy what he ſhould think proper to leave them (i)*. Philoſophy uſeth the ſame *language* in all reſpects. *I will not accept the time of you, which ſeems ſuperfluous, and you know not how to employ; but you ſhall have that, which I ſhall think proper to ſpare you.*

Give up yourſelf entirely to her: ſit cloſe by her; worſhip her; ſo ſhall there be a wide difference between you, and the commonalty; you

ſhall far excel other mortals; nor ſhall the gods themſelves far excel you. Do you aſk in what the difference between you ſhall conſiſt? they will continue longer. But it is the glory of a ſkilful artiſt to include much in a little compaſs: the few days of a wiſe man are as much to him, as his eternity is to God: nay, there is ſomething wherein the wiſe man has the advantage of the gods themſelves (*k*), *They* are what they are by nature, *the wiſe man* is what he is by his own induſtry: behold, a wonderful thing, to have the weakneſs of a man and the ſecurity of God. Incredible is the ſtrength of philoſophy in repelling every violent attack from without: not one of fortune's darts can fix itſelf in her: ſhe is every where guarded and impenetrable: ſome ſhe wearies out; the lighter ſort ſhe retains in the folds of her outer robe: and others ſhe ſhakes off unhurt, and even returns them on him from whom they came.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) *Parthenope*, the birth-place of *Lucilius*; now called *Naples*. *Puteoli*, a city in *Campania*; now *Puzzuola*. *Neſis*, an iſland in *Campania*, al. *Neſſis*. Unde malignum aera reſpirat pelago circumflua Neſſis, *Stat.* II. 2. 78,—now called *Niſita*.

(*b*) me corruperat] induced me to forego the reſolution I had in common with *Cato*, Mari non ire quo terra poſſem; *not to go by ſea, where I could go by land.*

(*c*) Virgil. Æn. III. 277. VI. 3.

(*d*) So *Lucian*——

Απας γαρ αυτον ευκολει ψευδοστομων
Ως ενσεσεικως, ἢ προκυψας τοι εσιν,
Λεγει φησιν, μη φρασας την αιτιαν.
Ὁ μη λεγει γαρ, ὡς δοκων λαθειν τινας,
Χρονος δ' ὁ γ' ἑρπων μηνυει κἀν μη θελῃ
Και τοτε λαμαδευς νομισας μυτυνομα,
Παση θριαμβος, εμβεβαστακται φιλοις.

Fain would a man deceive himſelf, and friends,
Aſham'd of his diſorder, (if the gout)
And feigns ſome accident, a wrench, or ſprain:
But owns ere long the ſore diſeaſe, by name,
When carried *by his friends, as 'twere in triumph.* M.

I indeed, happily, know nothing of the gout; and cannot conceive why any one ſhould have been aſhamed of it; unleſs the *Romans* ſuppoſed it not *hereditary*, but always acquired by luxury and high-living. (Locuples podagra, *Juv.* 13. 96—turpeſque podagras *Virg.* E. 3. 299.) but, I believe, there are many inſtances to the contrary.

(*e*) utrofque pedes *dextros fecit*] l. diſtorſerit vel detorſerit. *Lipſ.*

Lucian, ib.

Ετὰν δὲ καὶ τὸν ἕτερον ἀλγήσης ποδα
Στενῶν δακρυες, ἐν δὲ σὶ φρασαι θελω,
Τοῦτ' ἔστ' ἐκεινο, κἂν θέλῃς, κἂν μὴ θελῃς.
But when both feet are ſwoln, you then cry out;
And pain obliges you to own, with me,
Whether you will or not, it is the gout.

(f) This metaphor is frequent in Scripture——*Awake, ye drunkards,* Joel, i. 5, *knowing, that it is high time to awake out of ſleep, for now is our ſalvation nearer than when we believed.* Rom. xiii. 11. *Awake to righteouſneſs and ſin not.* I. Cor. xv. 34, &c.

(*g*) Martha, *Thou art careful and troubled about many things, but one thing is needful.* Luke x. 41. See Ep. xxiii. (N. f.)

(*h*) Ordinaria eſt] So the chief or principal Conſuls, who were elected in January were ſtiled *Ordinarii,* as diſtinguiſhed from the *Honorarii,* and *Suffecti*; the *honorary, or ſuch as were elected at other times.* See Ep. 110. Sidon. Apol. p. 86. Sueton. *Jul.* c. 26.

(*i*) When *Darius* offered to ſurrender *Lydia, Ionia, Æolis,* to *Alexander,* he anſwered, *that he came not out with the view of ſo ſmall a recompence, but for the conqueſt of his kingdom, and the empire of the eaſt.* Qu. Curt. l. iv.

(k) Nothing, with our author's leave, can be more impious and intolerable than this arrogance of the Stoics; who were not ſatisfied with making their *wiſe man* equal to the gods, but even in ſome caſes gave him the preference! Though this indeed might ſeem excuſable, if they really believed ſome facts related of the gods, (for which they were rallied by the poets, and particularly the comedians, *Ariſtophanes, Plautus, Terence)* which a truly good man would abhor to harbour in his thoughts, and much more to perpetrate. See Epp. 31. 59. 73. 87. 102.

EPISTLE LIV.

Againſt the Fear of Death.

MY malady, *Lucilius,* hath given me a long reſpite (*a*), but is now come upon me on a ſudden. Do you aſk, what malady? really you may well aſk; for there is none, I think, but what I am afflicted with. Yet I ſeem deſtined to one in particular, which why I ſhould honour with a *Greek* name, I know not *(b)*: for I think I may properly call it, ſuſpirium, (*a cough,* or *ſhortneſs of breath:*) the violence of it, indeed, laſts not long: like a ſtorm, it is generally over within the hour. For who can long want breath? all other infirmities or dangers of the body have

have paſſed by me unregarded; none ſeeming more troubleſome to me than this: for any other is nothing more than *being ſick*, but this is to expire: therefore the phyſicians call it, *the exerciſe of death* (*c*). The breath will ſome time or other go off, as it frequently attempts ſo to do.

You may perhaps think me chearful, in now writing to you, becauſe I have eſcaped; but was I to rejoice at this, as if I now enjoy'd a complete ſtate of health, I ſhould act as ridiculouſly, as one who thinks he has gained his cauſe, by forfeiting his recognizance. Indeed while I was almoſt choaked, I was not the leſs chearful and courageous in thought: what is this, I cried? does death make ſo many trials of me? he is welcome; I have long ſince made trial of *him:* do you aſk how long? why, before I was born. To die, *is not to be (d):* and what that is I already know: it will be the ſame after I am gone, as it was before I was in being. Was there any torment in this, we muſt have experienced the ſame before we came into the world; but we were not then ſenſible of any pain or trouble. I aſk, whether you would not call him a fool, who thinks a candle in a worſe condition when it is put out, than before it was lighted up? We are alſo lighted up, and *(to all appearance)* put out: in the interval indeed we ſuffer ſomething; but before and after all is ſecure. For in this, my *Lucilius, (if I am not miſtaken)* we deceive ourſelves, in thinking that death only follows life, whereas it both goes before and will follow after it: for where is the difference in not beginning, or ceaſing to exiſt? the effect of both is, *not to be (e)*. With theſe and the like tacit remonſtrances I communed with myſelf, (for I had not breath to ſpeak,) till my fit by degrees began to go off, and I enjoy'd ſtill longer intermiſſions; not that as yet, does my breath flow in a natural and eaſy courſe: ſtill I feel my diſorder hanging upon me; and let it do what it will, provided I labour not nor ſigh in my *mind*.

And be aſſur'd of this; that I ſhall not tremble at the laſt gaſp, being already prepared, and quite regardleſs of the day *(f)*. But let me particularly recommend to your praiſe and imitation ſome one, whom it grieves not to die, when it is a pleaſure to live: for what virtue is there

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in going off when you are forced *(g)*? Yeteven here there is room for virtue: I am oblig'd indeed to quit the ſtage, but I will make a willing and decent exit: and therefore the wiſe man can never be ſaid to be forced off, becauſe to be forced off, is to be expelled from whence you retire unwillingly: but the wiſe man does nothing unwillingly: he is not ſubject to neceſſity: for what *muſt be done*, that he alſo wills *(h)*.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) Commeatum] More properly *a furlow*: for it is a military term.

(b) Gr. ἄσθμα, aut Ορθόπνοια, *an aſthma*. Vid. Mercurial. Var. Lect. vi. 16.

(c) Meditationem Mortis.] Which *Hieron. Mercurial.* not knowing a reaſon for, alters it to Exercitationem. And another learned phyſician writes it Modulationem; but *Gronovius* proves the right reading to be, Meditationem, in the ſame ſenſe with Exercitationem; from ſeveral paſſages in *Plautus*, *Cicero*, &c. Vid. Gronov. in loc.

(d) Mors nos in illam tranquillitatem, in qua, antequam naſceremur, jacuimus, reponit. *Sen.* ad Marc. c. 19. ad Polyb. c. 27.

The Tragedian in the ſame ſtrain:

Quæris, quo jaceas poſt obitum loco?
Quo non nata jacent.—*Sen.*

So *Andromache* in Eur. Troad. 631.

Τὸ μὴ γενέσθαι, τῷ θανεῖν ἴσον λέγω.

And *Cicero*, Hoc ſaltem in maximis malis boni conſequamur, &c. Ep. V. 21. *This advantage we may at leaſt derive from our calamities; that they will teach us to look upon death with contempt; which even if we were happy we ought to deſpiſe*, as a ſtate of total inſenſibility: *but which under our preſent afflictions, ſhould be the object of our conſtant wiſhes.* And elſewhere, Si non ero, ſenſu carebo.—Una ratio videtur, quicquid evenerit ferre moderatè; præſertim cum omnium rerum mors ſit extremum. But the ingenious and learned tranſlator obſerves, that, *theſe paſſages, without any violence of conſtruction, may be interpreted as affirming nothing more than that death is an utter extinction of all ſenſibility with reſpect to human concerns.* (Somewhat like this we meet with in Eccleſ. ix. v. *The living know that they ſhall die, but the dead know not any thing.* It follows, v. 6. *Their love, and their hatred and their envy is now periſhed*, neither have they any more a portion for ever in any thing that is done under the ſun.) Moreover, " that *Cicero's* real ſentiments and opinions are not to be proved from the foregoing; as it was uſual with him to accommodate his expreſſion to the principles or circumſtances of his correſpondence: that in a letter to *Atticus* he expreſsly mentions his expectation of a future ſtate, Tempus eſt nos de *illa perpetua* jam, non de hac exiguâ vitâ, cogitare; *it is time for us to conſider, not the ſhort life we are allotted here, but* life everlaſting: and, that his philoſophical writings abound with various and full proofs, that he was firmly perſuaded of *the immortality of the ſoul.*" (Vid. loc.) And I think we may ſay the ſame, in all reſpects, of our Author, notwithſtanding what he hath advanced in this Epiſtle, when in contradiction thereto he hath elſewhere alledged, that *the ſouls of the good and virtuous, after death, are carried up into heaven, and live in a ſtate of bliſs.* Ep. 63. Cogitemus ergo, Lucili cariſſime, citò nos eo perventuros, &c. *Let us conſider, deareſt Lucilius, that we ſhall ſoon arrive there, where he is gone whom we bewail;*

bewail: and perhaps (if according to the opinion of ſome wiſe men there is a place prepared for our reception hereafter) that he, whom we fondly imagined to have periſhed, is ſent before us to that happy manſion. And more expreſsly, Ep. 102. Dies iſta, quam, tanquam extremum reformidas, æterni natàlis eſt. *The day, which men are apt to dread as their laſt, is but the birth-day of an eternity.* Nothing ſurely can heighten more the obligation we Chriſtians owe to the good pleaſure of God, in giving us certainty in theſe high matters concerning himſelf, and *the immortality of the ſoul*; wherein the antient philoſophers, even the wiſeſt of them, *Socrates, Cicero, Seneca,* were ſo perplexed and bewildered with doubt and error. Not but that in the more poetical part of Scripture, we have ſimilar paſſages before us concerning death; as, *Why died I not from the womb?* (ſays *Job* in the paroxiſm of grief) *for now ſhould I have been ſtill and quiet; I ſhould have ſlept with Kings and Counſellors of the earth; I ſhould have been as infants that never ſaw light.* Job. iii. 11, 19. And Eccleſ. iii. 19. 20. *That which befalleth the ſons of men, befalleth beaſts; as the one dieth, ſo dieth the other. All go to one place, all are of the duſt, and all turn to duſt again:* which is contradicted, or rather anſwered in the next verſe, if the whole be a dialogue; *who knoweth the ſpirit of man that goeth upward, and the ſpirit of a beaſt, that goeth downward to the earth.*—Bleſſed therefore be God for the vouchſafement *of his gracious purpoſe by the appearing of our Saviour, who hath aboliſhed death, and brought life and immortality to light through the Goſpel.* II. Tim. i. 10.

(*e*) *Seneca* repeats the ſame thought in *Conſol. ad Polyb.* c. 7. as alſo in *Conſol. ad Marc.* where he abſolutely rejects the notion of future puniſhments, &c. *See* Leland, II. p. 289.

(*f*) Here again *Seneca* ſeems to ſpeak like a Chriſtian philoſopher: ſo that if any thing is wanting here, as *Muretus* conjectures, we may regret the loſs.

(*g*) I would recommend to you the example of ſome young man, who in the prime of life *is not afraid to die:* as for me, I am old, and therefore it is no virtue.

(*h*) And thinks, in Mr. *Pope's* language, that *whatever is, is right.*

EPISTLE LV.

A true Friend is never abſent.

I Often return from taking the air in my chariot, as much tired, as if I had walked as far as I had rode; for it is a pain to me to be carried far; and perhaps the more ſo, becauſe it is not natural: Nature hath given us feet, to walk withal, as well as eyes to ſee with, for ourſelves. I know that an indulgence of this kind is apt to weaken one; and we may leave off walking, 'till by diſuſe we cannot walk at all; but a little ſhaking was at preſent neceſſary for me, that either I might throw off ſuch phlegm as was troubleſome to me, or that by ſuch gentle exerciſe

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I might extenuate the difficulty of breathing; and indeed I found great benefit therefrom, which made me perſiſt in it the longer; eſpecially being invited, by the pleaſantneſs of the ſhore, that winds between *Cumæ* and the villa of *Servilius Vatia*; forming a neck of land, with the ſea on one ſide, and the lake on the other: the ground too at this time was more firm and ſolid, by reaſon of a late tempeſt; as the waves, you know, by frequent overflowing, level or ſmooth it; whereas a calm or long ebb, looſens it, when the moiſture that cemented the ſands is all drained from them.

But, according to cuſtom I was looking round to ſee, if I could find a proper object for ſome uſeful reflection: when I happen'd to caſt my eyes upon the villa, that ſometime ſince belong'd to *Vatia*.—In this villa, that rich *Prætorian*, who had ſignalized himſelf in nothing but his indolence, ſpent his days; and living to a good old age, was from this circumſtance alone accounted an happy man. For as often as a connection with *Aſinius Gallus (a)*, or the hatred (and ſometime after, the love) of *Sejanus (b)*, (for it was alike dangerous to be his averſion or favourite) had brought any one to ruin; all men would cry, *O happy* Vatia, *you alone know how to live:* he indeed knew how *to lie concealed*, but not *to live:* for there is a great difference, between a retired life and an idle one: I never paſſed by his villa in my life, but I cried, *Vatia hic ſitus eſt*, *Here lies* Vatia. But, philoſophy my *Lucilius*, is ſo ſacred and venerable a thing, that whatever pretends to be like it, muſt reſt upon a falſity: for the vulgar think a man who has retired from buſineſs muſt neceſſarily be free from all care and trouble; well ſatisfied in and living altogether for, himſelf: whereas nothing like this can be applied to any one, but to the *wiſe man:* he indeed is a ſtranger to anxiety, and knows how to live for himſelf: ſuch a one, I ſay (which is the principal good) knows how *to live*; whereas the man, who flies from men and buſineſs, whom the ill ſucceſs of his ambition hath baniſhed from converſation, who cannot bear to ſee another happier than himſelf: who like a timorous and ſilly animal hides himſelf for fear---ſuch a one lives not to himſelf, but to luxury, to ſleep, to luſt: he lives not always to himſelf who lives

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to no one elſe: yet there is ſomething ſo valuable in conſtancy and perſeverance, that even the moſt ſtubborn indolence gains ſome credit.

I can write nothing of certainty concerning the *Villa* itſelf; for I know nothing more than the front and outſide, as it appears to us on the road. There are two grottos of curious workmanſhip, each of whoſe floors are of equal dimenſions with the court yard; the one of which never admits the ſun; the other is expoſed to it all day long: A river that runs into the ſea, and the *Acheruſian* lake, divides, like a canal, a grove of plane trees: and this river, tho' frequently drawn, is ſtill ſupplied with ſtore of fiſh; but the fiſhermen ſpare it when the ſea is open to them; and when ſtormy weather gives them an holyday, every one catches the fiſh as they can. But what makes this *Villa* moſt commodious, is, that it hath *Baiæ* on the other ſide the wall; enjoying all the pleaſures of it without its inconveniences. So much I know due to its praiſe: and indeed it is a *Villa* I think habitable all the year: for it fronts the weſt wind, and receives ſo much of it as to keep it off from *Baiæ*.

Vatia therefore ſeems not injudiciouſly to have choſen this Villa, wherein to retire, and wear out his days in indolence, and a quiet old age. But in truth, it is not the place, be it where it will, that can confer true tranquillity; it is the mind that is all in all. I have ſeen chagrin and melancholy in the moſt pleaſant and chearful *Villa*; and I have ſeen men, in the midſt of ſolitude, fatigued, as it were, with buſineſs.

There is no reaſon therefore you ſhould complain of your ſituation, becauſe you are not in *Campania*. And why ſhould I ſay, you are not there? Send us your thoughts: a man may very well converſe with his abſent friends; indeed as often and as long as you pleaſe: nay, we enjoy this pleaſure great as it is, the more, on the account of abſence: for the being preſent is apt to make us ſomewhat ſhy: and becauſe, having an opportunity to talk, and walk together, when we ſit down, or are parted, we think no more of thoſe we ſaw ſo lately; and what may

make us bear abſence the more patiently is, there is no one, who is not often abſent, to his friend or neighbour: for conſider the many abſent nights, and the different employs of the day on either ſide and the different purſuits, the different ſtudies, and frequent calls out of the city; and you will find, that a voyage or a journey does not deprive us of ſo much of our friend's company as you imagined. A friend is to be enjoy'd, by the *Mind*; this is never abſent; it daily ſees whom it pleaſes. Therefore, ſtill ſtudy with me, ſup with me, walk with me: we ſhould live in very narrow bounds, could any thing be excluded our thoughts: I ſee you ſtill, my *Lucilius*, I ever hear thee; in ſhort, I am ſo much with you, that I am in doubt, whether I ſhall ſend you any more epiſtles or only a complimental billet.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) *Tiberius* had long hated him, for that *Gallus* had married *Vipſania*, daughter of *Marcus Agrippa*, and formerly wife of *Tiberius*; who ſuſpected that by this match he meant to ſoar above the rank of a ſubject; he poſſeſſed alſo the bold and haughty ſpirit of *Aſinius Pollio* his father. That *Gallus* periſhed through famine was indiſputable; but whether of his own accord or by conſtraint was uncertain.

(*b*) The character of *Sejanus*, as drawn by *Tacitus*, is, that he was alike deſtructive to the ſtate, when he flouriſhed and when he fell. His perſon was hardy and equal to any fatigue; his ſpirit daring but covered; ſedulous to diſguiſe his own counſels, dextrous to blacken others; alike fawning and imperious; to appearance exactly modeſt, but in his heart foſtering the luſt of domination. No acceſs to honours but through his favour, and this purchaſed. He was at length executed, and his body drawn through the ſtreets; and not only his children, but all thoſe under accuſation of any attachment to him, were put to the ſlaughter.

(*c*) —— A man "may retire and drone life away in ſolitude, like a Monk, or like him, over the door of whoſe houſe ſomebody wrote, *Here lies ſuch a one.* But no ſuch man will be able to make the true uſe of retirement." See *Bolingbroke* on Retirement.

EPISTLE LVI.

On Tranquillity—(a).

LET me die, if I think ſilence ſo abſolutely neceſſary for a ſtudious man as it ſeems at firſt to be: variety of noiſe ſurrounds *me* on every ſide: I lodge even over a bath. Suppoſe now all kinds of ſounds that can be harſh and diſagreeable to the ears; as when the ſtrong boxers are exerciſing themſelves, and fling about their hands loaded with lead (*b*), or when they are in diſtreſs, or imitate thoſe that are, and I hear their groans; or when ſending forth their breath, which for ſome time they held in, I hear their hiſſing, and violent ſobs; or when I meet with an idle varlet, who anoints the ordinary wreſtlers for their exerciſe, and I hear the different ſlaps he gives them on their ſhoulder, with either a flat or hollow palm; or if a ball-player (*c*) comes in, and begins to count the balls, it is almoſt over with me. Add to theſe the rank (*d*) and ſwaggering bully, the taking a pickpocket, or the bawling of ſuch as delight to hear their voice echo through the bath (*e*); add alſo thoſe, who daſh into the pond with a great noiſe of the water; and beſides theſe, ſuch whoſe voices at leaſt are tolerable: ſuppoſe a hair-plucker (*f*) every now and then ſqueaking with a ſhrill and effeminate tone, to make himſelf the more remarkable, and is never ſilent but when he is at work, and making his patient cry for him: add to theſe the various cries of thoſe that ſell cakes and ſauſages, the gingerbread baker, the huckſter, and all ſuch as vend their wares about the ſtreets with a peculiar tone. *Sure you have no ears*, you ſay, *or muſt be made of iron, whoſe mind is not diſturbed with ſuch various and diſſonant ſounds; when our* Chryſippus (*g*) *is almoſt killed, with only the common ſalutations of the morning.* I aſſure you, *Lucilius*, I regard all this noiſe no more than the ebbing and flowing of the water: though I hear that a certain people, near the River *Nile*, gave this as a reaſon for changing the ſite of their city; becauſe they could not bear the noiſe of the waterfalls (*h*).

But as for me, I own a voice diſtracts me more than any noiſe whatever; for that draws off the mind, but this only ſtrikes, and fills the ear: and I will moreover tell you what I reckon among thoſe things that give me no diſturbance, the rattling of the carriages in the ſtreets *(i)*; a ſmith's forge in the houſe, a ſawyer's yard next door; and the horrid noiſe a fellow makes, who, by the *Temple of Peace*, is ever trying his new-made hautboys and trumpets, and does not ſing but bawl: the ſound indeed, which ſtartles me after intermiſſions, is ſomewhat more troubleſome to me than that which is continued; but I am ſo inured to theſe things, that I could even hear a boatſwain *(k)* giving orders to his crew, with the moſt harſh and hoarſe vociferation, without being in the leaſt diſcompoſed.

The truth is; I force my mind to be ſo intent upon itſelf, as not to be drawn off by any thing from without. Whatever noiſe is abroad, I care not, while all is calm and quiet within; no jarring between deſire and fear; no diſſenſion between avarice and luxury: in ſhort, no one paſſion thwarting another; for what availeth all imaginable ſilence, if the paſſions are at variance?

Omnia noctis erant placidâ compoſta quiete;
All things were lull'd, by night, in pleaſing reſt,

ſaith the poet *(Varro)*; but 'tis falſe; there can be no pleaſing reſt, but what is the effect of reaſon *(l)*: the night rather promotes than prevents trouble, and only changes one ſcene of anxiety for another: for even the dreams of thoſe that ſleep, are as turbulent as all the accidents of the day. There can be no true tranquillity, but what ariſeth from a ſound mind. Behold the man, who endeavours to ſleep, while the whole houſe is ſilent; and, that the leaſt noiſe may not reach his ears, all the ſervants are order'd not to ſpeak a word: and, if they approach near his bed, to tread as ſoftly as poſſible; yet is he turning from one ſide to another, and would fain get a nap; ſtill complaining, that he hears noiſes, while not the leaſt is made. Now, what do you think is the reaſon of this? why, his mind is diſturb'd; this muſt be appeaſed; the ſedition within muſt be calm'd; the noiſe is there; for you muſt

not

not think the mind is at peace; tho' the body were to lie as ſtill as in the arms of death.

Even reſt itſelf is ſometimes reſtleſs; and therefore it is proper we ſhould be rouſed to action, and employ'd in ſome of the liberal ſciences, as often as liſtleſſneſs ſeiſeth us impatient of its own weight. Great generals when they ſee a ſoldier diſobedient to orders, condemn him to ſome hard labour; nor will permit him to join his company. They have no time to play and wanton, who are tied down to buſineſs; and nothing is more certain, than that the vices of idleneſs are thrown off by proper employ.

We often ſeem to retire, when fatigued with public affairs, and chagrin'd at ſome unhappy and diſagreable ſtation; yet even amidſt this retirement, which fear and diſguſt have induced us to ſeek, ambition ſometimes rankles at the heart: for it was not quite cut off, but only tired, and ſore vexed at things not ſucceeding to its wiſh: I ſay the ſame of luxury, which ſometimes ſeems to give way: but ſoon again revives, ſolliciting thoſe who have profeſſed frugality; and in the midſt of parſimony purſues the pleaſures it had not entirely condemn'd, but only left for a time; and purſues them now the more vehemently, as the more ſecretly it can obtain its deſires; for the more public all vices are, they are the leſs daring: diſeaſes likewiſe are more eaſily curable, when they break out, and ſhew themſelves what they are: and you may be aſſured that avarice, ambition, and all the evils of the human heart are the moſt dangerous, when they ſubſide, and are patched up by a pretended cure. We may ſeem at eaſe, but are far from being ſo; were we really ſo;—if we have founded a retreat;—if we have deſpiſed all ſpecious trifles,—nothing, as I have before obſerv'd, can recall us; or withdraw our attention; not even the harmony of men or birds, could interrupt our ſerious thoughts, now become ſure and ſolid. The diſpoſition is light and wavering, which can be moved by any accidental ſound: it ſtill retains anxiety, and a dread of ſomething that excites its curioſity and care, as ſays our *Virgil*, (2, 726),

A me-

A me quem dudum non ulla injecta movebant
Tela, neque adverſo glomerati ex agmine Graii;
Nunc omnes terrent auræ, ſonus excitat omnis
Suſpenſum, et pariter comitique onerique timenti.
I who ſo bold and dauntleſs juſt before
The Grecian darts and ſhocks of lances bore,
At every ſhadow now am ſeiz'd with fear,
Not for myſelf but for the charge I bear (Dryden).

In the former part of theſe lines *Æneas* reſembles a wiſe and brave man, whom not the brandiſhing of ſpears, nor the claſhing arms of an engaged troop, nor the outcries of a beſieged city, can terrify; in the latter, a meer coward, wrapt in fear, and ſtartled at every noiſe; whom a ſingle voice, taken for the din of a multitude, quite caſts down; and the lighteſt motions drive to deſpair: his burthen *(his aged father)* makes him timorous.—Take whom you will, of thoſe rich men who gather much, and load themſelves therewith, you will ſee him *(like Æneas) fearful for his charge.* Know therefore you are then only truly compoſed, when no alarm can move you; when no voice can ſhake you from yourſelf, whether it flatters, or threatens you; or pours forth a variety of idle ſounds. What then? is it not more convenient ſometimes to be free from noiſe and brawling? No doubt of it. Therefore I intend ſoon to change my quarters; I had a mind, once to try and exerciſe myſelf; but what neceſſity is there for tormenting myſelf any longer; when *Ulyſſes* found ſo eaſy a remedy, for preſerving his companions from the ſweet melody of the *Syrens? (Ep. 31.)*

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) It is impoſſible to read this humorous Epiſtle, without being reminded of the late Mr. Hogarth's excellent print, *The enraged Muſician*, who cannot be ſuppoſed ſo great a philoſopher as *Seneca*; when ſurrounded with ſuch a variety of external noiſe as is therein expreſſed.

(*b*) Cum laſſata gravi ceciderunt brachia maſsâ. Juv. vi. 423. See Ep. 15.

(*c*) Pilicrepus. So *Turneb.* Adverſ. vii. 4. But *Mercurial.* Art. Gymnaſt. i. 12. (where is explained this whole Epiſtle) ſuppoſes it to be the *ſtoker*, or he that ſupplies the fire under the baths with pitchy balls.—al. Pellicrepus. al. Pilicerpus.—*Vid.* Cœl. Rhodig. xxx. 19. Sidon. Apoll. p. 109.

(*d*) Scordalum

(*d*) Scordalum, *qu.* Scorodalum. *Eraſm. Turneb.* One that ſtinks of garlick. Ep. 84. Or, *one of a rank ſmell after exerciſe*, qu. ſcordylum.—al. *One that cleans the baths from all filth and ordure*, a Gr. σκῶρ.

(*e*) According to *Horace*, (Sat. i. 4. 75)—In medio qui
Scripta ſoro recitent ſunt multi: quique lavantes;
Suave locus voci reſonat concluſus.——
But many bards the public forum chuſe,
Where to recite the labours of their muſe;
Or vaulted baths, that ſtill preſerve the ſound,
While ſweetly floats the voice in echoes round.—Francis.

(*f*) Alipilum, al. alipilarius, i. e. qui alas depilat. *Juvenal* ſpeaking of one as yet a boy;—nec vellendas jam præbuit alas. (11. 157.)

(*g*) *Lipſius* thinks this by no means applicable to *Chryſippus* the philoſopher; and therefore reads it, *Criſpus*, a friend of *Seneca's*.

(*h*) Quem (ſtrepitum) perferre gens ibi a Perſis collocata non potuit, obtuſis aſſiduo fragore auribus, et ob hoc ſedibus ad quietiora tranſlatis. *Natural Enuſt.* iv. 2.

(*i*) Stridentum et moderator eſſedorum,
Curvorum, et chorus Helciariorum,
i. e. *of thoſe who tow the barge.*
Sidon. Apoll. x. 2.——Sic *Claudian.* de gallicis mulis,
Conſenſuque pares, et fulvis pellibus hirtæ
Eſſeda concordes multiſonora trahunt.
Drawn by mules, match'd in colour and in ſize,
Loud-rattling through the ſtreets the chariot flies. M.
And *Martial*, iv. 64.
Ne blando rota ſit moleſta ſomno;
Quem nec rumpere nauticum celeuſma
Nec clamor valet helciariorum.

(*k*) Pauſarium] properly one who gave the (celeuſma) *command)* or *orders*, to the rowers. *Ovid.* Met. III. 617.
——— Qui requiemque modumque
Voce dabat remis, animorum hortator Epopeus.

(*l*) The opinion which is ſaid to be *Zeno's* is ſomewhat quaint, but may deſerve our conſideration: he ſaid, that any one may give a gueſs at his *proficiency*, from the obſervation of his dreams, thus: *if when aſleep he fancied nothing that was immodeſt, nor ſeemed to conſent to any wicked actions, or diſhoneſt intentions, but found his fancy and paſſions of his mind undiſturbed, in a conſtant calm, as it were always ſerene and enlightened with the beams of divine reaſon.* Plut.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE LVII.

On Fear, and the Immortality of the Soul.

WHEN I was obliged to leave *Baiæ* again for *Naples*, I eaſily perſuaded myſelf, that we ſhould meet with another ſtorm, ſo determined to go by land. But the roads were ſo bad, and full of ſloughs, that I was as much rocked as if I had gone by ſea (*a*). I underwent the whole ceremony of wreſtlers (*b*); wanting neither the *ceroma (anointing)* nor the *baphe (being ſprinkled over with duſt)*, eſpecially in the hollow way that leads to *Naples*. Nothing can be more tedious than travelling through that dungeon-like vale; nothing more diſagreeable than the narrow paſſage, which is darkneſs itſelf: ſo that it was impoſſible to ſee our way: or had the place admitted any light, the duſt itſelf would have blinded us, which is troubleſome enough in the high and open road; but what muſt it be, when encloſed, without a breath of air to carry it off; and we only kick it up upon one another? Thus I ſay we were plagued with two contrary evils; and the ſame road, on the ſame day, covered us with mud and duſt. Yet even this darkſome way yielded matter for reflection; I felt a certain ſtroke upon my mind, and a change, though without fear, which the novelty and hideouſneſs of the place brought upon me.

I am not ſpeaking, *Lucilius*, as if this was applicable only to myſelf; who am far from pretending to a tolerable ſufficiency, and much leſs to perfection; let it be applied to one, over whom Fortune hath loſt all her power; and you will find that even ſuch a one may be ſenſible of an attack, and change his colour. For there are certain ſenſations which even a virtuous man cannot avoid; as when Nature ſeriouſly reminds him of his mortality: wherefore his countenance occaſionally puts on a gloomy ſorrow; he is ſtartled with ſurprize; and his head as dizzy, as

if he looked down into the deep from a lofty precipice. Now, this is not fear, but a natural affection, which Reaſon itſelf cannot diſcard (*d*). Whence it happens that ſome brave men, who are ready to ſhed their own blood in their country's cauſe, yet cannot bear to ſee the blood of another perſon; ſome have even ſwooned away at the ſight of a freſh wound; and ſome at the dreſſing of an old and purulent ſore; others had rather receive a ſtroke from a ſword, than ſee one given. Therefore, as I ſaid before, I felt a certain alteration, but no perturbation of mind.

And now, as ſoon as the light began to break in upon us, I felt an alacrity, which came upon me, unthought of, uninvited: I began then to ſay with myſelf; how ridiculous is it to fear any thing, more or leſs, when there is one common end of all? for what matter is it whether a man be killed by the falling of a tower, or of a mountain? it is ſtill but death; nothing more: yet there are ſome who are more afraid of one thing than another, tho' they are both alike fatal: fear is therefore more apprehenſive of the cauſe, than of the effect. You perhaps may think I am now ſpeaking of thoſe little *Stoics*, who ſuppoſe the ſoul of man, when violently preſſed down by an enormous weight, cannot make its way any where, but is totally cruſhed and demoliſhed, becauſe it had not a free *exit*: no (*c*) ſuch matter; they who advance this doctrine ſeem to me much miſtaken: as the flame cannot be ſuppreſſed, but ſtill flies round that which would preſs it down; and as the air is not hurt by any ſtroke you give it; nor indeed divided, but that by its elaſticity it pours back again upon the place it has quitted; ſo the ſoul, which is of the fineſt and moſt ſubtile quality, cannot be ſurpriſed and cruſhed within the body, but by reaſon of its ſubtilty, breaks forth from whatever ſeems to overwhelm it.

As the lightning having darted its influence far and wide, returns through a ſmall crevice; ſo the ſoul which is far more ſubtile than flame, takes its flight through every pore of the body. From whence ariſeth a queſtion concerning immortality: and this, you may be aſſured of, *Lucilius*, that, if it ſurvives the body, it can by no means periſh, becauſe it is not periſhable: ſince no immortality admits an exception, nor can any thing deſtroy what is naturally *eternal* (*f*)

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) There is the like metaphor in *Statius* (Silv. iv.)

Nutabat cruce pendulâ viator,
Sorbebatque rotas maligna tellus;
Et plebs in mediis Latina campis
Horrebat mala navigationis.

(*b*) *See* Faber Agoniſt. III. 22.

(*c*) Crypta Neapolitana.] A dark way, cut through the mountain *Poſilypo*; by whom, or at what time is unknown: it is now about a mile long, leading to *Naples*. The windows, if there were any, might have been ſtopped up, by time and neglect in *Seneca's* days; but *Alphonſus* I. king of *Navarre* and *Arragon*, Ann. 1105, cut two new ones, and ſmoothed the road.

(*d*) See this whole affair elegantly treated of in *Agell.* xix. 1. and more fully in *Lipſ. Manud.* iii. 7. Ep. 85. 116.

(*e*) *Lipſius* does not recollect meeting with this ſtoical poſition any where elſe but in *Statius* (Theb. VI.) where ſpeaking of a miner, whom the earth fell in upon, and cruſhed to death, he elegantly, as in general, ſays,

——jacet intus
Obrutus; ac penitus fractum obductumque cadaver
Indignantem animam propriis non reddidit aſtris.
Acres o'erwhelm him, as he lifeleſs lies,
Nor ſuffer the indignant ſoul to riſe
From the deep load, and claim her native ſkies. M.

The ſame opinion was held concerning a perſon's being drowned. When (Virg. Æn. I. 95.) *Æneas* terrified at the approach of a dreadful ſtorm at ſea, ſighed, not, as *Servius* obſerves, for fear of death merely, but of ſuch a death, as prevented the ſoul from making her eſcape and ſurviving the body: for being of the ſame quality with *fire*, it muſt neceſſarily be extinguiſhed by the ſurrounding waters. Thus *Homer*, (Od. δ. 511) deſcribing the death of *Ajax Oïliades*, ſays

Ὡ ς ὸ μὲν ἔνθ' ἀπολωλεν, ἐπεὶ πιεν ἅλμυρον ὕδωρ.
And thus he periſh'd, in the briny ſea
For ever buried ——

And *Seneca* himſelf, (de ira iii. 19.) ſpeaking of that haughty and moſt inhuman tyrant, *Caius Caligula*, ſeems to lament the caſe of thoſe, who were proſcribed, more bitterly, foraſmuch as *Caius* ordered all their mouths to be ſtopped, at the execution, with a ſponge, or part of their own clothes; *What horrid cruelty!* ſays he, *not to give the ſoul the liberty of departing, freely and naturally from the loathſome carcaſe!* but theſe are vulgar notions, built on too weak a foundation, to impoſe upon the wiſdom of *Seneca*; as is manifeſt from what follows,—*they who advance this doctrine*, &c.

(*f*) Hoc quidem certè habe, ſi (*animus*) ſuperſtes eſt corpori, *propter hoc* illum nullo genere poſſe perire, *propter* quod non perit. But various are the readings here; *Lipſius* is for diſcarding the latter *propter*, or changing it for the adverb, *propterea*; whence *Gronovius* only ſtrikes out the *propter hoc*; and alludes to the foregoing opinion of ſome *Stoics*, which *Seneca* thinks abſurd, unleſs it could be proved that the ſoul is mortal.

Here we ſee our author, *Seneca*, like the greateſt men among the ancients before him, *Socrates*, *Plato*, *Cicero*, &c. ſtill wavering in his opinion concerning *a future ſtate*; yet they all ſeemed inclined to believe the affirmative: no wonder; for though the *immateriality* of the ſoul, (which none but a rank

rank Atheiſt, or a modern P——y, would deny) is certainly a good argument for its *immortality*; as having no diviſible parts, no contrary qualities, no principles of death and corruption in it, as our bodies, and other material compoſitions have: yet this argument, ſtrong as it is, is ſtill ſubject to objections; as indeed all arguments are in theſe abſtruſe points, when drawn merely from the light of unaſſiſted reaſon: and this ſerves greatly to enhance the Chriſtian's obligation to his bleſſed *Saviour*; *who hath brought life and immortality to light through the Goſpel.* As before mentioned, Ep. 54. (N. d.)

EPISTLE LVIII.

On the Poverty of the Latin *Tongue.*

Of Genus, Species, Ideas, Being, and other Logical Terms.

I NEVER yet well underſtood, before to-day, the great poverty of our language, and extreme want of words *(a)*. There are a thouſand things, *Lucilius*, when we are talking of *Plato*, which require names, but have them not; and ſome which had names, but have now loſt them, through a ſcrupulous diſguſt: but who will allow diſguſt in a caſe of neceſſity? the *gad-fly*, for inſtance, which drives the cattle madding about the fields, and diſperſeth them through the woods, was called by the Greeks, *Oeſtram*, and by our anceſtors *Aſilum*, as appears from *Virgil* (G. 3. 147.)

Eſt lucos Silari juxta, ilicibuſque virentem
Plurimus Alburnum volitans, cui nomen *Aſilo*
Romanum eſt *Oeſtron* Graii vertêre vocantes:
Aſper, acerba ſonans, quo tota exterrita ſilvis
Diffugiunt armenta:—
About th' Alburnian groves, with holly green
Of winged inſects mighty ſwarms are ſeen;

This flying plague to mark its quality,
Oeſtrus *the* Grecians *call*; Aſylus, *we:*
A fierce loud-buzzing breeze; their ſtings draw blood,
And drive the cattle gadding through the wood. Dryden.

I think he underſtood this word to be now loſt. And not to detain you long, there were ſome ſimple words in uſe, as *Cernere* ferro *(b)*, in *Virgil*, for which we now uſe the compound, *decernere*; and the uſe of the ſimple ſeems to be loſt;

(12. 709)—Stupet ipſe Latinus
Ingentes genitos diverſis partibus orbis
Inter ſe coiïſſe viros et cernere ferro.

So they formerly ſaid, *Juſſo (c)*, inſtead of *Juſſero:* and in this likewiſe I would have you believe *Virgil* rather than take my bare word for it—Cætera qua Juſſo, mecum manus inferat arma. 11. 467. I ſay not this with an intention to ſhew you, how converſant I am with the Grammarians, but that you may underſtand from hence, how many words, made uſe of by *Ennius* and *Attius*, are now grown obſolete; when even from *Virgil*, who is daily in the hands of every one, ſome word or other is continually loſt.

What means, you ſay, this preamble? whither does it tend? I will tell you. I deſire to make uſe of the word, *Eſſentia (d)*, *(Eſſence)*, whether it does or does not offend your ear: I have the authority of *Cicero* for it; and I think you will not diſpute *that* being a rich one: but if you require a more modern example, I can produce you *Fabian (f)*; that eloquent and graceful orator, ſometimes ſo very nice in the choice of his words, as to create diſguſt. For what muſt we do, my *Lucilius*? How otherwiſe ſhall I expreſs the Greek word ὑπα, *(i) ſomething neceſſary, comprehending nature, and the foundation of all things?* I beg your permiſſion therefore to uſe this word; and I will endeavour to be as ſparing as poſſible of ſuch permiſſion, and perhaps be contented with that alone. But be as kind, and eaſy as you will, what will it ſignify, if, after all, I cannot ſufficiently expreſs the word in *Latin*, and therefore have ſtarted this quarrel with our tongue? And you will condemn the ſcantineſs of it the more, when I tell you there is a word of one

one ſyllable, which I know not how to tranſlate; would you know what it is? Τὸ ὄν, (*Being*)—you may think me perhaps a little too nice, or ſomewhat dull; ſince it may be done very eaſily by rendering it, *Quod eſt, (what is)*. But I plainly perceive there is a difference; ſince I am oblig'd to make uſe of a verb for a noun: but if it muſt be ſo take it as it is; *Quod eſt*. Now a friend of mine, a moſt learned man, told me, this very day, that *Plato* had applied this word ſix different ways: I will explain them all to you having firſt premiſed, that it is a *Genus*: now a *Genus* is that upon which the ſeveral *Species* depend; from which every diviſion is formed, and under which all things are compriſed. And if we enquire after the firſt *Genus*, we ſhall find it by proceeding upwards from the ſeveral particulars; as thus, man is a *Species*; horſe is a *Species*; dog is a *Species*. Therefore ſome common tye or connexion is to be ſought, which comprehends them all, and ſubjects them to itſelf; and what is that? *Animal:* therefore *Animal* is the *Genus* of all the things aforementioned, man, horſe, dog. But there are ſome things that are *Animated*, and yet are not *Animals*. For plants and ſhrubs have an *Anima, (a principle of life)* in them; and accordingly we ſay, they *live*, they die. Therefore *animantia, things having life*, will hold ſuperior rank, becauſe both *Animals* and *Plants* are in this claſs. Other things want this principle of life, as ſtones: therefore there is ſomething that claims a place before the *Animantia*, and that is *Body*; and this too is diviſible into bodies *Animate*, and *Inanimate:* there is even ſomething before *Body*; for we ſay ſome things are *Corporeal* and ſome *Incorporeal:* what is it then from whence all things are deduced? Why it is that, to which we have given but an improper name, *Quod eſt*, (*what is*): for thus may it be divided into *ſpecies*; *whatever is*, is *Corporeal* or *Incorporeal*; this then is the firſt, moſt ancient, and, if I may ſo ſpeak, *General Genus*.

There are other kinds of *Genus*, but they are *Special*; as, *man* is a *Genus* (*b*); for he contains in himſelf the *Species* of nations; as *Greeks, Romans, Parthians*;—of colours, as black, white, brown;—of individuals, as, *Cato, Cicero, Lucretius*: therefore as it contains many things it is a *Genus*; but as ſubject to ſomething elſe, it comes under the name of

of *Species*. The *Genus*, that I call *General*, hath nothing above it; it is the beginning of all things; it has all things under it. Some ſtoics indeed are for raiſing another *Genus* above this, ſtill more principal; of which I ſhall ſpeak preſently, having ſhewn you that the *Genus* I am treating of, deſerves abſolutely the firſt rank, ſince it is ſo capacious, as to compaſs all things in itſelf. I divide *Quod eſt*, (*that which is*), into two *Species*, corporeal and incorporeal: there is no third. I divide *Body* into animate or inanimate: again, I divide *Animantia* (*things having life*) into ſuch as have *Animum*, (*a mind* or *ſoul*) and ſuch as have only *animam*, (*a principle of life*): or thus, ſome things have a faculty, whereby they walk, and paſs along; while other are fixed in the earth, and grow, and are nouriſhed by their roots: again, I divide *Animals* into mortal, and immortal. But ſome ſtoics ſeem to ſuppoſe a ſtill higher *Genus*, τό τι quiddam, *Somewhat* or *Thing*), which is thus accounted for: they ſay, in the nature of things, ſome have a being, and ſome have not; and that ſuch as have not, are ſtill in the nature of things which occur to the mind; as *Centaurs*, *Giants*, and whatever elſe is formed by a falſe imagination, and find a reſemblance in the mind though in reality it hath no ſubſtance.

I now return to what I before promiſed; to ſhew you the ſix ſeveral modes or ways into which *Plato* divides *the things that are:* the firſt kind of *Quod eſt*, *(that which is)* is not to be comprehended by the touch, or ſight, or any of the ſenſes, but only in *Mind* or *Thought*; becauſe taken *generally*; as man *in general*, is not an object of ſight, but a *ſpecial* or particular man is, as *Cæſar*, or *Cato*. *Animal*, is not ſeen but in the imagination, but the ſpecies is ſeen *(i)*; in an horſe, or dog. In the next place of *the things that are*, *Plato* ſubjoins that which excels and tranſcends all other things; this, he ſays, is *by way of eminence*; as the word, *Poet:* which indeed is the common name of all verſifiers, but among the Greeks it dignifies but one man; as when it is ſaid, *the poet*, you muſt underſtand thereby *Homer (k)*. And what is this? GOD, who is greater than, and far above, all things *(l)*. A third kind is of thoſe things, which are properly *in being*; and theſe are innumerable, but placed far beyond our ſight: they are the peculiar furniture of *Plato*;

he

he calls them ideas (*m*); from whence all things were made that are made, and according to which they haveall their form; and theſe are immortal, immutable, inviolable. Now, an *Idea*, or rather what *Plato* calls by this name, is this: *the eternal exemplar of all the things that are made in nature:* but I will explain this definition, to make the thing ſtill clearer to you: I have a mind, ſuppoſe, to draw your picture: I take *you* then as a pattern of what I intend to draw; and from this pattern the *mind* gets a certain form, upon which it frames its work: now, this form or pattern which inſtructs me, and from which all imitation is borrowed, is an *Idea*.

Such exemplars are infinite in the nature of things, as of men, birds, fiſhes; according to which every thing ſhe intends to make, or that is to be made, is formed.—The εἶδος (idos, *image or reſemblance)* hath the fourth place: pray attend to what is meant by this word, and impute it to *Plato*, not to me, if you find any difficulty in comprehending theſe matters: there muſt needs be ſome difficulty, in all ſuch abſtruſe and ſubtil points. I before made uſe of a pourtrait by ſome painter, who when he would draw a *Virgil*, to the life, ſuppoſe in colours, looked ſtedfaſtly at him: now, the face or form of *Virgil*, the pattern of the work to be formed was an *Idea*; but what the artiſt took from him, and delineated upon the canvas, is the εἶδος *(idos)*. Do you deſire to know the difference? The one is the pattern; the other is the form, taken from this pattern, and joined to the piece in hand: the artiſt imitates the one; but forms the other. A ſtatue likewiſe hath a certain face or appearance; this is the *Idos*; and the pattern itſelf hath a certain face or appearance, which the ſtatuary obſerving, he from thence makes the ſtatue; this is an *Idea*. Or, to give you another diſtinction; the *Idos* is *in* the work; the *Idea* is *out* of it; nor is it only out of it, but *before the work was*.—The fifth kind is of thoſe things that are in common, pertaining to us; they are indeed all things as men, cattle, and the like. The ſixth is of thoſe things, which ſeem, or are, but, as it were, in being; as a *Vacuum*, *Time*, *&c.*

Whatever we ſee, or touch, *Plato* reckons not among thoſe things that can properly be ſaid *to be:* becauſe they are upon the continual

float, and are ſubject to daily diminution and addition. No one is the *ſame* man, in old age, as he was in youth; no one is the ſame in the morning, that he was yeſterday; our bodies are carried away as a river: all that you ſee runs down with time: nothing ſtill remains the ſame: even while I ſay theſe things are changed, I am changed myſelf. This is what *Heraclitus* means, when he ſays, *we go not twice into the ſame River (n)*. The River ſtill keeps its name, but the water paſſeth away. This indeed is more manifeſt in a river than in man; but yet as ſwift a courſe carries us likewiſe away; and therefore I am ſurpriſed at our folly in being fond of ſo fleeting a thing as is the body; and in perpetual fear, leſt we ſhould die one day or other, when every moment is the death of our former habit of body *(o)*; and can you be afraid, *Lucilius*, leſt that ſhould happen ſome time or other, which happens every day? What I have ſaid, relates to man, compoſed of matter, fleeting, frail, and ſubject to variety of accidents. But the world likewiſe, eternal as it may be and invincible, is ſtill for ever changing, and remains not the ſame a moment; for tho' it may have all things in it, it ever had; it poſſeſſeth them not in the ſame manner; the whole order is continually changed *(p)*.

Do you aſk me what all this ſubtilty profits a man? Truly, I think, nothing: but as an engraver, when he has long been poring over his work, and tired his eyes; takes them off, and gives them reſt a while; in order to indulge, and ſtrengthen them, as they ſay; ſo we ought ſometimes to unbend the mind and refreſh it with certain amuſements: not but that amuſements may be work; and even from theſe, due obſervation may pick out ſomething that may be turned to good account. This my, *Lucilius*, is what I practiſe myſelf: from whatever I read, however remote it may be, from philoſophy *(q)*, I endeavour to extract ſomething that may be uſeful. But what, you will ſay, do I gain from the dry ſubjects I have been treating of, ſo diſtant from a reformation of manners? How can *Platonic Ideas* make me a whit the better man? What can I extract from theſe towards reſtraining my paſſions? Why, this; foraſmuch as *Plato* denies, that all ſuch things as are ſubſervient to the ſenſes, and which incite and provoke the paſſions, are of a claſs with thoſe which come under the name of truth: they are all imaginary

therefore, and only make their appearance for a time; there is nothing ſtable, or ſolid: and yet we deſire them as if they were always permanent, and we could have them always in poſſeſſion.

Weak and frail, we ſubſiſt, as it were by intervals: let us ſet our minds then upon the things that are eternal *(r)*: let us admire the univerſal forms of things, flying on high; and *God* in the midſt of them; diſpoſing all things as it ſeemeth beſt, and providing, (as he could not make them immortal, becauſe formed of matter) *(s)* that they periſh not in death, but through his wiſdom overcome the malignity of body: for all things remain, not becauſe they are eternal, but becauſe they are under the care and protection of an Almighty governour: things immortal in their own nature ſtand not in need of a guardian; but mortal things are preſerved by the hand that made them, ſurmounting the frailty of the materials by his almighty power (*t*).

Let us deſpiſe the things, which are ſo far from being precious that it is a doubt whether they are at all: at the ſame time let us think, that, if divine providence is pleaſed to deliver the world, (not leſs mortal than ourſelves) from danger and deſtruction, our own care and forecaſt may in ſome meaſure contribute to prolong our days, and keep up this little tenement; provided we can govern and reſtrain the fond paſſions, that bring untimely ruin on the greater part of mankind. *Plato* lived to a good old age by his prudence: he was favoured indeed with a ſtrong conſtitution, and took his name from the breadth of his cheſt (*u*); but voyages and perils had greatly lower'd his ſtrength; temperance however, and moderation of thoſe things that are apt to provoke deſire, and a diligent regard for the preſervation of health, lengthen'd his days, notwithſtanding the many rubs he had met with in the courſe of his life: for, I think, you know this, that he lived exactly to complete his *eighty firſt year*, dying on his birth day (*w*): wherefore certain magi or *Wiſemen*, who were then at *Athens*, did ſacrifice to him after his deceaſe, thinking him ſomething more than man, who had ſo completely finiſhed the moſt perfect *climacteric*, nine multiplied by nine: tho' I believe *Plato* would not have ſcrupled to have remitted a few days of that ſum, as alſo

the ſacrifice. frugality and temperance are, no doubt, the great preſervatives of old age; which, as I think it is not greatly to be coveted, is not to be refuſed *(x)*: it is pleaſant to dwell as long as poſſible with one's ſelf; eſpecially when a man has rendered himſelf worthy of ſelf-enjoyment.

Therefore let us examine this point *(y)*: whether it be right to diſdain the extremities of old age, and not wait the iſſue, but forcibly cloſe the ſcene. He is not far from a coward, who chuſes to linger out his fate; as a man muſt be a ſot, who drains the pitcher, and drinks up the very dregs; yet this muſt likewiſe be enquired into; whether the laſt ſtage of life can properly be called the *dregs (z)*; and whether it may not be the moſt pure, and cleareſt part of it; at leaſt if the intellect hath received no injury; and the ſenſes, ſtill perfect, entertain the mind; or the body hath no paralytic diſorder, or other extraordinary defect: but there is ſome difference between a man's prolonging his life, or his death: for if the body is become uſeleſs, and incapable of its functions, why ſhould any one deſire to retain the reluctant ſoul? *Perhaps* it ought to be let looſe, before it comes to this paſs, leſt you ſhould not then be able to do it, when you were ſo inclined. If there is greater danger of living wretchedly than of dying ſoon, I ſhould think him a ſilly man, who would not ſtand the chance of ſo great a benefit, at the expence of a few days. Few come to their death-bed, even in very old age, without having received ſome injury: a liſtleſs indolence of no ſervice to itſelf or others hath affected many: how then can you think it hard or cruel to loſe ſomething of life, were it to be put an end to? Hear me not with regret, as if this my opinion had any reference to you; but weigh well what I ſay. I will not quarrel with, or forſake, my old age, ſo long as it preſerves me whole to myſelf; I mean whole in that better part of me, the mind. But if it hath begun to impair my underſtanding, and to dull my ſenſes; if it hath ſcarce left any life, but a ſoul only, I ſhould gladly leap out of ſuch a rotten and ruinous tenement *(aa)*: neither would I ſeek death, to eſcape a diſeaſe, provided it were curable, and not prejudicial to the mind: nor ſhould pain alone, make me have recourſe to violence; for, ſo to die would be to own myſelf

myſelf conquered; but if I *know* I muſt for ever ſuffer ſuch a violent diſeaſe *(bb)*; I ſhould deſire to go, not on account of the diſeaſe, but becauſe it proved a let or hindrance to the enjoyment of every thing for which we live. He is a weak man and a coward who dies for fear of pain; and he is a fool, who chuſes to live in the certain ſufferance of it.

But I grow tedious; tho' I have matter enough on this ſubject to ſpin out the whole day. And how can he pretend to talk of putting an end to his life who knows not how to put an end to an epiſtle? So, *fare-well.* Which I fancy you had rather read, than a diſcourſe concerning nothing but death.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) Quanta verborum nobis *paupertas*, imò *egeſtas* ſit.——So *Pliny* (Ep. IV. 18.) Inopiâ ac potius ut Lucretius ait, hac *egeſtate* patrii ſermonis,—*And by the* want, *or rather the* poverty *of our native tongue.* Orrery. Where I would chuſe, by his Lordſhip's leave, to tranſpoſe the words *want* and *poverty*; as the former is by much the ſtronger word. Ep. 17. Non eſt quod *paupertas* nos a philoſophiâ revocet, nec *egeſtas* quidem. A man may be *poor*, and yet not in *want*.

Non eſt paupertas, Neſtor, habere nihil. *Martial.*

The words referred to in *Lucretius* are,

Nunc et Anaxagoræ ſcrutemur Homœomeriam
Quam Græci memorant, nec noſtrâ dicere linguâ
Concedit nobis patrii ſermonis egeſtas. l. 830.
Next let's examine with a curious eye,
Anaxagoras's philoſophy,
By copious *Greece*, term'd *Homœomery*;
For which our Latin language, poor in words,
Not one expreſſive ſingle voice affords. *Creech.*

The like in III. 260———rationem reddere aventem
Abstrahit invitum patrii ſermonis egeſtas.
Fain would I give the cauſe, was not my ſong
Check'd by the poorneſs of the Latin tongue.

(b) Cernere ferro. *Servius* acknowledgeth, and confirms this reading; and *Muretus* proves the uſe of the word *cernere* from *Attius* and *Plautus*. *Pierius*, however, and ſome moderns contend for *decernere*; abſurdly enough! (was the verſe to have continued ſound) againſt the teſtimony of *Servius*, and even this of *Seneca* himſelf.

* The Roman King beholds with wond'ring ſight
Two mighty champions match'd in ſingle fight;
Born under climes remote, and brought by Fate,
With ſwords to try their title in the ſtate.—*Dryden.*

(c) So, capſis, for capueris. *Cic.* (de Leg. II.) noxit for nocuerit. *Lucilius*, &c. See Turneb. Adverſ. XV. 15.

(d) Eſſentiam.] It ſeems we owe this word to the ſagacity of *Muretus*, all the books before having it *quid ſentiam*.

(e) *Sidon. Apoll.* Lecturus es hîc novum verbum *eſſentiam*; ſed ſcias hoc ipſum dixiſſe Ciceronem.

(f) *Fabian.*] The ſame whom *Fabius* means by *Flavius*;—Usìam, quam *Flavius Eſſentiam* vocat.—His name was, *Serv. Flavius Papinius Fabianus.*

(g) All things ſpring from Οὐσία (Uſia) i. e. *God* and *Nature*. Lipſ.—*Perionius* thought the word *Natura* would ſufficiently expreſs the Greek Οὐσία, which, if ſuitable in ſome inſtances, can never be allowed in philoſophical diſputations, as Οὐσία and φύσις, ſtrictly ſpeaking, ſignify very different things. Nor would it be better expreſſed by the word *Subſtantia*: for when rightly diſtinguiſhed ὕπαρξις, i. e. Subſtantia, and Οὐσία, (εἶναι and ὑπάρχειν) have a ſeveral meaning. No *Latin* word therefore ſeems more proper to expreſs the Gr. Οὐσία than *Eſſentia*. Muret.

(h) Homo genus eſt] Nay, rather *the moſt ſpecial* ſpecies. εἶδος εἰδικώτατον. For neither are theſe, here mentioned, *Greeks, Romans, Parthians*, different *ſpecies* of men; nor does the difference of individuals conſiſt in a difference of ſpecies, but of number. *Seneca* therefore we muſt own is ſomewhat deficient in theſe niceties; nor indeed were the writings of *Ariſtotle*, who alone is exquiſitely accurate in theſe points ſo generally known, or ſtudied, in thoſe days as they have been ſince. *Muret.* And *Lipſius* thinks that *Seneca* moſt probably here follows the logic of *Chryſippus*; which is now quite out of date.

(i) Neither is the *ſpecies* properly ſaid to be ſeen: but *this* horſe or *this* dog.

(k) *Cicero* (in topicis)—*Homerus'* propter excellentiam, commune poetarum nomen effecit apud Græcos ſuum.

(l) For *God* alone is Πηγὴ πάσης τῆς οὐσίας, *the Fountain of all Being*. According to the name *God* is pleaſed to aſſume in Holy Writ, Ἐγώ εἰμι ὁ Ὤν. *I am That I am.* Exod. III. 14.

(m) Ep. 65. Hæc exemplaria rerum omnium Deus intra ſe habet, &c. *The exemplars of all things in the world God hath in his mind,——which* Plato *calls* Ideas, *immortal, immutable, indefatigable.*—Boethius (de Conſol. III.)

O qui perpetua mundum ratione gubernas
Terrarum cœlique ſator,—Tu cuncta ſuperno
Ducis ab exemplo, pulchrum pulcherrimus ipſe
Mundum menté gerens, ſimilique in imagine formans,
Perfectaſque jubes perfectum abſolvere partes.

O thou Father, Soveraine of heaven,
And of erthes, that governeſt this world
By perdurable reaſon——Thou that are older faireſt,
Bearing the fayre world in thy thought,
Formedſt this world to thy likeneſs ſemblable,
Of that fayre world in thy thought;
Thou draweſt all things on thy ſoveraine enſemplar,
And commandeſt that this world perfectly ymakid,
Have freely and abſolute his perfite parties. Chaucer.

Ideas] Plato; *Originales rerum ſpecies* Macrobius; *Principales formas* Claud. Mamertus dixit; et Auſonius *datas formas*, i. e. rebus a Deo impreſſas. Vid. Lipſ. Phyſ. II. 3.

(n) Plato in Cratylo. λέγει που Ηράκλειτος, ὅτι πάντα ῥεῖ, καὶ οὐδὲν μένει· κ. τ. λ.

(o) See Ep. 1. 8. 24. (N. l.)

(p) And

(p) *And they that uſe this world as not abuſing it; for the faſhion of this world paſſeth away.* I Cor. 7. 41.

(q) Philoſophy, *viz. moral.* Which is always meant by way of eminence.

(r) *Set your mind on things above, not on things on the earth.* Col. iii. 2. *While we look not at the things that are ſeen, but at the things which are not ſeen; for the things which are ſeen are temporal, but the things which are not ſeen are eternal.* 2 Cor. iv. 18. See Ep. 17. 65.

(s) 'Twas an abſurd and wicked opinion of the ancients, *that God of his goodneſs would have all things immortal, but that it was not in his power ſo to do, on account of the periſhable nature of the materials.* As if that God who made all other things had not likewiſe created matter. More rightly therefore *Lactantius*, Idem materiæ fictor eſt, et rerum materiâ conſtantium; *The ſame God, who formed things of matter, formed likewiſe matter itſelf.* Pſ. 148. 1, 6. Iſ. 40. 26, 42. 5. 43, 12, 19. 1. 16. Rev. 10, 6.

(t) *Thou ſendeſt forth thy ſpirit, they are created, and thou renewеſt the face of the earth.* Pſ. 104, 30.

(u) He was before called by his grandfather's name, *Ariſtocles*, but *Plato* from the Gr. Πλατὺς (*broad*) Epp. 47. Much the ſame that is here ſaid of *Plato*, is recorded of *Herodicus Selimbrianus* by *Plato* himſelf, and by *Ariſtotle* and *Plutarch.* And *Muretus* likewiſe tells us of one *Alviſius Cornelius*, a *Venetian*, who by temperance and ſobriety reſtored his conſtitution, though miſerably ſhattered by a looſe and debauched life, and given over by his phyſicians; but by a ſteady reſolution in the obſervation of a regular and moderate diet, gentle exerciſe, freedom from anxiety, chearful converſation with his friends, and other innocent amuſements, he ſo recovered as to outlive the phyſicians themſelves, and to reach an extreme old age. But the moſt extraordinary inſtance of this kind is the famous *Cornaro* of the ſame country; whoſe hiſtory is well known.

(w) Thurgelioris ſeptimo die, (*May* 7th) A. M. 3522.) al. *February* 7th. Plut. Sympos, viii. 1.

(x) Happy is the man, who, by the bleſſing of God, can ſay, *Experto credite.*

(y) See it more fully examined in *Lipſ.* Manud. III. 22, 23. And as *Seneca* here at leaſt ſpeaks doubtfully, but ſeems rather to reprove the falſe courage of the Stoic, in this reſpect, than encourage it, we need not be apprehenſive of any miſchief: I ſhall reſerve what I have further to ſay on this ſubject 'till we meet with ſomething more flagrant, (Epp. 70. 78) in the mean while referring the reader to Epp. 24. q.) 26. (N. d.) 30. 50.

(z) See Ep. I. (N. m.)

(aa) And who would not, *if providence ſo willed?* The ſame is quoted, both by *Muretus* and *Lipſius*, of Gorgias *Leontinus* in *Stobæ.* Serm. cxviii.

(bb) But what mortal can know that? Who can tell what God, with whom nothing is impoſſible, may be pleaſed to do for one, even in the laſt extremity? The Chriſtian therefore would ſcorn to make ſuch a ſuppoſition.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE LIX.

On Joy and Pleaſure. A good Conſcience the only true Joy.

I RECEIVED great *pleaſure, Lucilius,* from your epiſtle: for, give me leave to uſe the word in its common acceptation, without wreſting it to a ſtoical ſenſe; according to *their* doctrine indeed *pleaſure* is *vice:* it may be ſo; but the word is commonly uſed to ſignify *a chearful diſpoſition of the mind.* I know, I ſay, that the word pleaſure, (if brought to *our* ſtandard) is uſed in a bad ſenſe, and *joy* only allowed to *the wiſe man (a):* for 'tis the elevation of a mind, that confides in its own ſuperlative worth and ſtrength: yet, vulgarly ſpeaking, we ſay, we had great *joy* in ſuch a one's being choſen conſul, or in a marriage, or at the birth of a ſon; which are ſo far from deſerving the conſtant name of *joy,* that they often prove the beginnings of ſorrow. It is the property of true *joy,* never to ceaſe, or to be changed into the contrary. Therefore our *Virgil,* when he ſays,—*Et mala mentis gaudia (b)* may ſpeak elegantly, but not very accurately, becauſe there can be no *joy* in what is *evil:* he gave this name to certain *pleaſures,* and hath expreſſed what he intended; for he meant to ſhew that ſome men are joyous in their *evil* doings. I did not however ſpeak improprely when I ſaid, I received *pleaſure* from your epiſtle. For tho' a plain ſimple man may well rejoice occaſionally, yet as this affection is irregular and changeable, I call it *pleaſure* indeed, but ſuch a one, as, being raiſed upon the opinion of imaginary good, may be immoderate, unreaſonable.

But to return: I will tell you what pleaſed me in your epiſtle. You have words at your command; yet are not proud of ſpeech, or apt to run on further than you deſigned; there are many, who are induced to write more than they intended, being tempted by the elegance of ſome pleaſing phraſe: but it is not ſo with you: all is cloſe, and to the purpoſe:

you

you ſay as much as you think proper; and yet mean more than you ſay: this is a ſign of great ſufficiency; it ſhews that the mind delights in nothing that is ſuperfluous; nothing that is vain, or bombaſt: I find indeed ſome metaphorical expreſſions; but they are not too bold, nor inelegant; having ſtood the teſt of the judicious; I find alſo ſome ſtrong images and compariſons; which if any one forbids us to uſe, and thinks them allowable only to *poets*; he ſeems to me not to have read any of thoſe ancient authors, who had not as yet affected a ſmooth and plauſible way of ſpeaking: they who ſpoke in a ſimple ſtyle, and aimed at demonſtration generally uſed *parabies (c)*; which I think neceſſary, not only as the poets uſed them, for decoration, but as helps to our weakneſs, and to tie down, as it were, both the hearer and the ſpeaker to the point in queſtion. But eſpecially when I read *Sextius (d)*, a ſmart writer, philoſophically diſplaying *Roman* morals in the *Greek* Tongue *(e)*, I am pleaſed with that *ſimile* of his; that as an army forms itſelf into a ſquare *(f)*, when an attack is expected from an enemy on every ſide; ſo, ſays he, ought a wiſe man to act; he muſt draw out all his virtues on every ſide (*g*); that whenever any danger threatens, he may be provided with a defence; and that without any diſorder they may obey the word of command: as we ſee in a well-diſciplined army, how attentive all the forces are to the orders of their principal officers; being ſo diſpoſed, that a ſignal given by one of them, immediately takes place both in horſe and foot: this, ſaith *Sextius*, is much more requiſite in our conduct: for in the field, it often happens, for men to be afraid of an enemy without cauſe; and nothing turns out ſafer than a way that has been moſt ſuſpected: but folly is always under alarms: terror attacks it both from above and below: it trembles on every ſide; dangers both purſue and meet it; every thing is dreaded; it is alway unprepared, and even terrified at the beat of its allies.

Whereas the *wiſe man*, guarded and prepared againſt every attack, draws not back his foot, whether poverty or ſorrow, or ignominy, or pain, aſſail him: undaunted he ſtands amidſt all theſe, and ſtrenuouſly oppoſes them. For our parts, many things chain us down; many things enfeeble us; we have been long dead in ſin (*h*): it is a difficult matter to waſh and be clean; for we are not ſtained, but infected.

But not to run on in this manner, from one metaphor to another, I ſhall now enquire into what I have been long conſidering, *whence it is that Folly gets ſuch ſtrong hold of us*,—And it muſt be, *firſt*, becauſe we do not valiantly repel it, nor exert our whole ſtrength for our recovery. And next, becauſe thoſe things, which the ſons of wiſdom in former times deviſed for our good, have not obtained ſufficient credit with us; we receive them not cordially; paying but a ſlight regard to things of ſo great importance: how can any one acquire ſufficient ſtrength to oppoſe the whole band of vices, who makes it his ſtudy only at leiſure hours? We none of us go to the bottom, but ſtill dwell upon the ſurface: and think we have taken full pains enough if we have beſtowed a little time on the ſtudy of philoſophy. And this moreover is a particular hindrance to us; *we are ſoon ſatisfied with ourſelves*;—if we meet with thoſe who are pleaſed to compliment us with the appellations of *good men*, prudent and devout, we really think we are ſo; nor are we contented with moderate commendation; but whatever encomiums ſhameleſs flattery thinks proper to beſtow upon us, we think them all our due *(i)*. We eaſily give our aſſent to thoſe who affirm that we are the wiſeſt and beſt of men, though we know they are not always given to ſpeak truth: and are even ſo indulgent to ourſelves, as to wiſh to be praiſed for that, the contrary of which we know ourſelves to be extremely guilty of: are we cruel? we would fain be cried up for our humanity: do we live upon rapine? we deſire to be thought liberal; and temperate, though ever ſo great ſots and debauchees. *Alexander*, when he was roving through *India*, and laying waſte, by war, nations, that were ſcarce known to their neighbours, as he was beſieging a certain city, and looking out for the eaſieſt place to make a breach, was ſtruck with an arrow; yet, while warm, he perſevered, and went on with his enterprize; but ſoon after, (when, the blood being ſtaunched, the wound began to feſter and grow painful; and his leg, as it hung down from the horſe was gradually benumb'd) being forced to alight, he thus exclaimed; *All men ſwear, I am the ſon of* Jupiter, *but this wound ſufficiently teſtifieth that I am no more than man* (*k*). Let us do the ſame thing, when flattery, according to our quality, plays the fool with us; and congratulates us upon our abilities: let us ſay; *you indeed are pleaſed to call me wiſe and prudent; but I know*

know myſelf better; I covet many uſeleſs, I wiſh for many hurtful things; and while every brute animal knows from ſatiety the due meaſure of eating and drinking, I know it not myſelf with all my wiſdom.

I will now ſhew you, *Lucilius*, how you may know whether you are truly wiſe, or not. A wiſe man is one who full of joy, lives as happy in *his* condition, as the gods ean do in *theirs*, ever chearful, placid, and unſhaken (*l*). Now conſult your own boſom; if you are never depreſſed with ſorrow; nor elevated with hope, in painful expectation of ſome future good; if both night and day you enjoy an equal tenour of mind; ſublime, and full of complacency; you are then arrived at the ſummit of human felicity.

But if you covet pleaſures and purſue them every where, and in every manner; you are as far eſtranged from *wiſdom*, as from *joy:* this is what you propoſe and deſire to attain, but you are miſtaken if you think it attainable by riches: or do you ſeek *joy* amidſt the higheſt honours, I ſhould rather ſay, amidſt cares and troubles? Purſuits of this kind as productive of mirth and pleaſure, are generally the cauſes of pain and grief. All men, I ſay, are in purſuit of *joy*, but are quite ignorant how to attain that which is truly great and laſting. One man thinks to find it in banquetings and luxury: another in the flights of ambition, and a fawning crowd of clients; another from a kind miſtreſs; another from a vain oſtentation of learning, and ſuch ſtudies as avail nothing towards healing the ſoul. Short and treacherous delights deceive the heart, like drunkenneſs; which pays for the merry madneſs of an hour, with ſickneſs and irkſome loathing of a day or more: or like the popular and vulgar acclamations, which are not to be purchaſed or made ſatisfaction for, but with great loſs and pains. Think therefore O *Lucilius*, and be aſſured that the effect of wiſdom is conſtant *joy:* ſuch is the mind of a wiſe man, as is the region above the moon, perpetually fair and ſerene (*m*).

This is therefore a ſufficient inducement to ſtudy wiſdom: becauſe it is never without joy; *that joy* which ever ſprings from a conſciouſneſs of virtue: no one can taſte *joy* but the brave, the juſt, the temperate.

What then, you will ſay, do fools and bad men never *rejoice?* Yes, as the lions do, over their prey. When men have fatigued themſelves with a debauch, when they have ſpent the whole night in drinking,—when their pleaſures, having charged the little body with more than it can hold, begin to ſuppurate; then it is the wretches exclaim, in that verſe of *Virgil*, (6. 513.) Namque ut ſupremum falſa inter gaudia noctem.

Egerimus noſti:—

You know, that diſmal night in joys we paſt,
And never thought it was to be our laſt.

Thus the luxurious ſpend their time *amid falſe joys*, and pretend to indulge every night as if it were their laſt. But the joy which the gods, and godlike-men taſte, is never interrupted, never ceaſeth: it would ceaſe, if it were borrowed from without; but as it is not dependent upon the bounty, ſo neither is it upon the will, of another. Fortune cannot take away, what ſhe hath not given.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) With regard to this diſtinction between gaudium (*joy*) and voluptas aut lætitia (*pleaſure or mirth*) *Cicero* (Tuſc. IV.) ut conſidere decet, timere non decet, ſic quidem gaudere decet, lætari non decet. *As a rational aſſurance becomes a wiſe man, but not fear; ſo does* joy, *but not* merrineſs. And *Muretus* quotes a verſe from *Afranius* (*if it is not his own*, ſays Lipſius)

Gaudebit ſapiens, lætabuntur cæteri.

Others are merry, but the wiſe rejoice.——See Ep. 23. (N. b.) 72.

(*b*) Virg. 6. 278.—*The guilty joys of a perturbed mind.*

(*c*) Thus beſides thoſe things which our *Saviour* concealed under types and figures, he was pleaſed to expreſs others in *parables*, as the calling of the Gentiles in the parable of the houſholder. Matth. x. 5. 6. And the rejection of the *Jews*, under the parable of perſons invited to a marriage feaſt, who would not come. Matth. xxi. 1.

(*d*) *Q. Sextius.* There were two of this name, both very eminent philoſophers, father and ſon. The father born in the reign of *Auguſtus*, and ſuppoſed the author of a new ſect; but was rather the reſtorer of the *Pythagorean* doctrine. *See* Lipſ. Manud. I. 5, 18. *Plutarch* mentions his *quitting all offices and places of honour, that he might the more freely, and without diſturbance apply himſelf to the ſtudy of philoſophy.* (On man's progreſs in virtue.)—See alſo Ep. 64, 73. Plin. xvii. 28.

(*e*) He ſtudied and wrote while at *Athens.*

(*f*) See this fully explained in *Lipſ.* de Militia, l. v.

(*g*) Something like this we meet with in that beautiful metaphor of St. *Paul: Take unto ye the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to ſtand in the evil day, having your loins girt about with truth; and having on the breaſt-plate of righteouſneſs. Take the helmit of ſalvation and the ſword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.* Epheſ. vi. 11, 18.

(*b*) Diu

(*b*) Diu in iſtis vitiis jacuimus.] *And you hath he quickened who were dead in treſpaſſes and ſins, wherein in time paſt we walked according to the courſe of this world*, &c. Epheſ. ii. 1, 5. Col. ii. 13.

" (*i*) There is no turn of mind ſo liable to be tainted by this ſort of poyſon as a diſpoſition to entertain too high conceit of one's merit, &c. *Cic.* Læl. p. 132.——" But into ſnares of this kind, thoſe men can never fall, who in obedience to the famous Oracle, ſtudy to *know themſelves*. They will diſcover ſuch mixture of frailties, follies and vices, blended with their virtues; and will find upon a review of their conduct, ſo many humiliating occaſions of ſelf-condemnation, as cannot fail of rendering them firm and inacceſſible againſt the dangerous approaches of adulation. It was from this juſt ſenſe of human imperfections, that *Alexander* uſed to ſay, his animal appetites, together with his conſtantly ſtanding in need of being *repaired* by ſleep, were two circumſtances (*to which we may add a third from this Epiſtle*) that ſufficiently ſecured him from the flattery of thoſe baſe courtiers, who endeavoured to perſuade him *he was more than man*. Plut. ib. N.

(*k*) Q. Curtius, l. viii.—*Arrian* ſays, he was wounded (in malleolo pedis) in the *ankle*. *Curtius* (in ſurâ) in *the calf*.

(*l*) See Epp. 9. 31. 68. 71. *Lipſ.* Manud. iii. 14.

(*m*) *Sen.* de Ira. iii. 6. *Lucan* ii. 269,

Fulminibus propior terræ ſuccenditur aër,
Imaque telluris ventos, tractuſque coruſcos
Flammarum accipiunt: nubes excedit Olympus
Lege Deûm. Minimas rerum diſcordia turbat,
Pacem ſumma tenent.———

So in eternal ſteady motion, roll
The radiant ſpheres around the ſtarry pole:
Fierce lightnings, meteors, and the winter's ſtorm,
Earth and the lower face of heav'n deform,
Whilſt all by nature's laws is calm above;
No tempeſt rages in the court of Jove.——Rowe.

EPISTLE LX.

On vulgar Wiſhes and Luxury. *

I COMPLAIN, I wrangle, I am quite angry. Do you ſtill wiſh, *Lucilius*, for what your nurſe, or your tutor, or a fond mother wiſhed for you? Alas! you know not what evils they pray'd for; how inimical to our peace and happineſs are the wiſhes of our friends; and the more ſo,

when they happily ſucceed *(a)*? I do not at all wonder, that all manner of evils attend us from our very childhood. We grow up, under the *involuntary* curſes of our parents.

Let the gods at length hear our diſintereſted prayer *(b)*: how long muſt we importune them for ſomething *extraordinary*, for our ſupport? How long ſhall we fill all the fields around our great cities with tillage? How long muſt a whole province mow for us? How long ſhall a fleet of ſhips, from more than one ſea, be ſcarce ſufficient to ſupply the table of one man? The ox is ſatisfied with the paſture of a few acres: one foreſt ſufficeth for the maintenance of many elephants: but men muſt be pamper'd with the produce both of ſea and land.—Hath nature then given us ſuch an inſatiable paunch, with ſo ſmall a body, that we ſhould ſurpaſs the greedineſs of the largeſt and moſt voracious animals? No: for how little falls to the ſhare of nature! and indeed ſhe requires but little. It is not the hunger of the belly, that puts us to this expence, but ambition, pride and luxury. Theſe belly-mongers, therefore, as *Salluſt* ſays *(c)*, let us rank among the number of beaſts not of men; and ſome of them not even among animals; but among the dead. *That* man only lives who is employ'd in ſome uſeful exerciſe: ſuch as conceal themſelves in indolence, make a grave of their home: you may very juſtly fix an inſcription in marble over their doors; *(hic ſitus eſt—)* for they have foreſtalled their own death.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

* This Epiſtle and the two following *Muretus* ſuppoſes not to be entire, but only mere fragments of Epiſtles. *Lipſius* on the contrary thinks them entire, and looks upon them as certain thoughts or reveries of *Seneca*, which he was pleaſed to publiſh under the title of Epiſtles. And, ſurely, as far as they go, they are equal to the reſt.

(*a*) ——— Pauci dignoſcere poſſunt
Vera bona, atque illis multum diverſa, remotâ
Erroris nebulâ. Quid enim ratione timemus
Aut cupimus? Quid tam dextro pede concipis, ut te
Conatûs non pœniteat votique peracti?
Evertêre domos totas *optantibus* ipſis
Dii faciles.—*Juv.* x. 3. (f. operantibus.)

Look

Look round the habitable world; how few
Know their own good, or knowing it purſue!
How void of reaſon are our hopes and fears!
What in the conduct of our lives appears,
So well deſign'd, ſo luckily begun;
But when we have our wiſh, we wiſh undone?
Whole houſes of their whole deſire poſſeſt,
Are often ruin'd at their own requeſt. Dryden.

(*b*) —— Si conſilium vis
Permittes ipſis expendere numinibus, quid
Conveniat nobis, rebuſque ſit utile noſtris.
Nam pro jucundis aptiſſima quæque dabunt Dii.
Carior eſt illis homo, quam ſibi. *Juv.* x. 346.

Receive my counſel, (and your wiſdom prove)
Intruſt thy fortune to the powers above:
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wiſdom ſees thee want.
In goodneſs as in greatneſs they excell;
O that we lov'd ourſelves but half ſo well! Dryden.

And what ſays St. *Peter* in this reſpect? *Humble yourſelves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time, caſting your care upon him, for he careth for you.* i. Pet. v. 6. See alſo Pſ. lv. 22. Matth. vi. 25. Sam. iv. 10.

(*c*) Omnes homines qui ſeſe ſtudent præſtare cæteris animalibus ſummâ ope niti decet. Ne vitam ſilentio tranſeant, veluti pecora, quæ natura prona, atque ventri obedientia finxit. *Sall.* Bel. Civ. *It is neceſſary for all men, who would fain excel other animals, ſtrenuouſly to avoid paſſing their lives in obſcurity and ſilence, ever groveling and intent upon their food.* For *they that are ſuch ſerve not our Lord* Jeſus Chriſt, *but their own belly.* Rom. xvi. 18. *Whoſe God is their belly; whoſe end is deſtruction.* Phil. iii. 19. See the foregoing verſe.

(*d*) See Ep. 55.

EPISTLE LXI.

On Old Age and Death.

LET us no longer indulge the will. I follow this maxim, *Lucilius*, that, now being old, I may not ſeem to hanker after thoſe things which pleaſed me when I was a boy (*a*). Night and day this is my taſk, at leaſt

this is my intention; to reform every evil way. And this I do, that one day may be as a whole life; not that I indeed take it for my laſt; but look upon it, as what poſſibly may prove ſo. In ſuch a diſpoſition of mind, I now write this epiſtle to you, as if death was to call upon me before I had finiſhed it. Be it ſo; I am ready to attend him; and therefore truly enjoy life; becauſe it is of little concern to me, how far death is off.—Before old age, my ſtudy and care was to live well; and now in old age, it is to die well; but to die well, is to die willingly.

Endeavour, *Lucilius*, to bring yourſelf to ſuch a paſs, as to do and ſuffer nothing unwillingly: *what muſt be, muſt be:* neceſſity is applicable to one that maketh reſiſtance, not to the willing: there is no neceſſity, where the will ſubmits: he that willingly receives a command, takes off the ſevereſt part of ſervitude, *viz.* the doing that which he would not: it is not obedience to a command, that makes a man miſerable, but repugnancy. Therefore let us ſo compoſe the mind, that whatever exigence happens, we may meet it willingly; and eſpecially let us think on our latter end without regret or ſorrow (*b*). We muſt provide for death ſooner than life: life is ſufficiently provided for; but we are ſtill greedy of further means: ſomething ſeems ſtill to be wanting, and will ever ſeem ſo: it is not in the power of days or years to ſatisfy us with life (*c*); this depends upon the diſpoſition of the mind. I have lived, deareſt *Lucilius*, *enough*, and to my ſatisfaction: and now, ſatiated, as it were, with life, I expect, and with calm reſignation, *wait for death*.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) So St. *Paul*; *When I was a child, I ſpake as a child, I underſtood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man I put away childiſh things.* 1 Cor. 13, 11.

(*b*) *O that they were wiſe, that they underſtood this, that they would conſider their latter-end!*— Deut. xxxii. 29.

(*c*)
Sed omnia perfructus vitai præmia, marces:
Sed quia ſemper aves quod abeſt, præſentia temnis:
Imperfecta tibi elapſa eſt, ingrataque vita,
Et nec-opinanti mors ad caput adſtitit ante
Quàm Satur, ac plenus poſſis diſcedere rerum. Lucr. iii. 970.
If old, thou haſt enjoy'd the mighty ſtore
Of gay delights, and now canſt taſte no more.

But

But yet, becauſe you ſtill deſir'd to meet
The abſent, and contemn'd the preſent ſweet,
Death ſeems unwelcome, and thy race half run;
The courſe of life ſeems ended when begun:
And unexpected haſty death deſtroys,
Before the greedy mind is full of joys. Creech.

Inde fit ut raro, qui ſe vixiſſe beatum
Dicat, et exacto contentus tempore vitæ
Cedat, *uti* conviva ſatur, reperire queamus. Hor. Sat. I. 1. 117.

From hence how few, like ſated gueſts, depart
From life's full banquet with a chearful heart? Francis.

Who adds by way of Note, "Perhaps our poet had in view an expreſſion of *Ariſtotle, we ſhould "go out of life, as we ought to riſe from a banquet, neither thirſty nor full of wine."* See Ep. 30. N. h. i.)

EPISTLE LXII.

On Buſineſs and Study.

THEY talk at random, *Lucilius*, who ſay, that a multiplicily of affairs prevents their application to the liberal arts: they only pretend to buſineſs, or encreaſe it voluntarily, by continually making buſineſs for themſelves. But I am happily diſcharged, my *Lucilius*; I am quite at leiſure; and be where I will, I am my own maſter: for I give not myſelf up to common affairs, but attend them occaſionally: I hunt not after excuſes for loſing my time: and wherever my ſituation is, there I continually exerciſe my meditations, and reflect upon ſomewhat that may prove ſalutary to the mind. When I join my friends, I am not the more abſent from myſelf: nor do I tarry long with thoſe, whom I chance to meet at any time, or whom duty obliges me to attend. I am with all good men: theſe I make my companions in whatever place, or in whatever age they live. I always carry *Demetrius*, beſt of men, along with me; and leaving thoſe that are array'd in purple, I converſe with him half-naked, as he is, and admire him. Why ſhould I not? I ſaw that he wanted nothing.

Any

Any one may *deſpiſe* all things; but no one can *have* all things. The ſhorteſt way to riches then, is to deſpiſe them (*a*). But our *Demetrius* lives ſo, not as if he deſpiſed all things, but as if (*being a King or maſter of them*) he grudged not others the uſe of them.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) See Ep. 73. (N. b.)

EPISTLE LXIII.

Conſolatory on the Death of a Friend.

I AM ſorry to hear, that your friend *Flaccus* is dead; but would not have you afflict yourſelf, *Lucilius*, beyond meaſure: I dare not require of you not to grieve at all; tho' I think it would be better: but who is maſter of ſuch firmneſs of mind, except the man, who is greatly ſuperior to the power of fortune? And even ſuch a one cannot but be pinched by ſuch an accident, but then it will be no more than a pinch. Fears are very excuſable, if they run not down immoderately, and we endeavour ourſelves to ſuppreſs them: our eyes ought not to be dry on the death of a dear friend; neither ſhould they ſtream; 'tis decent to weep, but uſeleſs to bewail. You may perhaps think this a hard injunction; but remember, that the prince of the Greek poets, allows, as it were, but one day for a flow of grief (*a*), and ſays that even *Niobe* bethought herſelf of food (*b*).

But from whence come lamentations and immoderate wailings! why, by tears we endeavour to expreſs our loſs; but, we *perſevere* in grief only

only to make the more ſhew of it. No one thus ſorrows to himſelf (*c*). O wretched folly! there is even ambition and vanity in grief. What? then you ſay, "*Shall I forget my friend?* "Truly, the remembrance of him, which you propoſe, will be but ſhort, if it laſts no longer than your apparent grief: for ſome occurrence, or other, will ſoon change the contracted brow into a ſmile; nor do I think it will require much longer time, ere the loſs will in ſome meaſure be forgot; and the ſevereſt ſorrows ſubſide: as ſoon as ever you ceaſe to be a ſpy upon yourſelf, that ſhew of ſorrow will be no more: you are now the keeper of your ſorrow, but know, that it often eſcapes from its keeper; and generally, the more violent it is, the ſooner. Let us endeavour to make the remembrance of a loſt friend as eaſy and agreeable as poſſible: no one returns willingly to that, which he cannot reflect upon without great pain: but if it needs muſt be, that we cannot hear the name of thoſe whom we loved and have loſt, without a certain pang of affliction, it is ſtill ſuch a pang as is not always deſtitute of pleaſure: for, as our *Attalus* was wont to ſay, "the remembrance of a departed friend hath ſomething grateful "in it; as ſome fruits have a pleaſing tartneſs; or as in old wine the "bitterneſs is not diſreliſhed: it is but for a while, when all that was "diſagreeable goes off, and pure pleaſure reviſits its habitation." If then we believe *Attalus*, to think our friends ſafe and well, is to feed on cakes and honey; but the remembrance of them, when gone, however ſweet, is intermixed with a certain acid. Be it ſo: who knows not that acids and bitters whet the appetite? I beg leave however to differ from him in opinion: to me the remembrance of a friend is altogether pleaſant and agreeable: I enjoyed them while living, as if I was one day to loſe them: and I parted from them as if I ſtill enjoy'd them in contemplation, *(or was to meet them again)*.

Act then, my *Lucilius*, as becomes your diſcretion; put not a bad conſtruction on the favours of fortune: ſhe hath taken away, but ſhe firſt gave. Let us therefore the more eagerly enjoy our friends while we may; becauſe it is uncertain how long it will be in our power. Conſider too how often we muſt leave them, being oblig'd, ſuppoſe, to take a long journey; nay, that even dwelling in the neighbourhood we muſt

be often abſent from them; ſo that we loſe them alſo while among the living. But can you bear the mockery of thoſe, who, having before treated their friends with great neglect, now bewail them moſt miſerably; or who pretended not to have any love for a friend before they have loſt him? Then indeed they mourn bitterly; being afraid it ſhould be doubted, whether they loved or no: but methinks they give too late proof of their affection. Beſides, if we have other friends remaining, we pay them but an indifferent compliment, in diſcovering, that they cannot make up, and comfort us, for the loſs of one; if we have none, we have more reaſon to complain of ourſelves, than of fortune; ſhe hath taken one from us; and we would not be at the pains of a recruit. Again, it is to be doubted if he truly loved *one*, who could not love more than one *(d)*: if a man who was robbed of his only coat, ſhould chuſe to ſit down, and weep, rather than look about him for ſomewhat to cover his ſhoulders, and keep off the cold; would you not take him for a fool? You have loſt one friend; look out for another: it is much better ſo to repair your loſs, than to ſit down and weep.

I know, that what I am going to ſay, is trite and common, I ſhall not however paſs it by. Time generally puts an end to grief, where a man will not do it intentionally: but nothing can be more ſcandalous in a prudent man, than to expect a remedy for grief in being tired of it: I had much rather that you ſhould leave grief, than that grief ſhould leave you: deſiſt then as ſoon as poſſible from that, which, if you would, you cannot go on with much longer. Our anceſtors allowed women to mourn a year; not that they were obliged to mourn ſo long, but no longer: but I do not find there was any time fixed for the mourning of men: for the leſs they mourn, the better. But where will you point me out a widow (even from among thoſe whom you could not pull away from the corpſe, and ſcarce keep from leaping upon the funeral pile) who hath ſhed tears above a month? Nothing creates diſguſt ſooner than grief; while freſh and decent indeed, it meets with abettors and comforters; but when extravagant, and of long duration, it is to be laughed at; for it is either feigned or ridiculous.

Even

Even I, who write this to you, mourned ſo immoderately for my deareſt relation, *Annæus Serenus (f)*, that (even againſt my will) I may juſtly be number'd among thoſe, who have been overcome with grief. But I now condemn myſelf for it; and underſtand that the principal cauſe of my mourning ſo bitterly, was, that I never reflected on the poſſibility of his dying before me: I thought of nothing more, than his being younger, indeed much younger than myſelf; as if the deſtinies regarded the order of our birth. Let us therefore continually reflect upon our own, as well as upon the mortality of thoſe we love. I ſhould have ſaid, "my *Serenus* is younger than myſelf; and what then? He "ought in the courſe of nature to die after me, but may chance to die "before me." Having made no ſuch reflection as this,—fortune ſurprized me, and ſtruck me unprepared. But now, I think all things mortal; mortal without any reſtriction: whatever may happen at any time, may happen this very day. Let us conſider therefore, my deareſt *Lucilius*, that *we* ſoon muſt be, what he is, whom we now bewail: and perhaps (if the opinion and report of ſome wiſe men be true, that there is a *place prepared for our reception hereafter)* he, whom we fondly imagined to have periſhed, is ſent before us to that happy manſion *(g)*.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) Hom. Il. τ. 228. Where *Ulyſſes* endeavours to reſtrain the immoderate grief of *Achilles*, on the death of *Patroclus*:

Αλλὰ χ᾽ρὴ τὸν μὲν καταθαπ]ειν ὅς κε θάνῃσι
Νηλέα θυμὸν ἔχοντας, ἐπ' ἤματι δακρυσαντας.
Eternal ſorrows what avails to ſhed?
Greece honours not with ſolemn faſts the dead:
Enough, when death demands the dead, to pay
The tribute of a melancholy day. Pope.

(*b*) Hom. Il. ω. 601. where *Achilles*, to comfort the good old King *Priam*, when he comes to beg the corpſe of his ſon *Hector*, reminds him of the well known hiſtory of *Niobe*.

——— Νῦν δὲ μνησωμε θα δορπου·
Καὶ γὰρ τ᾽ηϋκομος Νιόβη εμνησατο σιτυ,
Τὴ περ δωδεκα παῖδες ενι μεγαροισιν ολοντο ----
——— *But now the peaceful hours of ſacred night*
Demand reflection, and to reſt invite.
Nor thou, O father, thus conſum'd with woe,
The common cares that nouriſh life forego.

Not thus did Niobe, *of form divine,*
A parent once, whoſe ſorrows equall'd thine;
Six youthful ſons, as many blooming maids,
In one ſad day beheld the Stygian ſhades. Pope.

But how much more intereſting and to the purpoſe is that admirable deſcription of David's lamentation for his child?—*Then ſaid his ſervants unto* David, *what thing is this that thou haſt done? Thou didſt faſt and weep for the child while it was alive, but when the child was dead, thou didſt riſe and* eat bread! *And he ſaid, while the child was yet alive, I faſted and wept, for I ſaid who can tell whether God will be gracious to me, that the child may live? But now he is dead, wherefore ſhould I faſt?* Can *I bring him back again?* I ſhall go to him, *but he cannot return to me.* ii Sam. 21. See the laſt Note.

(*c*) Nemo triſtis ſibi.—Thus *Martial.*

Amiſſum non flet, cum *ſola* eſt Gellia patrem;
Si quis adeſt, juſſæ proſiliunt lacrymæ:
Non dolet hic, quiſquis laudari, Gellia quærit;
Ille dolet verè, qui ſine teſte dolet.
Gellia, *not even her father mourns, alone;*
When ſeen, the ready tears run trickling down:
They mourn not, who in wiſh'd-for praiſe ſucceed;
Who weeps without a witneſs, weeps indeed. M.

(*a*) Becauſe friendſhip is a ſocial virtue, not ſo confined as true affection between the ſexes. Et quoniam res humanæ fragiles caducæque ſunt, &c. *Cic.* Læl. ad fin. "And ſince man holds all his poſſeſſions by a very precarious tenure, we ſhould endeavour, as our friends drop off, to repair their loſs by new acquiſitions, leſt one ſhould be ſo unhappy as to ſtand, in his old age, a ſolitary, unconnected individual, bereaved of every perſon whom he loves and by whom he is beloved: for without a proper and particular object upon which to exerciſe the kind and benevolent affections, life is deſtitute of every enjoyment that can render it juſtly deſirable." *Melm.* Fitzoſborn's Lett.

(*e*) A year, i. e. the old year of *Romulus*, or the ſpace of ten months: for when *Numa* afterwards added two months more, he did not alter the time he had before ſettled for mourning; which was alſo the time appointed unto widows to lament the loſs of their deceaſed huſbands; before the expiration of which time, they could not decently marry again. *Plut.* in vitâ Numæ. *Briſſon.* de jure Connub. l. 10.

(*f*) To whom *Seneca* inſcribed his treatiſe *on Tranquillity.* He was *Præfectus Vigilum*, an officer ſomewhat like our *high-conſtable*, but of more authority. He died, with ſome other great men of his time, by eating muſhrooms. *Plin.* l. 22.

(*g*) *Solonis* quidem ſapientis elogium eſt, quo ſe negat velle ſuam mortem dolore amicorum et lamentis vacare. Vult, credo, ſe eſſe carum ſuis ſed haud ſcio un melius *Ennius*,

Nemo me lacrymis decoret, neque funera fletu
Faxit——

Non cenſet lugendam eſſe mortem quam immortalitas conſequatur. *Cic.* (de Sen.) It is natural, I confeſs, (*with Solon*) *to deſire to be remembered with regret by our particular friends; but I am inclined to give the preference to the ſentiment of* Ennius:

Nor loud lament nor ſilent tear deplore
The fate of Ennius, *when he breathes no more.*

In the poet's eſtimation, Death, which opens the way to immortality, is by no means a ſubject of reaſonable lamentation. Melmoth.

" Under

" Under the influence of ſuch a perſuaſion to indulge unreſtrained grief, would be a proof, not of a generous affection to one's friend, but of too intereſted a concern for one's ſelf. *Id.* And again, to bewail an event attended with ſuch advantageous circumſtances, would, I fear, have more the appearance of envy than of friendſhip. *Id.*

However, with regard to two real friends, I will venture to affirm, that in deſpite of death, they muſt both continue to exiſt, ſo long as either of them ſhall remain alive; for the deceaſed may, in a certain ſenſe be ſaid ſtill to live; whoſe memory is preſerved with the higheſt veneration, and the moſt tender regret in the boſom of the ſurvivor; a circumſtance which renders the former happy in death, and the latter honour'd in life." *Id.*

Socrates ſteadily and firmly aſſerted, that the human ſoul is a divine and immortal ſubſtance; that death opens a way for its return to the celeſtial manſions; and that the ſpirits of thoſe *juſt* men, who have made the greateſt progreſs in virtue, find the eaſieſt and moſt expeditious admittance. This was alſo the opinion of my departed friend, *Scipio Africanus*. Cic. de Amic. Somn. Scip. *Id.* Cato, N. 86.

The ſouls of the righteous are in the hand of God; and no torment ſhall touch them. In the ſight of the *unwiſe, they ſeemed to die, and their departure is taken for miſery, and their going from us to be utter deſtruction*; but they are in peace. *Wiſd.* iii. 1.

In my father's houſe (ſaith our Saviour) *are many manſions*; *I go to prepare* a place for you; I will come *again, and receive you to myſelf, that where I am, ye may be alſo.* John xiv. 2.

But ye are come (and have acceſs by the New Covenant as fellow citizens, and members of the ſame ſociety) *unto the* (celeſtial) *mount* Sion; *and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly* Jeruſalem, *and to an innumerable company of angels, and to the general aſſembly and church of the firſt-born, which are written* (and enrolled) *in heaven, and to* (the throne of) *God, the judge of all, and to the ſpirits of juſt men made perfect.* Heb. xii. 22. *See* Epp. 54. (N. d.) 65. (N. g.) Lipſ. Phyſiol. iii. 11, 14.

EPISTLE LXIV.

On Authors; eſpecially Qu. Sextius; *and the Reſpect due to great Men.*

YOU was yeſterday with us. If I had ſaid only *yeſterday, Lucilius*; you might complain; and therefore I added *with us*; for with me you are always. Some friends came in; ſuch, as for whom we generally make a larger fire; not like that, which ſmokes from the kitchen of the

the wealthy, and is wont to ſcare the watchmen; but a middling one; enough to ſhew that I had company. Our converſation turned upon various topics, bringing nothing to a point, but tranſultory from one thing to another, as it generally happens in a mix'd aſſembly. At length it was agreed upon, to read a treatiſe, wrote by *Qu. Sextius, (a)* the father; believe me, a great man, and, let who will deny it, a *ſtoic*. Good Gods! how full of energy, and ſpirit! ſuch as you will ſcarce find in the whole tribe of philoſophers: ſome of their writings indeed have a great name, but in all other reſpects are weak and languid, in compariſon. They propoſe; they debate; they cavil. They inſpire us not, with courage and conſtancy, becauſe they have them not themſelves. Whereas when you read *Sextius*; you will ſay, *this man is alive, he exults, he is free, he is ſomewhat more than man:* he ſends me away full of conviction and confidence: whatever diſpoſition of mind I am in, when I read him, (I will own to you) I am ready to defy all accidents, and to cry out; *why do you loiter, fortune? Come on; you ſee, I am prepared:* for I wrap myſelf in a mind like his, which ſeeks an opportunity to try its ſtrength, and diſplay its valour.

Spumentemque dari pecora inter inertia votis
Optat aprum, aut fulvum deſcendere monte leonem *(b)*.

I long, methinks, to have ſomething for cauſe of triumph, in the exerciſe of patience. For this excellency likewiſe hath *Sextius*; he ſets before you the tranſcendency of a happy life, and gives you hopes of obtaining it. He placeth it indeed on high, yet ſhews it to be attainable by a willing mind: and virtue herſelf will teach you, not only to be charm'd with ſuch a life, but to hope for it *(c)*.

For my own part nothing takes up more of my time, than this contemplation of wiſdom. I look upon it with admiration and ſurprize, as on the world itſelf; which I often behold with wondring eyes, as if juſt entered upon the wide ſcene, and I now firſt ſaw the heavens. On this account I venerate the diſcoveries of wiſdom, and not leſs the ingenious diſcoverers: it delights me, as if entering on a large eſtate: ſuch are the acquiſitions prepared for me; ſuch the fruits of their labour. But let us act herein like a diſcreet houſholder: let us continually im-

prove what we have got; that our poſterity may be ſtill oblig'd to *us* for an acceſſion. Much remains to be done; and will ſtill remain: Nor will any one, born a thouſand generations hence, be precluded an opportunity of ſtill making ſome improvement. And what if the ancients may be ſaid to have found out every thing? yet the application, the knowledge, and the right ordering of ſuch their diſcoveries will ever be new.

Suppoſe certain remedies had been found out for every complaint in the eye: there would be no occaſion indeed to ſearch for more; but diligence muſt be uſed in adapting theſe to the ſeveral diſorders and as the occaſion may require. If the eye lack moiſture, it is to be ſupplied by one method; by another, the eye-lids, when too thick, are to be attenuated; by another, a ſudden flux, or humour is reſtrained; by another, the ſight is ſharpen'd; now, the remedies muſt firſt be properly prepared; and the time for the application of each, in their reſpective caſes, muſt be obſerv'd. So, the ancients have found out proper remedies, for the ſeveral maladies of the mind, but how they are to be applied, and when, it is the buſineſs of the party concern'd to enquire.

They who have gone before us have done a great deal, but not finiſhed the work: however, they are to be admired, and reverenced as Gods *(d)*. Why ſhould I not keep by me the ſtatues and pictures of great men, as ſo many remembrancers, and even celebrate their birth days? Why ſhould I not always mention them with honour? The ſame veneration that I owe my own tutors, I owe to theſe, the tutors of mankind; from whom the beginnings of ſo great good have been derived to us. If I meet a Conſul or a Prætor, I will ſhew him all the ſigns that are uſually made, in token of honour and reſpect: I will alight from my horſe *(e)*; I will pull off my bonnet; I will give him the way. And ſhall I not think upon the two *Cato's*, *Lælius* the wiſe, *Socrates* the good, *Plato*, *Zeno*, and *Cleanthes* with the utmoſt veneration? Yes, I will always reverence them and riſe up at the bare mention of ſuch great names.

ANNO-

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) See Ep. 59. (N. d.) Lipſ. Manud. l. 6.

(*b*) Virg. Æn. IV. 158.

Impatient he views the feeble prey,
Wiſhing ſome noble beaſt to croſs the way;
And rather would the tuſky boar attend,
Or ſee the tawny lion downward bend. Dryden.

(*c*) You will do right, ſays *Lipſius*, if you aſcribe the whole of this deſcription (of *Sextius*) to *Seneca* himſelf; for a truer picture of him cannot be drawn.

(*d*) Lucret. V. 52.———Nonne licebit
Hunc hominem * numero Divûm dignarier eſſe.
Therefore the man who thus reform'd our ſouls,
Who ſlew theſe monſters, not by arms, but rules;
Shall we, ungrateful we, not think a God? Creech.

* Either *Pythagoras*, or, (according to *Lactantius*) *Thales*.

(*e*) When the ſon of *Fabius* was choſen conſul (A. U. C. 743) his father, by reaſon of age and infirmity, and perhaps from a deſign to try his ſon, came up to him on horſeback; whereupon the young conſul ordered him to alight, if he had any buſineſs with him. This infinitely pleaſed the old general; and though the ſtanders-by ſeemed offended at the imperiouſneſs of the ſon's behaviour towards a father, ſo venerable for his age and authority, yet he inſtantly alighted from his horſe, and embraced his ſon with open arms, telling him, "Now, thou art my ſon indeed, ſince thou under-"ſtandeſt the authority with which thou art inveſted, and well knoweſt whom thou art to command." *Plutarch. Livy, Val. Max.*

And it is reported of *Pompey*, that he, in like manner, commanded (by one of his lictors) *Tigranes*, King of *Armenia*, to alight from his horſe, before he would permit him to ſpeak to him. *Dion.* l. 36. See *Lipſ. Elect.* l. i. c. 23.

(*f*) Adeperiam caput] *I will uncover my head*; i. e. ſuppoſing it to be covered, either with the petaſus, *broad-brimmed hat*, ſeldom or never wore but upon a journey; or the pileus, *a cap*, allowed to ſlaves (when made free, and their heads had been cloſe ſhaved) as a defence from the cold, and as a badge of their liberty; and to other perſons under ſome indiſpoſition; or with lacinia togæ, *the lappet of their gown*; and this was not a conſtant cover, but only occaſional, to avoid the rain, or ſun, or other accidental inconveniencies. Hence it is that we ſee none of the ancient ſtatues with any covering on their heads, except perhaps a wreath, or ſomething of the like nature. *See* Lipſ. de Amphitheat. c. 20. *Potter's* Rom. Antiq. p. 320.

EPISTLE LXV.

On the Firſt Cauſe.

YESTERDAY, my *Lucilius*, my day was divided between ſickneſs and ſelf-enjoyment: the former took poſſeſſion of the forenoon, and happily reſign'd the afternoon to the latter. I endeavour'd therefore to amuſe the mind with reading: this done, as I grew ſtronger, I impoſed a harder taſk upon it, and ſpurred it on: I ſat down to write, and indeed with more earneſtneſs than uſual, as when I undertake ſome knotty point and am reſolved to maſter it: but ſome friends coming in they laid a reſtraint upon me, and compell'd me as a ſick man, that knows not what is good for himſelf, to lay aſide the pen. We then fell into diſcourſe; part of which, ſtill under debate, I ſhall here ſend you; we have choſen you our umpire; and have cut out more work for you, I believe, than you imagine.

There are three different opinions relating to *Cauſe (a)*. I. Our ſtoics, you know, ſay there are two things from whence all other are derived; *viz. Cauſe*, and *matter (b)*: *matter* lies inert, and helpleſs, ready for all purpoſes; but for ever continuing in the ſame ſtate, if not put into motion. *Cauſe*, i. e. Reaſon, *(c)* gives a certain form to matter, and ſhapes it at pleaſure: from whence proceed all the various works of nature: there muſt be ſomething therefore from whence a thing is made, and ſomething by which it is made: *this* they call *cauſe*; the other *matter*. Every art is an imitation of nature. What I have ſaid therefore of the univerſe, transfer to the works of man. A ſtatue, for inſtance, requires both *matter*, capable of being work'd upon, and an artiſt to give it form: therefore in a ſtatue braſs is the *matter:* and the ſtatuary the *cauſe*. The ſame is the condition of all things; foraſmuch as they conſiſt, or have their eſſence, from *that whereof* they are made and *that by which* they are made. The ſtoics then allow but of this one *cauſe*, *the* efficient, or that which makes a thing what it is.

II. *Ariſtotle* divides *cauſe* into three ſorts, (the *material*, the *efficient* and the *formal*). The *firſt*, ſays he, is *matter* itſelf, without which nothing can be made: the *ſecond*, is the *maker*; the *third*, the form, which is annexed to any work whatever, as, ſuppoſe, a ſtatue; and this he calls *Idos:* to theſe he adds a fourth, (called the *final*, or) the end, and deſign of the whole work.—Now to explain theſe; braſs is the *firſt cauſe* of a ſtatue, for it could never have been made, if there had not been that whereon to found, or give it being. The *ſecond cauſe* is the *workman*; for this braſs could never have been faſhioned into a ſtatue, had it not fallen into the hands of a ſkilful artiſt. *The third cauſe*, is the *form*; for it could not have been ſaid to be the ſtatue of a *doryphorus* (a *life-guard-man)* or a *diadumenos* (a King, or a Prince, wearing a diadem) if ſuch an appearance or form had not been given to it. The *fourth cauſe* is the *deſign* in making it; for without this it had not been made what it is: what then is *deſign?* Why, that which inviteth the artiſt, and which he conſtantly has in view in the proſecution of his work: whether it be money, if the artiſt intends what he makes for ſale; or glory, if he works for reputation; or devotion and piety, if he deſign'd it for a gift to ſome temple; therefore this alſo is a *cauſe*, whatever it be, for which a thing is made and without which it had not been made.

III. *Plato* adds a fifth to theſe, *the exemplar*, or what he calls an *Idea (d):* for it is by the obſervance of this, that an artiſt forms whatever he hath determined to form. Now it matters not, whether this exemplar be any thing *without*, whereon he may fix his eye, or only what he hath conceived and planned in his mind. The exemplars of all things in the world, God hath in himſelf: he comprehends in his omniſcient *mind*, the number and faſhion of all things that have been or ſhall be made; it is even full of theſe reſemblances which *Plato* calls *Ideas*, immortal, immutable, indefatigable. There are therefore, according to *Plato*, *five cauſes (e)*; that *from* which a thing is; that *by* which it is; that *whereby* it is what it is: that *for* which it is; that *according* to which it is: laſtly, that which conſiſts of all theſe: as in a ſtatue (for that is what we have choſe to exemplify our meaning by) that

that *from* which it is, is the braſs; that *by* which it is, is the artiſt; that *whereby* it is what it is, is the form; that *for* which it is, is the deſign of the maker; that *according* to which it is, is the exemplar; and ſo from all theſe is formed a ſtatue. And all theſe *Plato* applies to the great world: the maker, ſays he, is *God*; from what it is made, *matter*; the *form*, is the diſpoſition and order of things, viſible therein; the *exemplar*, that according to which God formed the immenſity of this moſt beautiful work; the *end*, that for which it was made; do you aſk, what end God could propoſe therein? To diſplay his goodneſs. For truly thus ſpeaks *Plato:* "what was the cauſe of God's making "the world? He is good; and all that he hath made is good; and being "good, he cannot envy any good to his creatures; and therefore he hath "made the world in its beſt faſhion; and furniſhed it in the beſt man-"ner poſſible *(f)*."

Now judge you, *Lucilius*, and give us your opinion; who ſeems to ſpeak with moſt probability, not who ſpeaks the exact truth; for that is as much above us, (in this our infirm ſtate,) as truth itſelf. In my humble opinion, the group of cauſes, as here collected by *Ariſtotle* and *Plato*, comprehends either too much, or too little: for if that is to be reckoned *a cauſe*, without which a thing cannot be made what it is; they have ſaid too little; becauſe they muſt reckon *time* a cauſe, ſeeing that without *time* nothing can be made. They muſt reckon *place*; for if there was not a *ſomewhere* for a thing to be, it could not be at all: they muſt reckon *motion*; for without this, nothing could either be formed, or come to decay: without *motion*, there can be no art, no change. But we are enquiring after one firſt and general cauſe: now, this ought to be ſimple, as matter is ſimple; what then is this firſt cauſe? Why, *active wiſdom*, i, e, GOD; ſo that there are not many, and particular *cauſes*, but one, upon which all other depend, and that is, *the efficient*. You will ſay, perhaps, *form* is a *cauſe*, being that which the artiſt adapts to his work; no; it is a *part*, but not a *cauſe:* the *exemplar* likewiſe is not a *cauſe*; but the neceſſary means to a *cauſe*; it is as neceſſary to the artiſt, as his chiſel or his file; without theſe art could not carry on the work; yet they are not part nor cauſes of the art itſelf.—But the *deſign*

for which an artiſt ſets about any work, is ſaid to be a *cauſe:* be it ſo; it is not however the *efficient*, but *adventitious*; and theſe are innumerable; but we are enquiring after *one* general cauſe. This alſo they have alledged, not according to their uſual accuracy; that the whole world, and all its complete furniture is *a cauſe:* for, there is a wide difference between the work itſelf, and the cauſe of it. Either then, give us your opinion, *Lucilius*; or what is much eaſier in theſe caſes, deny that it is in your power; being not quite clear in the matter; and ſo diſmiſs, and leave us to ourſelves.

But why, you ſay, do I delight to ſpend my time in theſe futile enquiries, which check not any fond deſire, nor drive from the boſom an irregular paſſion? Truly, I employ myſelf on theſe ſubjects in order to ſettle my mind, and fix my attention: I firſt pry into, and examine myſelf, and then turn my thoughts to the vaſt world: nor in this employ do I loſe my time as you imagine: for all theſe things if they are not minced too minutely, and ſpun out in vain and uſeleſs ſubtilties, mightily raiſe and refreſh the ſoul; which being heavily preſſed down by its uſual burthen, deſires to be at large and to return thither, from whence it was taken. For this body is the load, and puniſhment of the ſoul: the ſoul perpetually labours under the weight of it; it is actually in bonds (*g*), till philoſophy comes to its relief, permits it to breath awhile, and delight itſelf with the vaſt proſpect of nature; and to transfer the affections from things below to things above; from the terreſtrial to ſuch as are *heavenly* (*h*). This is the liberty ſhe from hence enjoys; this her pleaſing flight; when ſhe eſcapes from the guard that confined her here; and makes a tour to heaven. As your artificers, who have been intent upon ſome nice work that fatigues the eyes when they have only a dim and glimmering light in their ſhops; go out into the ſtreet or ſome open place, where the people are wont to diſport themſelves, and there feaſt the eye with the clear light of day: ſo the ſoul ſhut up in this ſad and gloomy tabernacle, as often as it can, ſeeks eaſe and freedom, and pleaſingly enjoys itſelf in the contemplation of the works of nature.—

The

—The wiſe man, and even the diſciple of wiſdom, remains indeed ſtill in the body, yet the better part of him frequently makes excurſions: all his thoughts are ſet upon ſublime things; and as if bound by the military oath, he looks on the gift of life as his preſent pay; and ſo reforms himſelf as to have neither love nor hatred thereto; and from hence patiently endures all that mortality is ſubject to; well knowing, that greater and more ſolid ſatisfactions are yet to come (*i*).

And would you, *Lucilius*, debar me from an inſpection into the works of nature; and confine me from a view of the *whole* to ſome ſcanty part of it? Shall I not enquire into the origin of things;---who created the univerſe;---who firſt divided the maſs, and gave motion to inert and lifeleſs matter? Shall I not enquire, who formed this our world; by what wiſdom ſuch an immenſity of things came under rule and order; who collected the ſcattered, and ſeparated ſuch as were confuſed and blended together; and brought forth the wonderful beauty that lay concealed under one ſqualid deformity or chaos? Or, from whence ſo great light is poured all around upon us; whether it be from fire, or ſomething brighter than fire? Shall I not enquire, I ſay, after theſe things? Shall I remain for ever ignorant, whence I came; and whether I am to ſee this world but once, or often (*k*)? whether I am going, and what happy manſion waits the ſoul, when delivered from the ſervitude of the body (*l*)? Do you forbid me to concern myſelf with heaven, i. e. do you command me to live with my head ever bowed down to the earth? No; I am greater and born to nobler purpoſes, than to be the vile bondſlave of my body; which I conſider in no other light, than as the chain that deprives me of my native liberty. This body then let Fortune attack when ſhe pleaſes; ſhe cannot wound me through it: all that can ſuffer in *me* is the body: ſubject as this tabernacle is to injury, the ſoul, that dwells therein, is ſtill free. Nor ſhall this fleſh, however frail, compel me to baſe fear, or to hypocriſy, or to diſſimulation miſbecoming a good man; I would by no means ſay a falſe thing, were it to do honour to this inſignificant little body: if I think proper, I can withdraw myſelf from all fellowſhip with it; nor even now while we remain together, is our companionſhip

nionſhip upon equal terms; for the ſoul claims all dominion to herſelf; and on the contempt of the body founds her true and certain liberty.

But to return to our deſign: this inſpection into the nature of things, that I have been ſpeaking of, is what will contribute greatly to the liberty of the ſoul: foraſmuch as we learn from hence, that the univerſe conſiſts of *God* and *matter*; that God rules and governs all things, which being diſperſed around, follow Him their Ruler and their Guide. Now, the Maker, i. e. *God*, muſt be greater than the things made, i. e. *matter*, which is ever ſubject to his Almighty power. And what God is in the world, ſuch is the mind or ſoul in man; what in the world is *matter*, in us is body. Let the worſe then be ſubſervient to the better: let us be firm and ſtrong againſt accidents; let us not dread injuries, or wounds, or chains, or poverty, or death itſelf. For, what is death? It is either an end of life, or the paſſage into another; and why ſhould I fear to be no more, ſince that is the ſame as not to have been? much leſs I have reaſon to be afraid of paſſing elſewhere; for, wherever I go, I ſhall certainly be more at large than I am at preſent.

ANNOTATIONS, &c

(a) Between the *Stoics*, and *Ariſtotle*, and *Plato*.

(b) The ſame according to *Laertius*, called by *Plato*, Θεὸν καὶ ὕλην, which *Thales* calls, *Mentem* et *Aquam*. *Pythagoras*, Monas, *unio*, (mens, ſive Deus, *God)* Δυὰς, binio, (materia, *matter)* which *Lipſius* carries back to *Homer* ſ. 366) under the allegorical characters of *Proteus*, and his daughter *Eidothea*, (al. *Theonomè*. Eur. al. *Eurynomè*, Zenod.) *Cicero*, Acad. Quæſt. 1. 6. Naturam dividebant (Stoici) in res duas, ut altera eſſet efficiens; altera autem quaſi huic ſe præbens, ex quâ aliquid efficeretur, &c. Explained by *Lactantius*, vii. 3. Stoici naturam in duas dividunt partes unam quæ efficiat, alteram quæ ſe ad faciendum tractabilem præſtat. Ita iſti uno naturæ nomine res diverſiſſimas comprehendêrunt, *Deum*, et *mundum*, artificem et opus, dicuntque alterum ſine altero nihil poſſe, tanquam natura ſit Deus mundo permiſtus: nam interdum ſic confundunt, ut ſit Deus ipſa mens mundi, et mundus ſit corpus Dei. *The Stoics divide Nature into two parts*; the Maker and the thing made, i. e. *God*, and *the world*; *as if* God *was the ſoul of the world, and the* world the body of God. It were well (ſays *Leland*, l. 13.) if the abſurdity of this way of philoſophiſing were the worſt of it. But beſides that it gave occaſion to ſome of thoſe extravagant flights of the *Stoics*, ſo unbecoming dependent creatures, as if they had a divinity and ſufficiency in themſelves, which placed them in ſeveral reſpects on an equality with God (ſee Ep. 53.) this notion was made uſe of for

for ſupporting Pagan idolatry, and was therefore of the moſt pernicious conſequence to the intereſt of religion.

But the principal error, and what among the Greek philoſophers, from the time of *Ariſtotle*, became the favourite opinion, was, *they all (Plato* perhaps excepted) *thought it impoſſible to admit the making any thing out of nothing, and conſequently that* matter *was coeternal with the* eternal mind. A ſcheme which confounds God and the creature, and purſued to its genuine conſequence is ſubverſive of all religion and morality. But as a ſufficient anſwer to theſe or the like abſurd principles relating to the Deity, I ſhall refer the reader to the words of Mr. *Locke*, (vol. ii. p. 249.) "'Tis "an overvaluing ourſelves to reduce all to the narrow meaſure of our capacities; and to conclude "all things impoſſible to be done, whoſe manner of doing exceeds our comprehenſion: this is to "make our comprehenſion infinite, or God finite; when what he can do is limited to what we can "conceive of it. If you do not underſtand the operation of your own finite mind, that *thinking "thing within you*, deem it not ſtrange that ye cannot comprehend the operations of that eternal "infinite mind, who made and governs all things, and whom the heaven of heavens cannot con-"tain." *Acts*, 14. 15. 24. 16. *Lipſ.* Phyſiol. l. 4. ii. 2. *Leland*, i. 280.

(c) In the language of the *Stoics*. Thus—*ad Helviam*, Quiſquis formator univerſi fuit, ſive ille Deus eſt potens omnium, ſive incorporalis *ratio*, ingentium operum artifex, ſive divinus Spiritus per omnia maxima minima, æquali intentione diffuſus, &c. c. 8.—*Whoever was the maker of the univerſe, whether it was God omnipotent, or incorporeal* Reaſon, *the artificer of great works*, or the divine Spirit, pervading *all things, with equal efficiency*, &c. A remarkable paſſage, compared with *Geneſis*, i. i. 2.

(d) Whatſoever the mind perceives in itſelf, or is the immediate object of perception, thought, or underſtanding, that I call *Idea*. Locke, vol. i. p. 97. See Ep. 57. (N. m.) *Lipſ.* Phyſiol. ii. 3.

(e) Plutarch contracts them for him into *three* (ἀρ᾽ ὅ, ἐξ ὅ, πρὸς ὃ) the *efficient*, the *material*, and the *final*, including the *exemplary* and *formal* in the *efficient*.

(f) God ſaw every thing that he had made, and behold! it was very good. Gen. i. 31. *All the works of the Lord are exceeding good, and whatſoever he commandeth ſhall be accompliſhed in due ſeaſon. A man need not ſay, what is this? wherefore is that? for he hath made all things for their uſes. Good things are created from the beginning for the good; ſo to the ſinner they are turned into evil.* Eccluſ. xxxix. 16, 35.

(g) From whence *the body*, in Greek, is called ὡς δεδεμένης ὑπ᾽ αὐτῆς τῆς ψυχῆς ἐνταῦθα κατὰ φύσιν) *as enchaining and confining the ſoul againſt its nature.* Lipſ. *For we know that every creature groaneth, and bewaileth in pain together until now.* Rom. viii. 22. *For we that are in this* (ruinous earthly) *tabernacle, do groan being burthen'd therewith; not for that we would be* (utterly) *unclothed, but clothed upon*, (with our future habitation) *that* (our preſent) *mortality might be ſwallowed up of life. For we know, that if our earthly houſe of this tabernacle were diſſolved, we have a building of God, an houſe, not made of hands*, eternal in the heavens. ii Cor. v. 1. 5. See Ep. 24. (N. i.)

(h) See Ep. 38. (N. r.) and the following note.

(i) Seneca again; not the *Stoic*, but the Chriſtian, who conſidereth, that *our light affliction which is but for a moment, worketh for us a more exceeding, and eternal weight of glory.* ii Cor. 14, 17. See Ep. 17. 58.

(k) An ſæpe? Neſciam quo iturus ſim. *Vulg. Pincian.* But *Gronovius* and the antient MSS. an ſæpe naſcendum? quo—alluding either to (παλιγγενεσίαν) the ſtoical doctrine of the ſoul, exiſting in a former ſtate, or (μετεμψυχωσιν) the Pythagorean *Tranſmigration*; which by the way, *Lactantius* (iii. 18.) gives to the Stoics—ſupereſſe animas poſt mortem Pythagorici et Stoici dixerunt; eaſque non naſci, ſed inſinuari in corpora, et de aliis in alia migrare. But *Lipſius* not only doubts this, but proves

proves the contrary. (Phyſiol. iii. 12.) This doctrine however prevailed among our anceſtors, the *Gauls*, (as we learn from *Cæſar*) and eſpecially the Druids; whom *Lucan* thus addreſſeth:

——— Vobis auctoribus, umbræ
Non tacitas Erebi ſedes vitaſque profundi
Pallida regna petunt; regit idem ſpiritus artus
Orbe olio, longæ, canitis ſi cognita vitæ. i. 449.

If dying mortals dooms they (the Druids) *ſing aright,*
No ghoſts deſcend to dwell in dreadful night;
No parting ſouls to griſly Pluto *go,*
Nor ſink the dreary ſilent ſhades below. Rowe.

It is ſo antient a doctrine that it is diſputable, whether the Druids borrowed it from *Pythagoras*, or *Pythagoras* from them. And among the many nations who are ſaid to have held this doctrine, *Juſtin Martyr* mentions the latter Jews, according to St. Matth. xv. 16 ſome ſay, *that thou art* Elias, *and others* Jeremias, *or one of the Prophets.*

(l) Lipſius reſolves this queſtion in the words of *Seneca's* father *(Suaſor* vi.) Animus divina origine hauſtus, oneroſi corporis vinculis exſolutus, ad ſedes ſuas et cognata ſidera recurrit. *The ſoul, of divine origin, when releaſed from the bonds of this burthenſome body, returns to its native ſeat and kindred ſtars.* And from *Seneca* himſelf *(de Tranquill.* xi.) Reverti eo, unde veneris quid grave eſt? *Can it be in anywiſe grievous, to return to the place from whence you came?*

An dubium eſt habitare Deum ſub pectore noſtro
In cœlumque redire animas, cœloque venire. Manilius, l. 4.

For who can doubt that God reſides in man?
That ſouls from heav'n deſcend, and when the chain
Of life is broke, return to heav'n again!

EPISTLE LXVI.

Deformity no Hindrance to Virtue.---Whether all Good be equal.

I HAVE ſeen, after many years, *Claranus*, who was my ſchoolfellow: I need not therefore call him old. Truly he ſeems even yet in full vigour and ſtrength of mind, ſtruggling perpetually with the infirmities of his little body. For nature ſeems not to have uſed him well, in placing ſuch a ſoul in ſuch a frame; or perhaps ſhe had a mind to ſhew, that the moſt noble and happy qualities may be concealed un-

der any outward ſhape whatever. But he hath ſurmounted all difficulties and diſcouragements; and from contemning himſelf, is come to contemn all other things. So that in my opinion *Virgil* ſeems miſtaken, when he ſays

Gratior eſt pulchro veniens e corpore virtus.

For ſprightly grace and equal beauty crown'd. (Dryden)

For virtue needs no foreign ornament, ſhe derives her dignity from herſelf; and conſecrates the body ſhe inhabits (*a*). The more I beheld our *Claranus,* the more comely I thought him, and as ſtraight in body as in mind. A great man may ſpring from a cottage; and a beautiful and great ſoul dwell in a deformed body. Nature ſeems to me, to have produced ſome ſuch men, in order to demonſtrate, that virtue is not confined to any particular place: could ſhe have exhibited ſouls in a naked and viſible ſtate, ſhe might have done it, but now ſhe does more; in producing them entangled, as it were, and encloſed with bodies, yet breaking through all obſtacles to the diſplay of their excellency and effects. *Claranus,* I ſuppoſe, is ſet forth as an example, whereby we may learn, that the ſoul is not polluted by the deformity of the body, but the body is adorned by the beauty of the ſoul. I had the pleaſure of his company but a few days, however we had frequent diſcourſe; and the ſubjects of our converſation I here tranſmit to you.

On the firſt day, the queſtion propoſed was, *how* all good *could be put upon an equality,* when it is generally divided into three kinds (*b*). Under this title, according to the ſtoics, ſome things are *primarily good,* as, joy, peace, and the welfare of our country: next to theſe are ſuch as originate from ſome infliction on this wretched material body; as, *patience* under pain, and torture; and *temperance,* and diſcretion in a ſevere fit of ſickneſs: the former we wiſh for abſolutely, and directly; the latter as neceſſity ſhall require. There is yet a third ſort of *good,* ſuch as, a decent gait, a ſedate countenance, and a behaviour every way ſuitable to the character of a prudent man.

Now, how can theſe things be ſaid to be equal in themſelves; when ſome of them are ſo very deſireable, and other ſo diſagreeable? To diſ-

tinguiſh them aright, let us return to, and conſider the *firſt good*; what it is. It is a mind, or ſoul, regardful of truth; well knowing what to avoid and what to purſue; ſetting a value upon things, not according to fancy, but reaſon; intermixing herſelf with the great univerſe, and contemplating what is doing therein; intent alſo upon her own thoughts and actions; as truly great as zealous in her endeavours; alike invincible by proſperity and adverſity: ſubjecting herſelf to neither; eminently exalted above contingencies and accidents; diſplaying her beauty with gracefulneſs; and by her ſtrength her ſound diſpoſition; undiſturbed, intrepid; whom no violence can ſhake; no changes or chances can either lift up or caſt down; ſuch is the ſoul, when accompliſhed with virtue (*c*); ſuch her appearance, when, brought under one view ſhe exhibits all her charms: however, there are ſeveral ſpecies of it, diſplayed in different actions according to the different circumſtances of life, yet in herſelf ſhe is neither greater, nor leſs.

For, the ſummum bonum, or *chief good*, cannot decreaſe; nor can virtue ever recoil (*d*); however converted into different qualities, being faſhioned according to the complexion of the affair in hand; for whatever ſhe hath touched, ſhe reduceth to her own likeneſs, and paints of her own colour; ſhe decorates actions, friendſhips, and ſometimes whole families which ſhe herſelf had united and ſet in order: in ſhort, whatever ſhe hath the management of, ſhe renders amiable, conſpicuous, and worthy admiration: therefore her ſtrength, and greatneſs cannot riſe higher at one time, than at another: becauſe what is *greateſt* admits no increaſe. You can find nothing more right than what is right, more true than what is true; more temperate than what is temperate (*e*). Every virtue hath a proper mean; and a mean is a certain meaſure. Conſtancy cannot go beyond itſelf any more than juſt confidence, truth, and fidelity. Nothing can be added to that which is perfect; it was not perfect, if any thing could be added thereto: and therefore no addition can be made to virtue; if there can, it is as yet defective: ſo, what is fit and honourable admits of no acceſſion; becauſe it is of the ſame rank with the things abovementiond; as alſo what is decent, juſt, and lawful, foraſmuch as they are comprehended under certain limits.

To

To admit encreaſe, is a ſign of imperfection: *all good* falls under the ſame predicament. Public and private utility are conjoyned, and being inſeparable are alike to be commended and maintained by all. Therefore virtues are equal in themſelves, and the works of virtue (*f*), and the men converſant therein: the virtues of plants and animals, as they are mortal, frail, weak, and uncertain, riſe and fall; and therefore are not to be eſteemed of equal value: whereas human virtues are ſubject to one rule; foraſmuch as right and ſimple reaſon is one. Nothing is more divine than what is divine; nothing is more heavenly than what is heavenly. Mortal things are raiſed up and thrown down; they are worn away, and grow again; they are exhauſted, and again repleniſhed; and therefore in this their uncertain ſtate, there is an inequality: but the nature of divine things is one: and reaſon is nothing elſe but a particle of the divine ſpirit infuſed into the human body. If reaſon then be divine and no good is without reaſon; then *all good* is divine: but there is no difference between things that are divine, therefore none between things *good*; and conſequently joy and a ſtrong and ſtubborn ſufferance of fortune are equal: for, in both theſe is the ſame greatneſs of ſoul, tho' in the one it is ſomewhat free and relax; in the other intent and reſolute. For why? Do you not think, *Lucilius*, that the virtue of him who courageouſly beſiegeth a city, and of him, who endureth the miſeries of a ſiege, is equal? Great is *Scipio* who lays ſiege to, and blocketh up *Numantia*; and compels the invincible forces therein, to be their own exccutioners*: Great alſo is the undaunted ſpirit of the beſieged, who know no blockade, while the gate of death is open; and who expire in the arms of liberty.

Other virtues are alike, equal in themſelves (*g*), as, tranquillity, ſincerity, liberality, conſtancy, æquanimity, perſeverance: foraſmuch as in all theſe one and the ſame virtue ſubſiſts; which renders the mind firm and invariable. Is there then no difference between joy, and an inflexible endurance of pain? None, as to the virtues themſelves, tho' a great deal as to thoſe things, by which each virtue diſplays itſelf: as in the one, there is a natural remiſſion or relaxation of the mind; in the other an unnatural grief: theſe then are the means, or certain modifica-

tions, that admit a wide difference: but the virtue in both is equal: the object or circumſtance alters not the virtue; as no diſtreſs or difficulty can make it worſe, nor any mirth or joy make it better: either *good* therefore, as *good*, muſt neceſſarily be equal; as the virtuous man cannot behave himſelf better under joyous circumſtances; nor if afflicted, under fortune; and two things, wherein nothing better can be done, than what is done, muſt be equal: for if any thing foreign or external can leſſen or encreaſe the virtue, it ceaſes to be the *one good*, that is fit and honourable: and if ſo; there is an end of every thing that is honourable: but why? I will tell you: nothing is honourable which is done unwillingly and perforce. Every thing honourable is voluntary: now, ſuppoſe a man, idle, querulous, unſteady, timorous, he then hath loſt one of the beſt qualities a man can have, *viz.* ſelf-complacency: nor can any thing be honourable, that is not free: for what is in a ſtate of fear, is in a ſtate of ſlavery: every thing that is truly honourable, enjoys ſecurity and tranquillity; but if a man refuſeth any thing, that is fit to be done, if he complains, if he thinks it evil or an hardſhip, he muſt neceſſarily be diſturbed, and in great perplexity; for on the one hand a ſhew of what is right and fit invites him; on the other, the ſuſpicion of evil draws him back; therefore he that is about to do a truly juſt and honourable action, ſhould he meet with any oppoſition, he may think it an annoyance, but let him not think it an evil; let him do it willingly; every thing truly honourable, is neither done by command or compulſion: it is pure without any mixture of evil.

I know what will be objected to me here, that I would fain perſuade you, *Lucilius*, that there is no difference, whether a man be in the height of decent joy, or is ſilent upon the rack (*h*), and has ſtrength enough to weary out his tormentor; I might anſwer you in the words of *Epicurus* (*i*); a *wiſe man* ſays he, *tho' he is roaſting in* Phalaris' *bull, will cry out*, it is pleaſant, and does not at all concern me. Why then ſhould you be ſurprized at my ſaying, the *good* is equal, of one rejoycing moderately at a banquet, and of another with amazing fortitude enduring torment; when (what is more incredible) *Epicurus* ſays, *it is pleaſant to be tortured.* But here I anſwer as before, there is a wide difference

difference between joy and pain: were I put to my choice, I ſhould certainly deſire to enjoy the one, and eſcape the other: the one is natural, the other contrary to nature: and as long as they are conſider'd in this light, there is undoubtedly a great diſparity between them.

But when we come to conſider virtue, they are equal, both that which labours hard in a rough and that which glides along in a ſmooth path. Vexation, and pain, and whatever elſe ſeems irkſome and inconvenient, are of no conſequence; for they are ſwallow'd up in virtue. As the ſtars hide their diminiſh'd heads before the brightneſs of the ſun; ſo pains, afflictions and injuries are all cruſhed and diſſipated by the greatneſs of virtue: whenever ſhe ſhines, every thing but what borrows its ſplendor from her, diſappears; and all manner of annoyances have no more effect upon her, than a ſhower of rain upon the ſea. In confirmation of this, you may obſerve, with what earneſtneſs a *good* man will fly to do what is juſt and right; tho' the executioner ſtands in his way; and the rack and fire are before him; he will perſevere in his duty; nor will he conſider what he is about to ſuffer but what he is about to do; and will truſt himſelf to a good action, as to a friend and good man; under whoſe protection he is ſafe and happy (*k*): an honourable action, tho' attended with ſevere and painful circumſtances, will have the ſame place in his eſteem, as a good man, however poor, an exile, and pale through want and ſickneſs. Well then, ſuppoſe we, on one hand, a good man, abounding with wealth; and on the other hand, one deſtitute of every thing, but what he hath in himſelf; each of them will be equally *a good man*, however unequal in outward circumſtances.

The ſame judgment, as I have ſaid before, may be formed of things as of men: virtue is as commendable in a body that is healthful and at large, as in one that is ſickly and in priſon. Therefore even your own virtue, *Lucilius*, you will not think the more commendable, becauſe fortune hath hitherto preſerved your body, hale and ſound; than if by ſome accident it had been wounded and maimed: otherwiſe it would be judging of the maſter by the liveries of his ſervants; for all things,

over

which chance hath any influence, are, at beſt, but of a ſervile nature; as riches, the body, and worldly honours: they are weak, tranſitory, mortal, and of uncertain poſſeſſion; whereas the works of virtue are free, noble, and invincible; not to be admired the more, on account of being favoured by any flattering fortune; or the leſs, becauſe preſſed and oppoſed by the croſſeſt circumſtances that can happen.

What is friendſhip among men, *that* is affection with regard to things: I cannnot think you would love a rich good man, more than a poor one; nor one that is ſtrong and brawny better than one, who is lean and ſickly; therefore neither will you affect a thing that is honourable, becauſe pleaſant and eaſy, more than what is ſurrounded with trouble and difficulty: otherwiſe you will make me believe, that, of two men equally good, you will prefer him, that is ſpruce and clean, to him that is dirty and ſlovenly; and further, will rather delight in the man that is whole and ſound of limb, than in one that is lame and purblind; till by degrees your delicacy proceeds ſo far, as, of two men equally juſt and prudent, you would rather chuſe him whoſe hair is frizzled and curled, than one with a bald pate: but where virtue is equal in both, the inequality in all other reſpects will ſoon diſappear; for *that* is the principal, all other things are merely adventitious. And who, I pray, is ſo unjuſt in his judgment, and partial among his family, as to love a ſon in health, more than one that is ſick; or one that is tall and luſty, more than one who is ſhort and weak? Brutes make no diſtinction in their young, and we ſee this particularly exemplified in birds and fowl. *Ulyſſes* was in as great haſte to reach the rocky barren ſhore of *Ithaca*, as *Agamemnon* was to reach the lofty walls of *Mycenæ*. For, no one loves his country becauſe it is more ſpacious than another, but becauſe it is his own.

Now whither tends all this? Why to ſhew you that virtue looks on all her works, as her offſpring, with an impartial eye; indulges them all alike; and indeed the more earneſtly, when they are in any wiſe diſtreſſed; as the love of a fond parent generally inclines to thoſe who ſtand moſt in need of pity (*l*). Not that virtue loves ſuch her works,

works, as are afflicted and oppreſſed, the more; but only as a good and tender parent, ſhe is the more concern'd to cheriſh and comfort them.

But after all, why is not one *good* greater than another? Becauſe, if a thing be truly fit, nothing can be fitter; or plainer than what is abſolutely plain: you cannot ſay there is any difference where there is a parity; neither therefore can any thing be more juſt and honourable than what is ſtrictly juſt and honourable. If then the nature of all virtues be equal, the three kinds of good are upon an equality. From hence I ſay, to rejoice, or to grieve with moderation, is equal; nor does *that* joy excel *this* firmneſs of mind, ſtifling its groans upon the rack. The former *good* is indeed more eligible, but the latter more admirable; nevertheleſs both are equal; becauſe whatever annoyance there may be therein, it lies hid under the veil of greater good: whoever is pleaſed to think them unequal, turns away his eyes from the virtues themſelves, and beholds only the externals. True good hath always the ſame weight and meaſure; but the falſe are lighter than vanity itſelf; and, however great and ſpecious they ſeem, are, when brought to the balance, always found deceitful. Depend upon this, *Lucilius*, whatever true reaſon commends, is ſolid, is eternal: it ſtrengthens the mind, and lifts it up on high, there to remain for ever: but ſuch things as are injudiciouſly praiſed, and extolled by the opinion of the vulgar, puff up the mind with vain delight: on the other hand, thoſe things which are dreaded as evils, affect it as ſenſibly, as the apprehenſion of danger affects animals: theſe things therefore both delight and afflict the ſoul without cauſe; neither are thoſe worthy of joy, nor theſe of fear: reaſon alone is immutable; and tenacious of its opinion; for it does not ſerve but command the ſenſes. Now, reaſon is equal to reaſon, as right is to right; but all virtue is right reaſon; and if right, then equal. And as reaſon is, ſuch are its actions, and therefore all equal: being ſimilar to reaſon, they are ſimilar in themſelves: I mean all ſuch actions as are juſt and honourable: not but that there may be a great difference in them with regard to the object or circumſtance, which may be more enlarged or more confined; ſometimes illuſtrious, ſometimes ignoble; at one time appertaining to many, at another to few; yet in all theſe, the beſt or prin-

cipal thing is ſtill the ſame; as of good men, all are equal as good men (*m*) though their ages may be different, the one old, the other young; or their ſhape, the one beautiful, the other deformed; or their fortune, the one rich, the other poor; the one popular, powerful, and well known both in town and country; the other known to very few, or ſcarce known at all; but in that they are good, I ſay they are equal. The *ſenſe* is no proper judge of good and evil; it is ignorant of what may be uſeful or what not; it cannot give its opinion, but of the thing preſent; it neither forecaſts what is to come, nor remembers what is paſt: it cannot ſee to the length of a conſequence; though on this depend the order and ſeries of things, and that uniformity of life that leads to perfection.

Reaſon therefore is the ſole arbitreſs of good and evil: of any thing external or foreign ſhe makes no account; and looks upon ſuch things as are indifferent, as acceſſions of little or no importance. All *good* with her, ſubſiſts in the mind: ſome things however ſhe receives as primary, and purſues them earneſtly with deſign; ſuch as victory, good children, the welfare of one's country; there are other things as of a ſecond order, which diſplay not themſelves but in adverſity; as the patient ſufferance of a ſevere diſeaſe, or of baniſhment: and ſome of a mixed kind, no more conſonant to nature, than againſt it; as, to walk or ſit with a good grace; for to ſit is as natural as to ſtand or walk. The two former kinds are different; foraſmuch as the firſt are agreeable to nature; as the dutifulneſs of children, and the ſafety of our country; and the ſecond are contrary to nature; as, to ſuſtain torment with courage, and conſtancy; and patiently endure thirſt, while a fever is burning up the heartſtrings. *What then, can there be any good that is contrary to nature?* No, but that is ſometimes contrary to nature, wherein this *good* ſubſiſts; for, to be wounded, or afflicted with a ſore diſeaſe, or to be broiled to death, is contrary to nature; but to preſerve an unconquerable mind amidſt theſe torments, is agreeable to the dignity of nature. To expreſs what I mean, as briefly as poſſible; the object of *good* is ſometimes againſt nature, but *good* itſelf never: becauſe no *good* can be without reaſon; and reaſon always follows nature. *What*

then

then is reaſon? The imitation of nature (*n*). And what is the *ſummum bonum*, or *chief good* of man? The behaving himſelf agreeably to the dictates of nature. You ſay, no doubt, "that the peace is happier, "which hath never been diſturbed, than that which is obtained by "the blood of thouſands; and that it is an happier ſtate of health which "hath never been broken, than that which is recovered by art and "patience, from a violent diſeaſe that threatened death: in like manner "you ſay, that joy is a greater good than a mind capable of enduring "pain and torment from the ſword and fire." I deny all this: for, however thoſe things that are caſual may be ſubject to a wide difference, being eſteemed according to the benefit of the receiver; the only one purpoſe of good men is to agree with nature, and this is alike in all.

When the ſenate agree to the opinion of any member, we do not ſay, that ſuch a one aſſents more than another; as they all join in the ſame opinion. The ſame I ſay of virtues, they all aſſent to nature; the ſame I ſay of *good*; every *good* agrees with nature. Some go off the ſtage of life, in their youth; others in old age; beſide theſe, dies the little infant, who hath done nothing more than ſeen life. Now all theſe were equally mortal; though death ſuffered the life of one to run on longer, cut off the other in the bloom of youth, and nipt the other in the very bud. One man is carried off amidſt a jovial banquet; to another death is but a continued ſleep; another dies in the arms of his miſtreſs; oppoſe to theſe, ſuch as are pierced by the ſword, or kill'd by the bite of a ſerpent, or cruſhed under ſome ruins, or have died in extreme torture by a long contraction of the nerves: can the end of any among theſe be called better or worſe? Death is the ſame to all; the means indeed are very different; but the end, I ſay, is ſtill the ſame: no death can be ſaid to be greater or leſs; for it has the ſame quality in all; to put an end to life; the ſame is what I affirm to you, *Lucilius*, concerning *good*; one ſort is to be found in mere pleaſures; another amidſt pain and ſorrow; *that* with pleaſing moderation hath directed the indulgence of Fortune; *this* hath ſubdued her moſt violent animoſity; the *good* was equal in both; though one walked on in a ſmooth

path, and the other was forced to climb a rock: the end of all is the ſame; they are good, they are commendable, in that they follow reaſon and virtue; and virtue reduceth to an equality whatever ſhe is pleaſed to acknowledge for her own.

But that you may not be ſurpriſed, *Lucilius*, at this among other our poſitions; be pleaſed to recollect, that even according to *Epicurus*, there are two bleſſings, of which the chief, and moſt happy *good* is compoſed, *a body without pain*, and *a ſoul without paſſion or perturbation*. Theſe bleſſings admit of no increaſe, if they are complete and perfect; for how can that receive more, which is full already? If the body be free from pain, what can you add to this indolence; if the mind be conſiſtent, and well pleaſed with itſelf, what can you add to this tranquillity? As a clear ſky, when the ſun ſhines out in his full glory, is not ſuſceptible of greater brightneſs; ſo the condition of a man, who, by his diligence and diſcretion, enjoys a ſound body and a ſound mind, and who builds upon theſe his *chief good*, is intirely perfect; he hath reached the end of his wiſhes; his mind knowing no diſorder, nor his body any pain. Whatever blandiſhments happen from without they augment not the *chief good*, but only give it, as it were, a pleaſing reliſh: for the abſolute good of human nature is fully and completely ſatisfied with the peace of body and ſoul.

But I will give you alſo from *Epicurus* a diſtinction of *good*, more like to this of the ſtoics. There is a ſort of *good*, which, he ſays, he had much rather ſhould be his portion, as, the eaſe of the body, free from every annoyance; and a relaxation of ſoul, rejoicing in the contemplation of its own felicity; and another ſort, which, though he would not wiſh them to be his lot, yet have their merit, and what he commends and approves, as, the patient ſufferance, before mention'd, of a bad ſtate of health, and conſtancy in the moſt grievous pain which *Epicurus* (*o*) himſelf labour'd under, upon a moſt happy day: for, he tells us, he was racked with an ulcer in the bladder, and an inflammation in the bowels; ſo that it was impoſſible to endure more pain: yet even this he called a bleſſed day to him: now, no one can enjoy a bleſſed

bleſſed day, without being in poſſeſſion of the *chief good*. You ſee then that even with your *Epicurus* there is a ſort of *good*, which no one indeed would chuſe; but which, if neceſſity requires it, is ſtill to be embraced, to be commended, and placed upon an equality with *ſovereign good*; as the day which cloſed the happy life of *Epicurus*, and for which he gave thanks with his dying breath.

Give me leave, *Lucilius*, beſt of men, to ſpeak ſomewhat more freely; if any *good* could be greater than another; I ſhould prefer thoſe that ſeem ſo very diſagreeable to ſuch as are of a more ſoft and delicate nature: for it is greater, to bear up againſt, and conquer difficulties, than to uſe good fortune with moderation: on this account, I know, the ſame judgment will incite men, to carry themſelves well in proſperity, and not to be leſs patient in adverſity: he may be alike brave, who ſtands ſentinel in the trenches, before the enemy hath ſallied to force the camp; with him, who having his legs cut off, fighteth upon his ſtumps, and ſcorns to throw away his ſword. *Go on, and proſper, my brave lads*, is ſaid to the men, who are cover'd with wounds and returning from the field of battle: I cannot therefore but highly recommend this *good*, that hath manifeſted itſelf upon trial, and in a firm defiance to the power of fortune. Can I make any doubt, whether I ſhould praiſe the maimed hand of *Mucius* (*p*) when burnt to the bone, more than the ſound one of the braveſt general? He ſtood contemning both the enemy, and the flames; and looked with a ſteady eye upon his hand, while it was dropping away in the fire; till *Porſenna*, who at firſt took pleaſure in his torture, now envied him the glory of it, and order'd the pan of fire to be taken from him without his conſent. Now why ſhould I not reckon this ſtubborn patience as a principal *good*; nay, think it greater, than ſuch as are ſecure, and untried by torture; as it is more glorious to conquer an enemy with a hand that is uſeleſs, than with one arm'd with weapons? What then, you ſay, would I wiſh this good to be mine? Why not? For unleſs any one can alſo wiſh it, he would ſcarce put it in execution. Or muſt I rather wiſh effeminately to ſtretch out my limbs to my old ſervants to rub and ſoften them, or bid ſome old male-nurſe to ſtraiten my little

toes? No, I think *Mucius* a happier man, in giving his hand to the fire, as to ſome friendly operator (*q*), whereby he made ample amends for his miſtake; when unarmed and maimed as he was, he put an end to the war; and with the ſtump only of an arm conquered two Kings (*r*).

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) *Know ye not that the body is the temple of God, and that the ſpirit of God dwelleth in you?* 1. Cor. iii. 16. vi. 9.

(*b*) See Lipſ. (Manud. iii. 6.)

(*c*) Various are the readings here, but *Gronovius* with all the MSS. and old editions, Talis *Animus* eſt virtus. So *Ep.* 113. Virtus nihil aliud eſt quàm animus quodammodo ſe habens. *Ep.* 78. Hæc ratio perfecta virtus vocatur. *Cic.* (Tuſc. Qu. l. v.) Hic igitur animus, ſi eſt excultus, et ſi ejus acies ita curata eſt, ut ne cæcetur erroribus, fit perfecta ratio, i. e. abſoluta ratio, quæ eſt idem quod virtus. The human mind as derived from the Divine Reaſon, can be compared with nothing, but with God himſelf, if I may be allowed the expreſſion: *This then when improved, and its ſight ſo preſerved as not to be blinded by errors, becomes a perfect underſtanding, i. e. abſolute reaſon, which is the very ſame as virtue.*

(*d*) *Cic.* (Parod. iii.) Una virtus eſt, conſentiens cum ratione et perpetua conſtantia: nihil huic addi poteſt quo magis virtus ſit, nihil demi ut virtutis nomen relinquatur. *Virtue is uniform, and its uniformity conſiſts in unwearied perſeverance, and agreement with reaſon; no addition of circumſtance can make it more than virtue, no diminution can make it leſs.*

(*e*) *Cic.* (ib.) Atqui pares eſſe virtutes, nec bono viro meliorem, nec temperante temperantiorem, nec forti fortiorem, nec ſapienti ſapientiorem poſſe fieri, facillimè poteſt percipi. *If virtues are equal among themſelves, it may very eaſily be conceived, that a man cannot be better than good, more temperate than temperate, braver than brave, nor wiſer than wiſe.*

(*f*) *Cic.* (ib.) Atqui quoniam pares virtutes ſunt, *recte facta*, quando a virtutibus proficiſcuntur paria eſſe debent;—*As all our virtues are equal*, all good actions, *being derived from virtue, ought to be equal likewiſe.*——

Thus runs the argument; Virtue is right; what is right, admits of no encreaſe; therefore virtue admits of no encreaſe: and if virtue admits of no encreaſe, neither do ſuch things as flow from virtue, and all things rightly done are equal. Such is the doctrine of the ſtoics; add *further*,—itemque peccata quoniam ex vitiis manant, ſint æqualia neceſſe eſt. *It neceſſarily follows, that evil actions ſpringing from vice ſhould be alſo equal.*

Now in what ſenſe the Chriſtian is to take this poſition we may learn from St. *James*, (ii. 2.)—*Whoſoever ſhall keep the whole law and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all*; i. e. with reſpect to the obedience he ought to pay to the authority of the Legiſlator, which is violated by the tranſgreſſion of one point, as of all the reſt, becauſe there is an equal authority, or rather the ſame, which influences the whole, and which connects the one with the other. For (v. 11.) *He that ſaid do not commit adultery, ſaid alſo do not kill; now, if thou commit no adultery, yet if thou kill,* thou art a tranſgreſſor of the law.

* Though ſome of the philoſophers among the *Heathens* allowed, yet the beſt of them condemn'd this *ſtoical heroiſm*, as a raſh forſaking the ſtation in which the providence of their gods had placed them. *See* Epp. 24, 30, &c.

(*g*) However

(*g*) However the ſchoolmen and others may ſeem to differ from this doctrine of the *ſtoics*, with regard to a diſtinction in kind, and a ſuperior excellency, as to prefer *the moſt rational prudence* to *juſtice*, juſtice to fortitude, and fortitude to temperance; in a word, to think that each virtue riſes in value the nearer it accedes to, and the more it partakes of reaſon, yet conſidered in itſelf, (ſuppoſe *temperance*) they allow it to be equal: nor in reality do they contradict the doctrine of the *ſtoics*; foraſmuch as the *ſtoics* admit not of any *good* but what is in its higheſt perfection. See *Lipſ.* (Manud. iii. 4.)

(*b*) In equuleo taceat] Cic. (de fin. 5.) Si vir bonus, cæcus, debilis, morbo graviſſimo affectus, exul, orbus, torqueatur in equuleo: quem hunc appellas, Zeno? Beatum, inquit: etiam beatiſſimum? Quippe inquit, cùm tam docuerim gradus iſtam rem non habere, quam virtutem, in qua ſit ipſum beatum—(*al.* Etiam beatiſſimum? Quippini? cùm.)

If a wiſe man is blind, maimed, deſperately ſick, baniſhed, childleſs, a beggar, and tortured upon the rack; how will Zeno *term ſuch a man?* Happy. *What, ſupremely happy?* Why not? ſince I have all along declared that happineſs, *quà* happineſs, is the ſame, juſt as its efficient cauſe, virtue, is virtue.—If we are to appeal to the common ſenſe of mankind, you can never prove ſuch a man to be happy: if to *the thinking few*, one part of them perhaps will doubt whether *virtue* has ſo much power as to make a man happy even in *Phalaris'* bull. But the other will make no manner of doubt that the *ſtoics* ſpeak *conſiſtently*, &c. Ib.

(*i*) *Cic.* (Tuſc. v.) Epicuro dicere licebit nullum ſapienti eſſe tempus etſi uratur, torquatur, ſecetur, quin poſſit exclamare, Quam pro nihilo puto? *Denique etiam*, Beatam vitam in Phalaridis taurum deſcenſuram. *It is allowable for* Epicurus, (who only affects being a philoſopher, and who aſſumed that name to himſelf) to ſay, that *a wiſe man may at all times cry out, though he be burned, tortured, cut to pieces*, How little do I regard it?—nay, *that a happy life may deſcend into* Phalaris' *bull.*

(*k*) *We know that all things work together for good to them that love* God. Rom. viii. 28.

(*l*) So *Seneca* (Thebaid.) Speaking of *Jocaſta's* affection for her ſon, the wretched *Polynices*——

Quo cauſa melior, ſorſque deterior trahit
Inclinat animus ſemper infirmo favens:
Miſeros magis fortuna conciliat ſuis.
When unrelenting Fate denies ſucceſs
To a juſt cauſe, o'erwhelm'd with wretchedneſs,
Either of friend, or relative, the mind
To helpful pity is the more inclin'd. M.

(*m*) This is another paradox of the ſtoics. *Cic.* (de fin. iv.) Sapientes omnes ſummè beatos eſſe. *That all wiſe men are ſuperlatively happy.* (Ib. v.) Quid minus probandum, quàm eſſe aliquem beatum nec ſatis beatum? Quod autem ſatis eſt, eò quidquid acceſſerit nimium eſt, at nemo nimium beatus, et nemo beato beatior. *Nothing is eaſier to be proved than that if a man is happy he is ſufficiently happy; if any thing were added to what is ſufficient it would be too much, but no one can be too happy, nor any one happier than he that is happy.* Apud Stobæum Παντα τὸν καλὸν καὶ ἀγαθὸν ἀνδρα τέλειον εἶναι, διὰ τὸ μηδεμίας ἀπολείπεσθαι ἀρετῆς, διὸ καὶ πάντως εὐδαίμονειν ἀεὶ τῶν ἀνδρῶν τὸς ἀγαθούς. If a man be truly juſt and good, he is *perfect*, *as wanting no kind of virtue:* and therefore the good are *altogether* and *always* happy. Now if all ſuch be *perfect*, they are *equal*; if they be *altogether* and *always* happy, there can be no addition or diminution of their happineſs. *Lipſ.* (Maund. iii. 3.) *See* Epp. 71, 72, 74, 85, 92.

(*n*) Obſerve here an explanation of that capital *dogma* among the ſtoics, Naturam ſequi, *follow Nature*, ſo frequently inculcated by our author. *See* Epp. 5, 16, 25, 41, (N. i.) To which may

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be added (De beat. vit. c. 8.) Idem eſt beati vivere, et ſecundum naturam. *It is the ſame thing to live happily, and according to nature.* For this is wiſdom, non a naturâ deerrare, et ad illius legem exemplumque formari, ſapientia eſt. *Epictetus* exhorts more than once, Ὁμολογουμένως—καὶ συμφώνως φυσει ζῆν, *to live conformably, and in perfect harmony with Nature.* Not only the Stoics but *Plato* and the *Academics* aſſerted that *in no other thing were we to look for the* ſummum bonum, nulla in re alia niſi *natura*, quærendum eſſe illud ſummum bonum, quo omnia referuntur, dicebant. *Cic.* (de Academ.) The *Cynics* alſo and other eminent philoſophers, according to *Philo Judæus*, maintained *this to be the end of happineſs.* Τὸ μὲν ακολουθίᾳ φυσεως ζῆν. Horace Ep. i. 10, 12.

Vivere naturæ ſi convenienter oportet.
Would you to Nature's laws obedience yield——
—— Hi mores, hæc duri immota Catonis
Secta fuit, ſervare modum, *finemque* tenere,
Naturamque ſequi, patriæque impendere vitam. *Lucan.* ii. 380.
Such Cato's *manners, ſuch their ſtubborn courſe,——*
The golden mean unchanging to purſue,
Conſtant to keep the purpos'd end in view.
Religiouſly to follow Nature's laws,
And die with pleaſure in his country's cauſe. Rowe.

(*o*) See Ep. 92.
(*p*) See Ep. 24. (N. f.)
(*q*) Tractatori] Martial iii. 81, 13.
(*r*) *Tarquin* (expelled *Rome* after he had reigned twenty-five years) and *Porſenna.*

EPISTLE LXVII.

Whether all Good *be deſirable.*

TO begin with the common topic of diſcourſe.—The ſpring has began to open (*a*), (*and ſhew its influence on the vegetable world*) and is now inclining to ſummer: but at what time we might expect it to be hot, it is ſcarce warm; nor is it yet ſo ſettled, but that it often turns to a wintry day. And indeed ſo variable is the weather, that I dare not venture upon cold water (*b*); and therefore have it ſomewhat warmed: this, you will ſay, is neither to endure heat nor cold. It is ſo, *Lucilius:* my time of life has now cold enough of its own: I am ſcarce unfrozen

unfrozen in the midſt of ſummer: great part of my time therefore I lie couched upon my mattreſs: however I thank my old age for thus confining me (*c*), ſeeing now I cannot do, what I ought not to wiſh to do. My chief converſation is with books: if at any time an epiſtle from you intervenes, I think myſelf with you: and ſuch my affection, that I fancy I am anſwering you, not by way of letter, but by word of mouth: therefore concerning what you enquire after, I will talk to you as if preſent; and we will ſift the matter together.

You deſire to know, if *all good be deſirable:* "If it be *good*, you ſay, "patiently to bear ſickneſs with a greatneſs of ſoul, to endure torment; "and to ſuffer burning with conſtancy and courage; it follows, that "theſe things are deſirable." No, I really think none of theſe things eligible: I know no one that ever wiſhed to be ſcourged with rods, to be diſtorted with the gout, or ſtretched upon the rack; you muſt make a diſtinction here, *Lucilius*, and you will ſee what I mean (*d*): I would by no means deſire torment; but if it ſhould be my lot to ſuffer, I would wiſh to behave myſelf with decency, courage, and ſpirit: I would not deſire to be engaged in war; but was I enroll'd, I would wiſh to bear wounds, hunger and all the cruel hardſhips that attend ſuch a ſituation, like a brave ſoldier. I am not ſo mad, as to wiſh to be ſick; but ſhould it ſo happen, I would wiſh not to be intemperate, ſtubborn, nor effeminately to make complaint.

Some of our ſect maintain, that a brave ſuffering of ſeverities, though not to be deteſted and abhorred, yet is by no means to be deſired; becauſe no *good* is deſirable, but what is pure, tranquil, and out of the reach of vexation. I am not of the ſame opinion: becauſe, firſt, it is impoſſible, that any thing can be really *good*, but what is deſirable. Secondly, if virtue be deſirable, and there is no *good* without virtue; then is every *good* deſirable: and further, if a brave enduring of torture be not to be wiſhed for, I would aſk, whether fortitude is to be wiſhed for? Now fortitude is what deſpiſeth all dangers, and defies them: the moſt beautiful part of it, and indeed the moſt admirable, is not to yield to either fire or ſword; ſometimes not to ſhun a dart, but to receive

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it with open breaſt: if fortitude then be deſirable, even patiently to endure torture is deſirable; for this is a part of fortitude. Separate, I ſay, theſe things; and then you can make no miſtake. For to ſuffer torture, is not deſirable; but to ſuffer it manfully, is: and this is what I would wiſh for; for it is virtue. *But did ever any one wiſh for it?* Know, *Lucilius*, that ſome wiſhes and prayers are manifeſt, and profeſſedly ſuch, when they are made for any thing in particular; ſome lie concealed, when many things are comprehended in one wiſh, without being expreſſed; for inſtance, I wiſh myſelf an honourable life; now ſuch a life conſiſts in a variety of actions and ſufferings; the tub of *Regulus* (*e*); the wound which *Cato* tore open with his own hand (*f*); the baniſhment of *Rutilius* (*g*), and the cup of poiſon that raiſed *Socrates* from his priſon into heaven, are all comprehended in this: therefore when I wiſhed for an honourable life, I wiſhed for theſe, or the like hardſhips; without which it is ſometimes impoſſible for a life to be honourable.

———O terque quaterque beati,
Queis ante ora patrum Trojæ ſub mœnibus altis
Contigit oppetere (*h*)!——

And what difference is there in wiſhing this for another, or confeſſing it to be deſirable? *Decius* devoted himſelf to the good of the public (*i*), and ſpurring his horſe into the midſt of his enemies ruſhed upon death: his ſon, emulous of paternal virtue, having uttered a few ſolemn, and now familiar words, did the ſame, ſollicitous to appeaſe the gods by the ſacrifice of himſelf; and thinking it a deſirable thing to die an honourable death. And can any one doubt but that it is a moſt glorious thing, to die thus nobly in ſome great work of virtue, and to purchaſe thereby an everlaſting name?

When any one manfully endures torment, he perhaps ſupports himſelf with all the virtues, though but one diſplays itſelf above the reſt, which is *patience*. There is *fortitude* herein; of which patience, and ſufferance, and endurance, are but the branches: there is *prudence*, without which no great deſign can be carried on: and which perſuades us to bear that as decently as poſſible, which it is not in our power to eſcape: there is alſo, *conſtancy*, which cannot be thrown from her ſeat,

nor will ever depart from her purpoſe, let whatever torment endeavour to force her: in ſhort there is the whole undivided train of virtues. Whatever is done handſomely, one virtue does it, but it is according to the advice of the whole aſſembly (*k*). Now, what is approved by all the virtues, though it may ſeem the effect of one only, muſt be *deſirable*. For why? Do you think thoſe things only deſirable, which came from eaſe and pleaſure; ſuch as are manifeſted by garlands at the door (*l*)? There are ſome pleaſures that have ſorrow enough: and ſome vows are offered up by way of adoration and worſhip, rather than of applauſe and thankſgiving. Do you not think that *Regulus* ſincerely wiſhed to return to the *Carthaginians?* Aſſume the ſpirit of a truly great man; and withdraw yourſelf awhile from the opinion of the vulgar; take to yourſelf, as you ought, a ſemblance of the moſt beautiful and magnificent virtue; and you will find it decorated, not with frankincenſe and garlands, but with ſweat and blood. Behold *Marcus Cato*, reaching out his moſt pure hands to that ſacred breaſt of his, and widening the too ſhallow wound: would you ſay to him, *I would do as you do, but am ſorry you have done it?* Or, *how happy are you*, Cato, in *what you have done?* I cannot help thinking here of our *Demetrius*; who calls a life that is ſecure, and unmoleſted by any attack of fortune, *a dead ſea*. To have nothing to incite and rouſe you to action; nothing by whoſe threatning and aſſault, you may try the ſtrength of your mind; but to live at eaſe, undiſturb'd, and unſhaken, is not tranquillity; but a dead calm, (*ſoftneſs and delicacy*). *Attalus*, the ſtoic, was wont to ſay, *I had rather fortune ſhould carry me out into her camp than indulge me at home in all manner of delights. What if I am wounded, I bear it manfully; it is well. What if I am ſlain, I die bravely; it is well.* Hear *Epicurus*, amidſt his pains, *it is ſweet and pleaſant*. For my part, I know not how to beſtow a ſoft name upon what is ſo honourable, yet ſo ſevere. I am burned, but ſtill invincible. And why is not this a *deſirable* thing; I do not ſay, to have the fire burn me; but that it cannot conquer me? Nothing is more excellent than virtue; nothing more beautiful: it is *good*, it is *deſirable*, whatever is done by her authority and command.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

——— (*a*) Se *aperire* cœpit] From whence comes the word *April*, qu. aperilis.—See my note on the firſt line of that ſweet old poet *Chaucer*.

Whannè that *Apryl* with his ſchouris ſote,
The drought of March had piercid to the rote,
And bathid every vein in ſwiche licoure,
Of which Virtu engendrid is the floure;
Eke whannè Zephyrus, with his ſote breth,
Exſpirede hath, in every holt and heth,
The tender croppys; and the yongè ſonne
Hath in the rammè half his courſe yronne—&c.

(*b*) Either in bathing or waſhing. *See* Epp. 53, 83.

Horace Ep. l. 15. 4.—Gelida cum perluor unda
Per medium frigus.——
—— *When I mean to bathe,*
The middle winter's freezing wave beneath.—Francis.

(*c*) Quod me lectulo affixit] Not a dormitory, but a room with a couch; ſuch as they uſually had who lived a retired life, or were given to ſtudy. Ep. 72. Quædam *Lectum* et *otium* deſiderant. Juv. vii. 105.

Eſt genus ignavum quod lecto gaudet et umbrâ.
They are a lazy people, either laid
Upon their couch, or walking in the ſhade.—Stapleton.

Perſ. l. 53.——Lectis ſcribitur in vitreis.
Them and their woeful works the muſe deſies,
Products of citron beds, and golden canopies. Dryden.

(*d*) *Muretus* obſerves that *Ariſtotle's* diſtinction (*Politic.* p. vii.) in this point is ſhort and full. *Some things*, ſays he, *are good and to be deſired* abſolutely: *other*, (ἐξ ὑποθέσεως τυχὸν,) *only* hypothetically: *It is a good thing, and to be wiſhed for, that there ſhould not be a wicked man in the city, but if there are any ſuch, it is a deſirable good, that they ſhould be puniſhed: ſickneſs is not to be wiſhed for, but if it happens, it is good to bear it with fortitude and patience*; and ſo of other things.

(*e*) *Regulus*, having been taken by the *Carthaginians*, and ſent to *Rome*, to adviſe a change of priſoners, there pleaded for the contrary; yet having promiſed to return, he would not break his word, and returned accordingly; where he was barbarouſly murdered; being put into a *tub* ſtuck full of nails, and rolled down a hill. Ep. 98. Sen. de Provid. c. iii. De Tranquil. l. 15. Valer. Max. ix. 2. Tertull. (ad Mart. c. 4.) in arcæ genus ſtipatus, undique extrinſecus clavis confixus tot cruces ſenſit.—Cum mult. al.—But I ſhall only refer the reader to *Horace* (Od. iii. 5.)

Atqui ſciebat quæ ſibi barbarus
Tortor parabat—&c.
Nor did he not the cruel tortures know,
Vengeful prepar'd by a barbarian foe,
Yet with a countenance ſerenely gay,
He turn'd aſide the crouds, who fondly preſs'd his ſtay. Francis.

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And eſpecially to *Cic.* (Off. iii. 31.) where the whole ſtory is related, and the propriety of his return, in obedience to his promiſe and oath, is fully argued; and particularly in the notes of the ingenious tranſlator Mr. *Guthrie.*——See alſo N. 74 of *Cic.* on old age, by Mr. *Melmoth*; who obſerves, that it has been doubted, by ſome modern writers of conſiderable note in the republic of letters, whether *Regulus* really underwent thoſe horrid tortures which he is ſaid to have ſuſtained on his return to *Carthage.* It were to be wiſhed, indeed, for the honour of humanity, they have been miſrepreſented, but the pretence is very ſtrong, from hiſtorians as well as poets.

(f) Cato, Ep. 24. See the Index.

(g) Ep. 24, (N. c.)—*Socrates,* Ep. 63, (N. h.)

(h) Virg. i. 90. *O thrice, and four times happy they, he cried,*
Who, under Ilian *walls, before their parents died.* Dryden.

(i) It was a ſuperſtitious fancy among the old Romans, that if a General *(Dictator, Conſul,* or *Prætor)* would conſent to be *devoted* or ſacrificed to *Jupiter, Mars,* the earth, or the infernal gods, all the misfortunes which otherwiſe might happen to his party, would, by virtue of that pious act, be transferred on their enemies; (ſee the form of this ſolemnity in *Livy* (viii. 9.) *Cic.* (de Fin. ii. 15. de Nat. Deor. ii.) This opinion was confirmed in the moſt renowned family of the Decii, of whom the father, ſon, (and grandſon) all devoted themſelves for the ſafety of their armies. See *Melmoth's* Cato, or *Cic.* on old age. N. 51.

Phebeiæ Deciorum animæ Phebeia fuêrunt
Nomina, pro totis legionibus hi tamen, et pro
Omnibus auxiliis, atque omni pube Latina
Sufficiunt Diis infernis terræque parenti:
Pluris enim Decii quàm qui ſervantur ab illis.
From a mean ſtock the pious Decii *came,*
Small their eſtates, and vulgar was their name;
Yet ſuch their virtues, that their *loſs alone*
For Rome and all our legions did atone;
Their country's doom they by their own retriev'd,
Themſelves more worth than all the hoſts they ſav'd. Stepny.

See Fitzoſborn's Lett. 57.

(k) This ſtoical opinion of the concatenation or connexion of all the virtues, ſeems almoſt general among the ancient philoſophers: thus *Menedemus* and *Ariſton,* unam virtutem eſſe, etſi multis inſignitam vocabulis, *There is but* one *virtue, though ſet off under various titles.* Cicero (de Fin. v.) Cùm ſic copulatæ connexæque ſint virtutes, ut omnes omnium participes ſint, nec alia ab alia poſſit ſeparari; tamen proprium ſuum cujuſque munus. So *the Fathers*; *Ambroſe,* Connexæ ſibi ſunt concatenatæque virtutes, ut quì unam habet, plures habere videatur. And *Gregory,* Una virtus ſine aliis, aut omnino nulla eſt, aut imperfecta eſt. See Epp. 66, (N. f.) 95. *Lipſ.* (Manud. iii. 4.)

(l) Hîc noſtrum placabo Jovem, laribuſque paternis
Thura dabo, atque omnes violæ jactabo colores.
Cuncta nitent, longos erexit janua ramos,
Et matutinis operitur feſta lucernis. Juv. xii. 90.
And incenſe ſhall domeſtic Jove appeaſe:
My ſhining houſhold gods ſhall revel there,
And all the colours of the violet wear.
All's right; my portal ſhines with verdant bays,
And conſecrated tapers early blaze. Power.

Perſ. v. 181.——*Lipſ.* Elect. i. 5.

EPISTLE LXVIII.

On Eaſe and Retirement.

I APPROVE of your deſign, *Lucilius:* conceal yourſelf, if you pleaſe, in eaſe and retirement; but take care to conceal this too. Know that what you propoſe, is allowed, if not from any precept of the ſtoics; yet by example (*a*): nay, I doubt not, but that I could prove, if you deſired me, that you might do the ſame according to precept. We recommend not the being concern'd in the public affairs of every government (*b*), nor at all times (*c*), without pauſe or intermiſſion during life (*d*). Moreover, when we have given the wiſe man a republic, worthy of him, i. e. the world: * he cannot be ſaid to be abſent from the ſame, though he has thought proper to retire; nay, perhaps having left a ſmall corner, he enters a great and ſpacious palace; where being ſeated, as it were, in heaven, he learns, in what a low and mean place he ſate when he aſcended the chair of ſtate, or the tribunal (*e*). Believe me, *Lucilius*, a wiſe man is never more in action than when engaged in the contemplation of things both human and divine.

But to return to what I was ſaying in the beginning of this epiſtle, in order to perſuade you to keep your retreat a ſecret. There is no reaſon, you ſhould honour it with the name of *philoſophy* (*f*); find out ſome other pretext; aſcribe it to an ill ſtate of health, or a weak conſtitution, or lazineſs: to glory in eaſe, is an idle ambition. Some animals, the better to lie concealed, confound their tracks, round about the place where they lodge: you muſt do the ſame; otherwiſe there will be thoſe, who will perſecute you: many paſs negligently over what is viſible; but ſearch after what is hidden and abſtruſe: things, when under ſeal, tempt a thief; what lies expoſed ſeems vile and of no account: the houſebreaker paſſeth by an open door. The common people have all

all the ſame ſort of manners and every blockhead the ſame: they will deſire to break in upon your privacy: it is good therefore not to boaſt of it: now, there is a kind of oſtentation, in ſhutting one's ſelf up too cloſe, ſo as never to appear in ſight. One man will keep himſelf cloſe at *Tarentum*; another at *Naples*; another for ſome years hath not ſtepped over his own threſhold. But ſuch a one only calls a crowd about his door, who makes his retirement the ſubject of idle ſtories, and the common talk.

When you retire, it muſt not be with a deſign, that others ſhould talk of you; but that you ſhould commune with yourſelf. And what muſt the ſubject be? Why, that which men make the general ſubject of their converſation, in freely ſpeaking of their neighbours, viz. your own character. Indulge not too good an opinion of yourſelf: accuſtom yourſelf to ſpeak and hear the truth: but chiefly reflect upon whatever weakneſs you are moſt ſenſible of yourſelf. There is ſcarce any man but who knows his own infirmity; one man therefore finds an evacuation neceſſary to eaſe his ſtomach, another is continually eating to ſtrengthen him; another thinks fit to lower his corpulency by abſtinence: ſome who are afflicted with the gout abſtain from the luxury of wine and the bath; regardleſs in all other reſpects, they are chiefly intent upon preventing the painful diſorder they are moſt ſubject to. So in the mind there are ſome crazy parts (*g*), which in time muſt be taken care of in order for their cure. And what is my employ, think you, in my retirement? Why, I am endeavouring to cure this ulcerated part. Were I to ſhew you a ſwoln foot, a livid hand, or the dry nerves of a contracted ancle, you would permit me, to lie in one poſture, and indulge my diſeaſe: but much greater is the complaint within, which I cannot ſhew you. There is a load and an impoſthume in my breaſt. Prithee, do not praiſe me, do not ſay, "*what a great man! he hath deſpiſed all things, and having condemn'd the frantic errors of human life "he is retired.*" I have condemned nothing but myſelf. There is no reaſon you ſhould deſire to come to me to learn ſomewhat for your good; you are miſtaken, if you think any help is to be had here: I am not a phyſician, but a ſick patient; I had rather you ſhould ſay of me, as you

are

are going away: *alas! I took this man for one very happy and learned; I was all attention to him; I have received nothing from him I deſired; nothing to make me wiſh to come again.* If ſuch your opinion, if ſuch your language, I ſhould think, you had made ſome progreſs: I had rather my retirement ſhould want an apology, than be envied. *Do you really then,* Seneca, *recommend eaſe and retirement? This ſounds as if coming from Epicurus.* Be it ſo; I ſtill recommend retirement to you; wherein you may be employed in greater and more commendable things than thoſe you have quitted. To knock at the proud doors of the great,—to note in your memorandum book ſuch old men, as have no heirs at law (*b*), to be in high reputation at court,—theſe are but invidious privileges, of no long duration; and, if you think right, beneath the notice of a man of honour. One man excells me in the buſineſs of the forum; another hath better pay for his ſervices, whereby he riſes to the dignity of the equeſtrian or ſenatorial order; another is attended with more clients; I cannot match this man in his train of followers, nor that in popularity; and what then? Provided I could conquer ~~torture~~, I ſhould not ſo much regard the being excelled and conquered by man.

I wiſh, *Lucilius*, you had been ſo happy as to have taken this reſolution long ago. I wiſh we had not deferred to think of an happy life, till now we are come within ſight of death. But let us delay no longer. We have now learned many things, which we before thought would have proved vain and fantaſtical in the eye of reaſon. As they are wont to do, who ſet out late, and by their ſpeed would recover the time they have loſt, let us now ſpur on. This time of life beſt ſuits our ſerious ſtudies. It is now clarified: it hath quite maſter'd the vices that were untameable in the firſt heat of youth; there remains but little fire to be extinguiſhed: and *when*, you ſay, *will that profit you, which you propoſe to learn at the end of life? Or to what purpoſe do you learn it?* Truly, to make a better exit; to die a better man (*i*). There is no time of life more proper for the attainment of a ſound mind, than that which by a long experience and a well exerciſed patience, hath ſufficiently humbled itſelf; and, having aſſuaged the affections and paſſions, obliged it, ſeriouſly to think of what is good and ſalutary. This is the ſhort time allotted

allotted as for the attainment of wiſdom; and whatever old man is ſo happy as to attain it, let him own that he owes no ſmall obligation to his years.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) The chief of the ſtoics, though they maintained that the affairs of government were moſt properly entruſted in the hands of the wiſe; yet would never *voluntarily* engage therein themſelves. *Sen.* (de beat. vit. c. 28) non quo miſerint me illi, ſed quo duxerint, ibo. Wherefore *Plutarch* condemns them, as not ſuiting their lives to their own doctrine.

(b) *every government*] Such, for inſtance, as are in ſo deplorable a ſtate, as to give no hopes of their recovery.

(c) *nor at all times*] As ſome muſt neceſſarily be devoted to relaxation, or private ſtudies.

(d) *Nor during life.* Ως γαρ αθλητικῆς, ἕτω καὶ πολιτικῆς περιοδὸς καταλυσις τις ἐστί· *Political as well as athletical engagements have their proper periods.* At *Rome* a ſenator after the ſixtieth year of his age was not compelled to attend the houſe; and after the ſeventieth never ſummoned. And both *Plato* and *Ariſtotle* think old age more proper for the function of the *prieſtly office* than for any other. From whence that celebrated verſe———

Εργα νεων, βυλαι δ' ανδρῶν, ευχαὶ δὲ γερόντων.
In deeds let youth, *in council* men *engage,*
But prayer and ſacrifice beſt ſuit old age. M.

* A wiſe man looks upon himſelf as a citizen of the *world*; and, when you aſk him whose his country lies, points, like *Anaxagoras*, with his finger to the heavens.

" To talk of our abſtracting ourſelves from matter, laying aſide body, and being reſolved, as it were, into pure intellect, is proud, metaphyſical, unmeaning jargon. But to abſtract ourſelves from the prejudices, habits, pleaſures, and *buſineſs of the world*, is what many, though not all, are capable of doing. They who can do this, may elevate their ſouls, in a retreat, to an higher ſtation, and may take from thence ſuch a view of the world, as *Scipio* took in his dream, *Cic.* ſomn. *Scip.*) from the ſeats of the bleſſed, when the whole earth appeared ſo little to him, that he could ſcarce diſcern that ſpeck of dirt, the *Roman* Empire. Such a view as this will encreaſe our knowledge," &c. *Bolingbroke* on Retirement.

(e) The wiſe man ſeems to abaſe himſelf when he mounts the chair of ſtate, being hereby compelled to forego the ſublime contemplation of heavenly things. There is an excellent Epigram wrote by the philoſopher *Themiſtius* (and not by *Pallas*, as ſome injudiciouſly imagined) who when advanced to the Conſulſhip, thus exhorts himſelf to deſpiſe theſe worldly vanities, and aſcend to the ſtudy of philoſophy:

Αντυγος αιθερίης ὑπερημενος, εἰς ποθον ἦλθες
Αντυγος αργυρέης, ἄιχος απειρεσιον·
Ηδα κατω κρεισσων· αναβὰς δ' εγενυ μεγα χειρων
Δεῦρ αναβηθι κάτω. νῦν γὰρ ἄνω κατεβης.
High mounted in a ſilver car I ride;
The wiſh'd-for ſummit of ambitious pride.
Greater before, and happier, in the end;
Let me, to riſe to what I was, deſcend. M.

(f) *I ſee*

(*f*) *I ſee your vanity,* ſaid *Socrates* to *Antiſthenes, in your threadbare coat, which you are ſo proud to ſhew.* See the like argument in Epp. 5. 14. 18. 103.

(*g*) Cauſariæ partes] A military term; ſo, in *Livy*, Cauſarii milites, & cauſaria miſſio, *a furlow*, or *paſſport* granted to a ſick or wounded ſoldier. *Vid.* Mercurial. Var. Lect. vi. 1.

(*h*) See *Sen.* de Benefic. vi. 33.

(*i*) As *Solon*, when he was dying, deſired ſomething might be read to him, and being aſked upon what account he made this requeſt, anſwered, *that he might die a more learned man.*

EPISTLE LXIX.

On the Affections and Paſſions.

I WOULD by no means, *Lucilius*, have you rove from place to place *(a)* becauſe ſuch frequent moving bewrays an unſtable and unſettled mind. You cannot improve your leiſure time, till you ceaſe to wander, and gape about you. You cannot bring your mind under any rule, before you put a ſtop to the rambles of your body. And then, by the conſtant application of proper remedies you may expect a cure: your retirement muſt not be broken in upon: your former life muſt entirely be forgot: let your eyes forego their uſual practice and your ears be accuſtomed to more ſound diſcourſe: as often as you preſume to go out, you will meet with ſomething that will recall your deſires: as one that intends to throw off his affection, muſt ſhun every thing that is likely to remind him of his beloved object; for nothing ſo ſoon revives and grows freſh again as *love:* ſo he that intends to caſt off his inclination for ſuch things as before inflamed his deſire, muſt turn away both his eyes and ears from the object he would fain forſake. The affection is very apt to rebell: which way ſoever it turns, it will be invited to ſeize the tempting opportunity: there is no evil but what finds ſome excuſe to authoriſe it: covetouſneſs promiſeth wealth;

luxury many and various pleaſures; ambition, purple, applauſe, and power and all that power can do. Vice ever tempts you with ſome reward; but know, you muſt live free and diſintereſted. There is ſcarce time enough in a whole age, to ſubdue, and bring under the yoke, vices, that are grown proud and ſtubborn with too long liberty; much leſs can we expect to do this, if we permit the little time we have to be interrupted: daily vigilance and application ſcarce ſuffice to bring any one thing to perfection.

If you would attend to me, *Lucilius*, meditate on this; be this your exerciſe; *calmly* to receive death; nay, if neceſſity required, to court it. There is little or no difference, whether Death comes to us or we go to him *(b)*. Perſuade yourſelf, that it is but an idle opinion of the moſt ignorant, that, bella res eſt, mori ſuâ morte, *it is right and fair for a man to die the death allotted him (c)*. Think moreover that no one dies, but *when his time is come:* when you die, you have had the time you could properly call *your own (d)*; what you leave behind you, belongs to another perſon.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) See Ep. ii.

(*b*) Undoubtedly, Death, conſidered as Death, is the ſame, come when, or from what hand it will. But the means or manner of it, with regard to a rational agent, admit of a wide difference; eſpecially among Chriſtians; as there is ſcarce one in the whole train of virtues, but what is rejected and deſtroyed by the horrid cuſtom of ſuicide; as, *Fortitude, Conſtancy, Patience, a truſt in God*, &c.

(*c*) *Suetonius* ſpeaking of thoſe who murdered Cæſar in the capitol, obſerves that, Nemo amplius triennio ſupervixit, neque ſua morte defunctus eſt, *No one ſurvived him more than three years or died a* natural death. As to the ſentence here exhibited, though *Seneca*, ſpeaking as a Stoic, ſeems to condemn this opinion, I doubt not but that every Chriſtian, learned or unlearned, will approve of it. And 'tis notorious that *Seneca* contradicts himſelf in nothing more than in this point.

(*d*) No one is a proper judge of what is here called *his own time*. The time indeed that a man hath cut off by laying violent hands on himſelf, is not *his own*; for he is gone, and now hath nothing to do with it: but neither was it *his own*, ſo as to diſpoſe of it at his pleaſure, or to abridge himſelf of it; for it belonged to his family, to his king, to his God. See the Notes on the following Epiſtle. See alſo Epp. 16. 24. 34. 41. 44. 51. 94. 98.

EPISTLE LXX.

On Life and Death †.

AT laſt, *Lucilius*, I have been to ſee your *Pompeii:* where ſomething or other reminded me of my youthful days: and ſo affected me, as to make me fancy myſelf as young and active as ever; at leaſt to think that few years had paſſed ſince that happy time.—We ſail, *my Lucilius*, along the coaſt of life, and as in the ſea, our *Virgil* ſays,

—Terræq; urbeſq; recedunt, *we ſoon loſe ſight of land*;—

ſo in the rapid flow of time, we firſt loſe ſight of childhood, then of youth, then of middle age, on the confines of both, and then the better years of old age; and at laſt the common end of mankind begins to ſhew itſelf.

And do we think this a terrible rock? we are arrant fools if we do: it is rather a deſirable haven (*a*), than to be dreaded; into which if any one is carried in his younger years, he has no more reaſon to complain, than he that hath made a ſwift voyage; for one veſſel, you know, is made the ſport of gentle winds, and is detained, 'till it is quite tired with the tedioufneſs of an idle calm: another by a ſmart and conſtant gale is carried along impetuouſly to the end of its voyage: the ſame happens to us in life: ſome are violently hurried thither, where even the moſt tardy muſt come at laſt: others are quite macerated and waſted away with length of days, ſo as to make life by no means deſirable; for it is not a good thing merely to live, but to live well and happily (*b*): therefore a wiſe man will take care to live well, and as he ought to live, not concerning himſelf with the length of time: he will conſider where he is to live, with whom, in what manner, and to what purpoſe, regardleſs, I ſay, of *how long*. If many troubles afflict him and deſtroy his peace, *he deſires to be gone* (*c*): and not only in the laſt extremities, but as ſoon as ever Fortune begins to be ſuſpected by him; he will con-

ſult

ſult with himſelf, whether it were not better for him to die: he thinks it of no great moment to him, from what hand he accepts the fatal ſtroke; nor that it can be any detriment to him, whether ſooner or later. He cannot be any great loſer who has but a *drop* to loſe: it is of no great importance to die ſoon, or to die late, but to die well or ill: now to die well, is to eſcape the perils of an evil life: and therefore I think it too effeminately ſpoken by the *Rhodian*, who, when he was caſt into priſon by a tyrant, and there kept encaged like a wild beaſt, ſaid to a perſon that perſuaded him to ſtarve himſelf, Omnia homini dum vivit, ſperanda ſunt, *while there is life there is hope* (*d*). However true this maxim may be, I cannot think life is to be purchaſed at any rate: ſome things, however great, however certain, are not what I ſhould deſire to obtain, at the expence of confeſſing myſelf weak and faint-hearted. Muſt I think that Fortune can do every thing for him who lives, rather than that ſhe hath no power over him who knows how to die? Yet, I muſt own that, in *ſome* caſes, though certain death were inſtant, and a man knew his deſtined puniſhment, he ought not to accelerate it by his own preſumption (*e*). *It is folly to die for fear of death.* Is the executioner coming? wait for him: why do you prevent him? why would you take upon you the adminiſtration of another's cruelty? do you envy him, or ſpare him, the diſagreeable office? *Socrates* might eaſily have ended his life by abſtaining from any nouriſhment, rather than have died by poiſon; yet he lived thirty days in priſon, and in expectation of death: not becauſe he preſumed that every thing would be done that could be done to ſave him; or that he had any hopes in being reſpited; but in dutiful ſubmiſſion to the laws, and to give his friends the enjoyment of his converſation to the laſt. Nothing could be more abſurd than to ſuppoſe that he deſpiſed death, and yet was afraid of poiſon.

On the contrary, *Druſus Libo*, a young man, as ſilly, as he was noble by birth, expecting greater things than any man could expect in that age, or he in any; when he was brought from the ſenate in a litter very ſick (or pretending to be ſo) with no great attendance, (for all his friends and ſervants had uncharitably forſaken him, not now as an

accuſed perſon, but as one condemned, and already dead in law) began to aſk counſel, whether he ſhould wait for death, or haſten it himſelf; *Scribonia* his aunt, (the widow of *Auguſtus*) a woman of great ſedateneſs and gravity, thereupon ſaid to him, *what pleaſure can you have in the enjoyment of a life not your own?* *Druſus* took the hint, and diſpatched himſelf; and I think not without reaſon (*f*). For if he that is to die within three or four days, at the pleaſure of an enemy, chuſes to live out the time, it cannot properly be called *his own*. We cannot however abſolutely declare in all caſes alike, when any external power threatens certain death, whether it is to be anticipated, or waited for: for much may be ſaid on both ſides: for if on one hand death is to be attended with any grievous torture; and on the other it is ſimple and eaſy, why ſhould not this be preferred? As I would chuſe a ſhip to ſail in, or a houſe to live in; ſo would I the moſt tolerable death, when about to die.

Moreover, though life is not the better, the longer it is; yet ſurely death the longer it is, is ſo much the worſe. We ought in nothing to be more obſequious to the mind, than in death: let a man indulge it with whatever death it is pleaſed to chuſe; let him ruſh on, according to the impulſe within, and break his chains (*g*). In the affairs of life, let him ſtudy the approbation of others, but in death let him pleaſe himſelf (*h*). It is ridiculous for a man to trouble himſelf with the following reflexions; ſome one will ſay, *I have been too raſh; I have acted cowardly; ſuch a death would have ſhewed a more generous and noble ſpirit* (*i*). But would you accept of the advice that is in your power to put in execution, and with which fame or cenſure have no concern, (*at leaſt that you will be ſenſible of*); let this be your principal view, to take yourſelf out of the power of Fortune as ſpeedily as you can; otherwiſe there will be thoſe who may diſapprove and condemn the fact (*k*): you will find even among the profeſſors of wiſdom, (*the Peripatetics* or followers of *Ariſtotle's* philoſophy) thoſe who deny, that upon any account a man is at liberty to lay violent hands on himſelf; who judge it a moſt heinous crime; and ſolemnly aſſert, that *it is the duty of every one to wait the time appointed by Nature.* 'He that ſays this, ſeems not

to

to know that he hath barred up, againſt himſelf, the way to liberty: the eternal law hath done nothing better than that it hath given us but one way of entrance into life, but many ways of going out of it (*l*): muſt I wait for either the cruelty of a diſeaſe, or of man, when I have it in my power to eſcape from the greateſt torments, and ſet myſelf free from all adverſity? This is one reaſon why we ſhould not complain of life, it detains no one againſt their will (*m*): human affairs are in ſuch a happy ſituation, that no one need be wretched but by choice. Do you like to be wretched? Live (*n*). Do you like it not? It is in your power to return from whence you came. To eaſe the pain of the head, you ſcruple not to bleed a vein; now there is no need of a much greater wound to reach the heart; you may open to yourſelf a way to liberty by a ſingle bodkin (*o*).

What is it then that makes us cowards and afraid to die? It is becauſe no one reflects that he muſt leave this earthly tenement ſome time or other. Hence fondneſs for the place, cuſtom, and imtimacy, detain us here like ſome old cottagers, in ſpite of injuries. Would you be free in oppoſition to the body? Dwell therein as if always about to depart: ſuppoſe with yourſelf that you muſt one day forego this fellowſhip; and you will with greater courage break it off when neceſſity requires; but how ſhould he ever reflect on his end, who deſires to know no end, and lives as if all things were to laſt for ever?

There is no meditation ſo neceſſary as frequent thoughts on our latter end. The thoughts employ'd upon other ſubjects may prove vain and ſuperfluous. Is our mind prepared againſt the ſtroke of poverty? It happens not; our riches have not yet taken wing. Have we armed ourſelves ſo, as to deſpiſe all pain? The continued happineſs of a ſound and healthful body, never puts us to the trial. Have we prevailed upon ourſelves, patiently to ſuffer any loſs whatever, particularly the loſs of a dear friend or relation? Fortune hath been ſo kind to us, as ſtill to preſerve alive all whom we particularly love and reſpect. But as the day of death will certainly come, in this alone our meditation cannot be vain or uſeleſs.

Nor

Nor muſt you think, *Lucilius*, that great men only have had ſtrength enough to break the bars of human ſervitude; as if no one but a *Cato* would dare to let looſe his ſoul with his hand, when his ſword had failed him, ſeeing that men of the loweſt rank in life have with great courage and impetuoſity ſet themſelves free: and when they could not die commodiouſly, nor chuſe at pleaſure the inſtruments of death, have laid hold on any thing that came to hand, and made weapons of ſuch as ſeemed by no means capable of doing them any hurt. Not long ago a certain *German*, among thoſe who were condemned to fight with wild beaſts, when he was brought out in the morning, pretended a neceſſary call, where they were admitted without a guard; and being there alone, he took a dirty ſpunge belonging to the place, and thruſting it down his throat, put an end to his miſery. "This, you will "ſay, was putting an affront upon death: not to die more cleanly, "and decently." Be it ſo; what can be more fooliſh than to be ſqueamiſh and finical in death? Thou wert a brave man, I ſay, and worthy to have thy choice of death *(p)!* how courageouſly would ſuch a one have uſed a ſword; how freely have leaped into the deep, or thrown himſelf from a precipice! being deſtitute of means, he yet found out wherewithal to diſpatch himſelf: that you may know there is no let or hindrance, to death, but the being unwilling or afraid to die. Let what will be thought of this fellow's violent action; it is certain, the moſt naſty death is preferable to the cleaneſt ſervitude.

As I have begun to make uſe of low examples, I will go on; for it cannot but have the greater influence with every one; who ſees, that this *thing*, *death*, hath been contemned by the moſt contemptible of men. The *Cato's*, the *Scipio's*, and others, whom we are wont to have in great eſteem and admiration, may ſeem indeed to be placed in a ſphere above imitation; but I can ſhew you as many examples of this *virtue*, among the gladiators, as among the chieftains of civil wars. As one of them the other day, was brought out by the guard to the morning *ſport*, (as it is called), he went nodding his head, as if yet aſleep, and at laſt ſtooped it down ſo low from the carriage, that the wheel laid hold of it and broke his neck: and thus he eſcaped puniſh-

ment,

ment, by means of the vehicle that was carrying him to it. Nothing can prevent the man, who is ready and deſirous to depart: nature keeps us in an open place and at large: as far as neceſſity will permit, the moſt eaſy death is certainly the moſt deſirable: he that hath not an opportunity for this may take what method he can, however unheard of; however new: ingenuity in dying is never wanting, but, where courage is wanted: you ſee, how the vileſt ſlaves, when the fear of being ſcourged impells them, are provoked to make their eſcape as they can, from the ſtricteſt guard: he is a great man, who not only deſigns his own death, but can find the means to accompliſh it *(q)*.

But I promiſed you more examples. In the ſecond *Naumachia (given by* Nero), there was a barbarian, who thruſt into his own throat, a launce which he had received to be employed againſt his adverſary; *why* ſays he *have I not long ſince endeavoured to eſcape all manner of torment, and the being made the ſport of the people? Why ſhould I wait for death with a weapon in my hand?* Now this was ſo much the more comely a ſight, as it is the more honourable to die one's ſelf, than to kill another man (*r*). Well then, ſhall they, whom frequent meditation, and reaſon, have inſtructed, and ought to have fortified againſt all caſualties, heſitate to do, what is done by men of the loweſt characters and criminals? Reaſon teaches us that the ways to death are various, but the end the ſame; and that it ſignifies nothing how ſoon it comes ſince it *will* come. The ſame reaſon teaches us, that if you can, it is beſt to die without pain; but, if this cannot be effected, to die as you may. It is injurious and baſe *to live* by ſtealth and rapine; but to lay hold on death, and *ſteal* one's ſelf away is honourable (*s*).

ANNOTATIONS, &c

† *Muretus*, very juſtly condemning ſeveral parts of this Epiſtle, though, in other reſpects, there are many excellent things full worthy the great Author, obſerves, that the former are the dictates of that fooliſh wiſdom of the *Stoics*, whereby they maintained that a man may be ſo circumſtanced as to make *ſuicide* a meritorious act: and *I wiſh*, ſays he, *that* Seneca *had not been infected with this madneſs, or at leaſt had more ſparingly and moderately defended ſo great an error.*

For my own part, I am not afraid that this extraordinary Epiſtle ſhould fall into the hands of ſuch as are of a melancholy caſt, or even deſponding; provided they will be pleaſed to join the following

Annotations

Annotations with it. For, ſtrong as this poiſon of *Stoiciſm* is, (I cannot call it *Seneca's*, as he ſo often contradicts himſelf in this point) I am perſuaded that, with reaſon and a little ſenſe of their own, they will find it attended with a ſufficient antidote; eſpecially if they conſider its being wrote by an Heathen before the Chriſtian æra, or the happy publication of the Goſpel.

(*a*) This metaphor is in frequent uſe. So, *Sen.* (ad Polyb. c. 28.) In hoc tam procelloſo—*mari* navigantibus, nullus *portus* eſt niſi mortis. *To all that ſail in this ſtormy* ſea *(of life), no other* haven *is to be expected than that of death.*

(*b*) So *Plutarch.* Μετρον γαρ τις ἐστι το καλὸν· κ. τ. λ. *The true mean or meaſure of life conſiſts not in length of days but in virtue.* Conſol. ad Apoll. c. 29.) And juſt before; *not he who hath longeſt profeſſed muſick, or rhetoric, or navigation, but he who hath performed beſt in his proper vocation is moſt commendable.*

(*c*) *Emittit ſe*; ſtoicum loquendi genus, ἐξαγειν ἑαυτον, εὐλογος ἐξαγωγή.—but it is to be obſerved that this horrid doctrine of the *Stoics* originates from the fond perſuaſion that *life* and *death* are to be reckoned among the (ἀδιαφορα) *the things that are indifferent.* (Vid. *Lipſ.* Manud. p. 812). and what can be more ridiculous than for a man to *deſtroy* himſelf on the account of any thing that ſeems *indifferent!*

(*d*) And (with *Seneca's* leave) I cannot help thinking he ſpoke like a wiſe and good man. *See* the foregoing Ep. (N. d.) Ep. 24. (N. n.) The *Rhodian's* name was *Teleſphorus*, who when *Lyſimachus* (one of *Alexander's* ſucceſſors) had cut off his ears and noſe, was encaged by him as a curious new animal. *Sen.* (de irâ iii. 17.) And indeed this, *if any thing could*, would have juſtified him in following *Seneca's advice.*

(*e*) I think, and ſo ought every Chriſtian to think, that this opinion is entirely right, not only in *ſome* caſes, but in *all:* and for the very ſame reaſons that are *here* mentioned by *Seneca*; *it is abſurd to die for fear of death*, &c. So in Ep. 24. (ſee N. t.) *It is folly or rather madneſs to ruſh on death for fear of dying.* As I remember, when I was a boy at *Eton*, a ſilly old almſwoman (Mrs. *Pain*) having been cut down alive, gave this reaſon for hanging herſelf, *that ſhe was afraid of dying:* whom I think I may as well take notice of, as *Seneca* of the two poltroons mentioned in this Epiſtle, the *German* and the *Barbarian*; or even the blockhead *Druſus Libo*, notwithſtanding his good aunt *Scribonia* pointed out the way to him. *Tacitus*, Ann. l. ii.

Concerning this ridiculous timidity, *Lucretius* (iii. 80)

Ut ſæpe uſque adeo, mortis formidine, vitæ
Percipit humanos odium, luciſque videndæ,
Ut ſibi conciſcant mærenti pectore letum;
Obliti fontem curarum hunc eſſe timorem.
This dread oft ſtrikes ſo deep, that life they hate;
And their own hands prevent the ſtroke of fate:
Yet ſtill are ignorant, that this vain fear
Breeds all their trouble, jealouſy and care. Creech.

Many, ſays Arceſilaus, *through weakneſs and the calumny beſtowed on death*, die, for fear of dying. Πολλοι διὰ ἀδυναμιαν, καὶ τὴν προς τον θανατον διαβολὴν, ἀποθνησκουσιν, μὴ ἀποθανουσι. Plut. (Conſol. ad Apollonium.

—— multos ad ſumma pericula miſit
Venturi timor ipſe mali; fortiſſimus ille eſt
Qui promptus metuenda pati.——*Lucan* vii. 103.
In war, in dangers, oft it has been known,
That fear has driv'n the headlong coward on;
Give me the man, whoſe cooler ſoul can wait
With patience for the proper hour of fate. Rowe.

This, as indeed every other extreme, is well ſet off by *Randolph* in his *Muſes Looking-glaſs*.

Colax. ——— Fear you not ſudden death?

Aphobus. Not I, no more than ſudden ſleep. Sir, I dare die.

Deilus. I dare not. Death to me is terrible.

I will not die.

Aphobus. How can you, ſir, prevent it?

Deilus. Why I will kill myſelf.

Colax. A valiant courſe!

And the right way to prevent death indeed!

Your ſpirit is true *Roman*.——

(*f*) Whatever a Stoic may think, I can ſee no greater *reaſon* for it than in the caſe of *Socrates* beforementioned; whoſe *decent exit*, after a reſpite of 30 days (on account of the *Delian* Feſtival) is approved of by *Seneca* himſelf: as alſo his ſubmiſſion to the law.

(*g*) Here the *Stoic* forgets what *Seneca* has many times ſaid in praiſe of *Patience, Fortitude, Conſtancy*, &c. *and that pain muſt be tolerable or ſoon over*, and the like; (ſee N. k.) But the Chriſtian muſt go further, and reſt ſatisfied, from the ſure word of God, that the ſeverer his pain, the greater trial is made of his virtue, and the more glorious will be his reward. (See N. n)

(*b*) There can be no doubt that the eaſieſt death is the moſt eligible (as *Seneca* ſays afterwards); and it may ſo happen that a man under ſentence of death may have his choice; as when Sir *Jeffery Elwes* for the murder of Sir *Edmundbury Godfrey*, deſired to be hanged in a *ſilken halter*; but this is ſtill in ſubmiſſion to the law: he is not at liberty to diſpatch himſelf, at what time or in what manner he pleaſes; for the power of man, however free he is, is limited in this reſpect both by the laws of God and nature. (See N. m.)

(*i*) To me it ſeems *a want of ſpirit*
To ſhrink from life for fear of future ill;
'Tis to diſtruſt the juſtice of the Gods,
Or elſe their power; and in my opinion,
Not courage, but a bold diſguiſe for fear. *D. of Buck.* M. Brutus.

(*k*) Yes; not only *Ariſtotle* and the *Peripatetics*, but, among many great names of antiquity, I might mention *Homer, Euripides, Epictetus, Plato, Varro, Cicero, Curtius, Apuleius*, and others; of whom, perhaps, in a future Note; at preſent I ſhall be contented with adding to this good company *Seneca* himſelf; who, in Ep. 14, is pleaſed to ſay, *When even reaſon perſuades us, it would be happier for us to die, we muſt not be raſh, and haſten the fatal deſign.* Ep. 26. The paſſage *is ſtill free and open, but there is a ſtrong chain that binds* us down; *the love of life; that is not to be flung off entirely at once*;—Ep. 30. *I eſteem them more who welcome death, not out of any hatred or indignation to life, but who rather receive him as a viſitor, than force him to them.* Add to what is ſaid even in this Epiſtle, *'Tis folly to die for fear of death*, &c. See Epp. 24, 76, 104, and particularly 107.

(*l*) So in *Sen.* Thebaid.

Ubique mors eſt: optime hoc cavit Deus;
Eripere vitam nemo non homini poteſt,
At nemo mortem.——
Death reigns throughout; ſuch is the will of heav'n:
Life's tenure they, who pleaſe, may take away;
But Death none can prevent.——

(*m*) This is all mere declamation; for if life be ſuch that in its nature it cannot *detain any one againſt their will*; yet the laws of God and man *do*; nay, life itſelf *does*; as *ſelf preſervation* is one of the firſt principles.

(*n*) *Do you love to be wretched?* No ſurely. But a man that puts any truſt in the providence of God, will ſtill chuſe *to live*; and wait his good time for the removal of all difficulties, which, when he pleaſes, he can effect in this life, or reward in the next. (See N. g.)

(*o*) I cannot help tranſcribing thoſe fine lines of *Shakeſpear*, which cannot be inculcated too often, as an antidote againſt all that *Seneca* has advanced, or any one can advance, on the ſaid topic:

But in that ſleep of death, what dreams may come,
When we have ſhuffled off this mortal coil,
Muſt give a pauſe.—There's the reſpect
That makes calamity of ſo long life:
For who would bear the whips and ſcorns of time,—
When he himſelf might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin?——
But that the dread of ſomething after death,
The undiſcover'd country, from whoſe bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles his will,
And makes us rather bear thoſe ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of? *Hamlet.*

(*p*) I queſtion, *Seneca*, whether any one elſe will ſay ſo, or whether this man would have done any of the great feats you mention, who was afraid to undergo his deſtin'd lot, and ſhew his courage in a brave defence of life.

The late Mr. *Donaldſon*, on reading this Epiſtle, ſent me the following remark; ſo take it as it is. "It is difficult to inveſtigate the operations of the human mind; as the machine which infolds it are ſo various, and oppoſitely conſtructed. It is generally governed by ſituations. Death occupies the mind with all its terrors in ſickneſs; in danger, it ſeems to be the *mode* of dying, and not the *fear* of death, that agonizes the mind; I will give you two inſtances to illuſtrate my poſition. In the late war, a general officer (P--rr--y) was ordered upon ſervice to *America*; as he approached the ſcene of action, he became melancholy, and the morning after he ſaw the land, Admiral *Holmes* found him in his cott, with a ſword through his body.—At the ſiege of *Martiniqne*, 1759, a Captain in the army *ſtole* into the arms of death, through a port-hole of the tranſport in which he took his paſſage, in the harbour of *Port-Royal*, the inſtant he was going upon dangerous ſervice; where he might have made himſelf as ſure of death, and in a manner *more honourable*, as it would have been more in the way of his profeſſion. It was pride in *Cato*; it was patriotiſm in *Curtius*."

(*q*) Surely *Seneca* was never more miſtaken in his character of a *great man*, if he thinks it an accompliſhment, for one wicked enough to deſign his own death, to find out the means for it.

(*r*) Stoiciſm hath iuduced *Seneca* here to advance a doctrine, than which nothing can be more abſurd and ridiculous, eſpecially among the ſoldiery.

(*s*) Rather the contrary; eſpecially in one concerned in arms; and in a Chriſtian, extremely wicked: who ought to reſt aſſured, if he believes there is a God, that he has not made any man a judge in his own caſe to determine for himſelf concerning his own life and uſefulneſs, in oppoſition to the general ſenſe both of Nature and Scripture, and the conſtant judgment of divine as well as human laws. *See* above, (N. k, m, p.)

EPISTLE LXXI.

All Virtues equal.

YOU frequently conſult me, *Lucilius*, on particular ſubjects; forgetful that we are ſeparated from each other by a vaſt ſea: and ſince it muſt be long before my advice can reach you; it may ſo happen, that, my opinion concerning ſome things may be received at a time, when the contrary would be preferable. For, advice and counſel muſt be adapted to circumſtances, but circumſtances are for ever fluctuating and rolling off: therefore advice ſhould be given *the ſame day*: and even this may ſometimes be too late: it muſt be given, as they ſay, *on the nail.* I will ſhew you then how it may at once be given and receiv'd.

As often as you would know, whether ſuch a thing is to be avoided or purſued; have regard to the *Summum bonum*, or chief purpoſe of life: for whatever we do muſt be conſonant with *that*. He will not act orderly in particular things, who hath not before him the ſummary intention of his whole life. No one, though he hath his implements ready by him, can paint a picture, without having firſt made a deſign of what he intends to draw. We are often therefore guilty of error, becauſe we generally deliberate on the parts of life, without taking in, and reflecting upon the whole. The man, who lets fly an arrow to any purpoſe, muſt firſt know the mark he aims at, and accordingly direct and guide it with a ſkilful hand (*a*). To one, ignorant of what port he is ſteering to, all winds are the ſame; he cannot call any one his own (*or as what is for him*). Chance muſt neceſſarily have great power over our lives, becauſe we live, as it were, by chance. Some men are not even conſcious of their own knowledge: as we often enquire after thoſe in whoſe preſence we are ſtanding; ſo for the moſt part, we are ignorant of the *ſummum bonum*, that is ever placed before us: nor need there many words, or a long circumlocution, to decypher what this *ſovereign good* is: it is to be pointed at, if I may ſo ſay, with the finger.

There is no need of diviſions and ſubdiviſions here; it conſiſts not of variety; you may ſay, in general, whatever is *right and fit*, is the *ſummum bonum:* and what you may ſtill more admire, *this is the only good* (*b*): all other *good* is falſe and ſpurious. If you can be perſuaded of this and are *fond* of virtue (for it is not enough barely to *love* it) whatſoever ſhe is pleaſed to appoint, ſeem it as it will to others, will certainly prove happy and proſperous to *you* (*c*): even were you to be tortured; provided you ſhew yourſelf ſuperior to, and even leſs concern'd than the torturer himſelf; or to be grievouſly ſick; provided you curſe not fortune, nor tamely ſurrender yourſelf to your diſeaſe. In ſhort, all diſaſters, which to other men ſeem evils, will be attenuated, and turn to good; if your virtue riſeth eminently above them: only be aſſured that nothing is *good*, but what is virtuous; and all the inconveniencies attending it, will, in their own right, claim the title of *good*, when virtue hath adorned, and given them a grace.

Many may think that we promiſe greater things than human nature is capable of accepting, and not without reaſon: they reſpect only the body; let them return to the conſideration of the ſoul, and they will take the meaſure of man from *God*. Exalt thyſelf, O *Lucilius*, beſt of men, and quit the trifling ſchools of ſuch philoſophers, as are weighing the moſt noble things in the world by ſyllables, and by their minute inſtructions rather degrade and impair the noble faculties of the mind. I had rather you ſhould imitate thoſe philoſophers, who firſt invented theſe ſtudies (*d*), than thoſe who teach them; and who make it their buſineſs to render philoſophy rather difficult, than great: you will follow the former, if I have any authority with you. *Socrates*, who reduced all philoſophy to the conduct of ſound morality, affirmed that the principal part of wiſdom was, to diſtinguiſh *good and evil: would you be happy*, ſays he, *be not concern'd to be thought by ſome a fool:* if any one ſhould reproach you contumelioufly let him do it, you can ſuffer nothing, ſo long as you adhere to virtue (*e*). Would you be happy, being ſtrictly a good man, with an honeſt heart, you need not be concerned that any one deſpiſeth you. But this happineſs no one can obtain, except the man who thinks all *good equal* (*f*). Becauſe there is no *good*, but virtue; and virtue is alike in all.

What

What then, is there no difference between Cato's being elected Prætor and his meeting with a repulſe (*g*)*? Does it make no difference, whether* Cato *is a conqueror in the battle of* Pharſalia, *or is conquered? Would this* good, *in being unconquerable himſelf, though his party was beat, have been equal to that, which he would have obtained, had he returned victorious to his country, and given the nations peace?* Why not? It is ſtill the ſame virtue, by which bad fortune is overcome, and good aright directed. Virtue cannot be greater or leſs: ſhe is of one and the ſame ſtature. But ſuch is the inſtability of human affairs;—*Pompey* ſhall loſe an army; and that moſt glorious cauſe ſhall fail;—men of the firſt quality, and the flower of *Pompey's* party, the whole ſenate bearing arms, ſhall all be routed in one battle;—the ruin of ſo great an empire ſhall affect the whole world; it ſhall be felt in *Egypt*, in *Africa*, and in *Spain*;—nor ſhall this wretched Republic have the bleſſing to fall at once;—though all things be done, the knowledge of places ſhall be of no ſervice to *Juba*, even in his own dominions; nor the moſt ſtubborn valour of his affectionate ſubjects ſave him;—the fidelity alſo of the men of *Utica* (*the friends of* Cato) now broken with calamity, ſhall no longer ſupport them;—and the good fortune of *Scipio's* name ſhall abandon him in *Africa* (*h*):—what though a decree was made, that *Cato ſhould receive no detriment*, yet *Cato* is conquered; and you may reckon this among his diſappointments: the loſs however of victory he bore with as great magnanimity as the loſs of the prætorſhip; the day he was rejected he diverted himſelf at tennis, and the night he was about to die, he amuſed himſelf with reading; it was the ſame to him to loſe his life and the prætorſhip; he knew it was his duty (as a philoſopher) to ſuffer patiently whatever might happen; and why indeed ſhould he not ſuffer with a great and equal mind, this ſudden change of the ſtate? What is there that is excepted from the danger of a change? Not the earth, not the heavens, not the whole form and contexture of the univerſe, though God be the director and diſpoſer thereof: the preſent order of things ſhall not always continue (*i*): a day will come, that ſhall throw them out of their courſe; all things have their time: they ſpring up, they flouriſh, and are gone: the glorious orbs we ſee above us, and all things we are converſant with here below, and on which we ſtand as on a ſolid

baſe,

baſe, ſhall wear away and come to an end: there is nothing but what hath its age and declination: though Nature exhibits all theſe things at different times, and gives them unequal exiſtence; whatever is, ſhall not be; and though it periſh not, ſhall be diſſolved into its firſt principles (*k*): to us diſſolution is to die.—But the misfortune is, we extend not our view beyond what we ſee before us; the mind, dull and addicted to the care of the body, ſtretches not its ſight to things remote and at a diſtance; otherwiſe it would ſuffer this our diſſolution, and all things belonging thereunto, with more conſtancy and courage; if it did but conſider that all things undergo the viciſſitude of life and death; that being diſſolved, they are renewed; and renewed to be again diſſolved; and that in this work is employed the agency of God, who governs all things.

Cato therefore when he reflects on the life of man, and the ſtate of things, will ſay, "All mankind, whoever are, or ſhall be, are con-
"demned to die (*l*). All thoſe flouriſhing cities that have the world
"at command, and all the greatneſs and ſplendour of foreign empires,
"in whatever part of the globe, ſhall one day be no more, and fall into
"various kinds of ruin (*m*). War proves the deſtruction of ſome; of
"others idleneſs and ſloth; peace turned into liſtleſſneſs and inaction
"conſumes others; and luxury is deſtructive of the greateſt opulency: a
"ſudden inundation of the ſea ſhall cover all theſe fruitful plains (*n*),
"or an earthquake ſwallow them up in its hideous cavity. Why then
"ſhould I complain, or be grieved, that I precede the general fate of
"things but a few moments?"

Thus let the conſtant mind ſubmit to providence, and ſuffer, without a murmur, whatever the univerſal law of Nature commands. The ſoul is either ſet free to enjoy a better life, to remain more bright, and tranquil for ever in heaven; or, at leaſt, without any further inconvenience or annoy, will according to its nature, be blended and coincide with the *whole* of things. The noble life of *Cato* therefore is not a greater *good* than his noble death: becauſe virtue admits not of extenſion or increaſe. *Socrates* was uſed to ſay, that truth and virtue were the ſame thing; as that increaſeth not (in the abſtract idea of it) ſo neither

neither doth virtue: it is ever complete and full. There is no reaſon therefore you ſhould wonder at my ſaying, *All good is equal*; both that which ariſeth from deſign, and that which a ſudden exigency requireth. For, if you allow ſuch an inequality, as to reckon the enduring torture with magnanimity, a *leſs good*, you will alſo account it an *evil*, and call *Socrates* an unhappy wretch while in priſon; and *Cato* no leſs miſerable, when he tore open his wounds with more ſpirit than he gave them; and *Regulus* the moſt unfortunate of men, in ſuffering the ſevereſt puniſhment for keeping his word with an enemy: but no one, even of the moſt effeminate, have dared to ſay this: they deny him indeed to be happy, yet at the ſame time deny him to be miſerable. The antient *Academics* confeſs him to be happy even amidſt his torture, but ſuch happineſs not to be complete and perfect; which can by no means be admitted: for if a man is happy, he hath reached the *ſummum bonum*, the chief, or ſovereign *good*; and what is chief and ſovereign admits of no degree above it, provided it ſtill adheres to virtue, which no adverſity can leſſen or deſtroy; and remains ſound, however the body be impaired and bruiſed in pieces; and it certainly does ſo remain: for, by virtue, I mean that generous and noble ſpirit, which is incited in the mind, againſt every moleſtation that can annoy it: and this ſpirit or courage will true wiſdom give or infuſe into the minds of ſuch young men as are of a generous diſpoſition, and are ſo ſmitten with the beauty of an honourable action, as to make them deſpiſe all caſualties, in the ſteady performance of it: it will perſuade them, that the one only good conſiſts in virtue. And that this can neither be lower'd or heighten'd any more, than a ruler, by the direction of which is drawn a ſtraight line; and which if you vary, the leaſt bend or change will deſtroy the intention. The ſame we ſay of virtue: it is ever right and ſtraight; admits of no flexure; is ſtubborn, and cannot be bent, or raiſed: it is a ſquare, by which all other things are meaſured; itſelf its own meaſure. And if virtue itſelf cannot be more right or ſtraight: neither can any thing effected thereby; for every thing muſt neceſſarily correſpond and anſwer to this; and therefore they are *all equal*.

What then, you ſay, *is it equal to lie upon the rack, and to feaſt at a banquet?* And does this ſeem ſtrange to you? Hear then ſomething more

more ſtrange: I affirm, that to feaſt at a banquet is a bad thing, and to be tortured on the rack a good thing; if the former be carried on luxurioufly and ſcandalouſly; and this endured fitly and honourably. It is not the ſubject matter but virtue that makes the difference: wherever this is apparent, all things are of equal meaſure and worth. This doctrine perhaps may offend the man who judgeth of another's underſtanding by his own: and methinks, I ſee him ready to fly in my face, for ſaying, that the *good* is *equal* in him, who manfully bears adverſity, and him, who carries himſelf virtuouſly in proſperity; or in him, who triumphs, and the unhappy prince, who is carried, in chains, before the triumphant car, with a ſtill unconquer'd mind. They think it impoſſible for a man to do, what they cannot do themſelves, and according to their own poor abilities, bear ſentence concerning virtue. Why do you wonder at my ſaying, that ſome rejoice in being burned, wounded, bound in chains and ſlain? Nay, that ſometimes they have made it their choice (*o*)*?* Frugality is a heavy puniſhment to the luxurious; as labour is to the idle; the nice and delicate pity the induſtrious; and to the indolent, ſtudy is torture: in like manner, we think thoſe things hard and intolerable, which we are too weak and infirm to bear; forgetting that it is even a torment to many, to be debarr'd their bottle, or to be diſturb'd at break of day. It is certain theſe things are not hard and ſevere in the nature of the things themſelves, but we are recreant and wavering. Great things are only to be judged of by great minds; otherwiſe the fault will ſeem to lie in the things, which is really our own; thus the ſtraighteſt ſtick, if you ſink part of it under water will appear crooked and broken. It matters not what you ſee, but how, or through what medium you ſee it. Our mind is dim in the inveſtigation of truth: give me a youth, uncorrupt, of good parts, and ſound judgment; and I make no doubt but that he will own, he thinks him an happier man, who bears up, with a ſtubborn neck, the heavieſt burden of adverſity, than the man whom a proſperous fortune hath ſatiated with all that he can deſire.

There is nothing extraordinary in a man's being firm and unſhaken in the calm of proſperity: but he is worthy our admiration, who is exalted,

where others are depreſſed; and there ſtands his ground, where others crouch and lie down. What evil is there in torment, or in other accidents which we call afflictions? In my opinion, no more than this; to deſpond, to be bowed down, to be vanquiſhed; none of which can fall to the ſhare of the wiſe man: he ſtands erect under any weight whatever; nothing can make him leſs; nothing, let what will happen, diſpleaſe him: whatever affliction can befall mankind, he complains not of its being his lot: he knows his own ſtrength; he knows that he is ſubject to misfortune, and muſt bear it: not that I ſuppoſe him to be as inſenſible of pain as a rock (*p*); no; I conſider him as ſtill having his feeling; but as compoſed of two parts, the one irrational; and this indeed is wrung with grief and pain; the other rational, which in its reſolutions remains unſhaken, intrepid, invincible. In this part then is placed the *chief good* of man; which, before it is accompliſhed, is but an uncertain wavering of the mind, but when it is perfected, becomes an immovable ſteadineſs of temper. Therefore a man, when he begins this ſtudy of perfection (*q*), and ſeriouſly to follow virtue, though he draws near the *chief good*, yet not having put the laſt hand to it, is apt to ſtop, and forego ſomething of the intention of the mind; for he has not yet paſſed the bounds of uncertainty, but walketh ſtill in ſlippery places: whereas the man, whoſe wiſdom is compleat, is never better pleaſed with himſelf than when he can give ſome generous proof of his virtue: and ſuch things as others dread, provided they are conſequences of ſome juſt and honeſt duty, he not only bears, but embraces them with joy; and had rather be called ſo much *the better man*, than ſo much *the happier*.

I come now to what I know your expectation longeth for: that our virtue may not ſeem extravagant, and beyond the nature of things, I own the wiſe man will tremble, grieve and look pale; for theſe are the ſenſations of the body. From whence then ariſeth miſery? what is truly evil? It is this: when ſuch things diſtract the mind; when they reduce it to acknowledge ſervitude, and cauſe murmur and regret. A wiſe man indeed overcomes fortune by virtue; but many who profeſs wiſdom are ſometimes terrified by her ſlighteſt threats: in this reſpect

it is our own fault if we require from the proficient the ſame as from the wiſe man. I am ſatisfied that what I recommend is praiſe-worthy, but I ſtill want reſolution: and was I fully reſolved to put ſuch things in practice, I ſhould ſcarce find them in ſuch order, and ſo well exerciſed as to be ſerviceable upon all occaſions.—As wool will ſometime take a certain die at once, but will not imbibe other till after being dipped and ſoaked ſeveral times; ſo, though a fit diſpoſition may receive certain doctrines at once; yet even this unleſs it deſcends and remains fixed a long while does not tinge, but only ſtains, the mind. There is need then but of little time, and few words to ſhew, that the only good is virtue; at leaſt that there is no *good* without virtue; and that virtue hath its reſidence in the better part of us, I mean the *rational*.

But after all what is virtue? A judgment true and firm; from whence comes that promptitude of mind, that will ſtrip things of their vain appearances, and will ſhew them in their proper light: and to this judgment it will be conſonant and agreeable, to think all things, that come under the hands, or are the effects of virtue, are *good*; and that all *good is equal*. *Good* belonging to the body is ſo far good, as it belongs to the body: but not upon the whole: it may have ſome value, but at the ſame time it will want *dignity:* for even among theſe bleſſings ſome will be greater, ſome leſs: as even among the followers of wiſdom, we muſt neceſſarily own, there is often a wide difference: ſome have advanced ſo far, as to dare to look up to fortune, but not with a ſteady eye; dazzled with too great ſplendour, they own themſelves vanquiſhed: others proceed ſo far, as to be able to engage her face to face, and having attained to perfection, are ſo full of confidence, as never to be caſt down. Things not carried on to perfection are never ſure; they fruſtrate themſelves, and often fall to decay and ruin. This muſt certainly be the conſequence where perſeverance is withheld. If the mind lets go her intention and purſues not her ſtudies faithfully, ſhe has done nothing; nor can what is loſt be eaſily recover'd. We muſt therefore puſh on, and ſtrenuouſly perſevere: more remains behind than we yet have encountered: the being willing however to proceed is great part of the way: for my part, I am very ſenſible of this; and therefore am

willing, yes, I am willing with all my ſtrength and mind: and tis my happineſs, *Lucilius*, to ſee you alſo, ready, and eager with all your might, ſo to adapt your actions, to the fitneſs of things, as ſoon to reach the deſired goal. Let us then haſten; and life will be a bleſſing; otherwiſe it will only be lingering here, among thoſe who are doing nothing, or nothing to the purpoſe of being: and be this our care; that our time may be our own; it cannot be our own, unleſs we are maſters of ourſelves. O, when ſhall we be ſo happy, as to deſpiſe fortune, good or bad! when ſhall we be ſo happy, as having ſubdued all vile affections, and got the maſtery over our paſſions, we may joyfully cry out, *I have conquer'd.* Do you aſk, whom or what it is we have conquer'd? Not the *Perſians*, nor the far diſtant *Medes*; nor any warlike people beyond the *Dahæ:* but avarice, ambition, and, above all, the fear of death; which hath conquered the conquerors of nations.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(a) Ariſtotle, (Ethic. i.) Ἀρ' οὖν καὶ πρὸς τὸν βίον ἡ γνῶσις τοῦ τέλους μεγάλην ἔχει ῥοπὴν κ. τ. λ. *The knowledge of the end is of great conſequence in the conduct of life; as archers having fixed their aim, are more likely to obtain their purpoſe.* Cic. (de fin.) Quid eſt in vita tantopere quærendum quàm quis ſit finis, quod extremum, quod ultimum, quo ſint omnia bene vivendi, rectèque faciendi conſilia referenda! *What is there in life ſo requiſite to be enquired after, as what is the end, the laſt, and chief thing, to which all the counſels of good life and juſt actions are to be referred?*

(b) This is a principal dogma of the Stoics, to which all the reſt are to be referred. See Ep, 74. *Lipſ.* Manud. ii. 20.

Virtus omnia in ſe habet, omnia adſunt bona
Quem penes eſt virtus. *Plaut.* Amphit. ii. 2.
In virtue all things are contain'd; where'e'
Dwells Virtue, *there dwells* every good.

In all ſtations of life, virtue hath or ought to have the principal command. Quæ homines arant, navigant, ædificant virtuti omnia parent. *Salluſt*—The arts *of agriculture, building, navigation, are all owing to the virtues of induſtry.*

Scriptura, inquit Ambroſius, nihil bonum niſi quod honeſtum aſſerit; virtutemque in omni rerum ſtatu beatam judicat, quæ neque corporis bonis, vel externis, augeatur, neque minuatur adverſis. The *Scripture*, ſays Ambroſe, *admits of no* good, *but what is* right and fit; *and that* virtue *renders life* happy, *in every condition; not heightened by any external good, nor lowered by adverſity.*——— Deut. xxx. 19. *I call heaven and earth to witneſs againſt you,* ſays *Moſes* to the *Hebrews, that I have ſet before you life and death, bleſſing and curſing; therefore chuſe life,* by your love and fear of God.— Pſ. cxix. 1. Bleſſed *are they that are undefiled in the way, and walk in the law of the Lord.* And *Solomon*, Wiſd. vii. 7. *I called upon God, and the Spirit of* Wiſdom *came upon me.*—All good things *together came to me with her, innumerable riches and honour.*

(c) Rom.

(*c*) Rom. viii. 28. See Epp. 31. 66. (N. k.) 118.

(*d*) As *Socrates*, *Zeno*, and other philoſophers, in the conduct of life.

(*e*) *Bleſſed are ye when men ſhall revile you, and perſecute you, and ſpeak all manner of evil againſt you* falſely *for my ſake: rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven.* Matth. v. 2. *If ye be reproached for the name of* Chriſt, *happy are ye, for the Spirit of Glory and of God reſteth upon you.* i Pet. iv. 14. And accordingly ſaith St. *Paul, Being reviled, we bleſs; being perſecuted, we ſuffer it; being defamed, we ſtill intreat.* i Cor. iv. 11.

(*f*) See this profeſſedly and fully treated of, Ep. 66.

(*g*) *Cato* was rejected by the underhand management of *Pompey* and *Craſſus*; when *Vatinius* was elected prætor in his ſtead. (*See* his Life in *Plutarch.*)—" *Cato* loſt the election of prætor and that of conſul, but is any one blind enough to truth to imagine that theſe repulſes reflected any diſgrace upon him? The dignity of thoſe two magiſtracies would have been encreaſed by his wearing them. They ſuffered, not *Cato*. Bolingbroke *on exile*.——However, when choſen prætor, the ſuffering his authority to create in him the contempt and diſlike of eſtabliſhed cuſtoms, ſo as to appear in public barefooted, and without his robe, and to ſit in that condition to hear cauſes in open court, cauſed him to be juſtly reproached with having undervalued and diſgraced the dignity of his office by theſe indecencies. It is ſaid in the following, Omnia quæ acciderent ferenda eſſe perſuaſerat ſibi. But if he knew *patience* was the duty of a philoſopher, did he put it in practice when moſt required? ſurely not. If I ſhould ſay, that he ought, in love to his country, to have reſerved himſelf for a better opportunity of ſerving it;—that it is probable from the events which followed, that he might afterwards have been an inſtrument of good to it;—that he raſhly, and in a paſſion, judged of what he could not well judge of; that it was a ſullen pride of heart not to deign to live, becauſe in one trial his cauſe had not been ſucceſsful;—and that a true greatneſs of ſoul had been more ſeen in accepting his life, (if that had been neceſſary) at the hands of a man, in whoſe power *Omnipotent Providence*, or *Fate*, (which he believed irreſiſtible) had put it. All this would be hard to refute upon the principles of any philoſophy." See *Watts*, on the unlawfulneſs of ſelf-murther.

(*h*) *Cæſar* in a great battle fought near *Thapſus*, took the camps both of *Scipio* and *Juba*, who fled only with a few of their men, and the reſt were cut in pieces, *Plut.* ib.

(*i*) *Lipſius* thinks this to be referred to the Stoic ἐκπύρωσιν, *conflagration* of the world. *Conſol.* ad Polyb. cxxi. *Lipſ.* (Phyſiol. ii. 22.)

(*k*) The cloud-capt tow'rs, the gorgeous palaces,
The ſolemn temples, the great globe itſelf,
Yea, all which it inherit, ſhall diſſolve.—*Shakeſp.* Tempeſt.

(*l*) *As by one man ſin entered into the world, and death by ſin; ſo death paſſed upon all men, for that all have ſinned.* Rom. v. 12.——*It is appointed for all men once to die.* Heb. ix. 27.

(*m*) *Behold the day of the Lord cometh, when the ſtars ſhall fall from heaven, and the conſtellations ſhall not give their light, the ſun ſhall be darkened in his going forth, and the moon ſhall not cauſe her light to ſhine,* &c. Iſ. xiii. 10. Ezek. xxxii. 7. Joel. ii. 31. Matth. xxiv. 29.

(*n*) This is likewiſe a ſtoical tenet—. So *Cic.* (ſomn. Scip.) Propter eluviones exuſtioneſque terrarum quas accidere tempore certo neceſſe eſt, non modo non æternam, ſed ne diutinam quidem gloriam aſſequi poſſumus. *When we conſider the inundations and conflagrations that muſt neceſſarily happen in the courſe of things, we muſt be ſenſible that all the glory we can attain to, far from being eternal, cannot be laſting.* See *Lipſ.* Phyſiol. ii. 21.

(*o*) *Others were tortured not accepting deliverance, that they may obtain a better reſurrection,* &c. Heb. xi. 35. *Not only ſo, but we glory alſo in tribulations, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, patience experience, and experience hope.* Rom. v. 3.—*But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing.* Jam. i. 4.

(*p*) See Epp. 85. 116. *Lipſ.* Manud. iii. 7.

(*q*) Sc. The *Proficient*. *Lipſ.* Manud. ii. 9. See Epp. 72, 75.

EPISTLE LXXII.

On the Study of Philoſophy.

THE ſolution of the queſtion you propoſed to me, *Lucilius*, I ſhould have ſent to you, if my memory had not failed me; but it is grown very deficient of late, for want of exerciſe. It is with me, as with books, that, having been laid by in ſome damp place, grow mouldy, and the leaves ſtick together: the mind muſt be often unfolded: and whatever is depoſited therein, muſt be frequently canvaſſed; in order to have it ready for uſe, when called for. We muſt therefore defer this your requeſt for the preſent; as what would demand more labour and application, than I can now ſpare: as ſoon as I can get more leiſure, and can make a longer ſtay in the ſame place, I promiſe you I will take it in hand. For there are ſome things, which a man may write in his chariot; but there are ſome that require muſing, leiſure, and privacy (*a*). Nevertheleſs ſomething may be done, though the whole day be taken up with buſineſs; for when will it be otherwiſe? As one new buſineſs generally creates another; we ſow it, as it were, and from one ſpring many; till at length we recover ourſelves; ſo that when I have finiſhed the work in hand, I will give up my whole attention to your requeſt; and, having got over this troubleſome taſk ſit down to my ſtudies.

But know, *Lucilius*, that philoſophy admits of no delays: it is not to be deferred to leiſure hours; every thing elſe is to be poſtponed that we may apply ourſelves cloſely to this: no time can be ſufficient for it. Though extended from youth, to the longeſt term of human life, with regard to philoſophy there is very little difference between omiſſion and intermiſſion; for where it is interrupted, it abideth not; but as ſome things by being overſtretched are broken; philoſophy being diſcontinued returns to its firſt principles. We muſt reſiſt all other engagements,

ments, not to be put off for a time only, but quite ſet aſide. There is no time leſs fit than another for ſuch ſalutary ſtudies: but many ſtudy not for ſuch ends as they ought principally to ſtudy.

Should any obſtacle interfere, it concerns not the wiſe man, whoſe mind in every buſineſs is intent, yet ever chearful: ſuch as are imperfect find continual interruptions in their mirth; but the joy of the wiſe man is firm and laſting (*b*): it has no connexion with chance or accidents; it is always calm and eaſy: for it depends not upon any thing foreign; nor waits the applauſe of men, or the ſmiles of fortune: its felicity is truly domeſtic and within: it might depart out of the mind, if it had entered in: but it was born there: it is ſometimes indeed reminded of mortality by an external accident, but what is generally ſlight and only grazeth the top-ſkin: it may be ſomewhat blaſted by a ſmall annoyance, but the *chief good* is ſtill permanent and fixed: ſome inconvenience, I own, may attend it from without, as in a body otherwiſe hale and ſtrong, ſome puſtules or ſmall eruptions will break out, that ſtrike not deep enough to do any harm within. This then I ſay, is the difference between a man of conſummate wiſdom, and one in his way thereto (*c*); the ſame as between a man in ſound health, and one that is upon the recovery from ſome grievous and chronic diſorder; when inſtead of health he enjoys only a ſhorter or leſs painful fit. Such a one without conſtant care and application, is now and then afflicted and in danger of a relapſe: whereas the wiſeman neither fears the return of any former diſorder, nor the attack of a new one: to the body a good ſtate of health is but precarious; which though the phyſician hath reſtored, he cannot inſure: and is often recalled to the ſame patient: but the mind when healed, is healed once for all.

And I will tell you, *Lucilius*, how you ſhall know, when a man is thoroughly well;—if he is content and ſatisfied in himſelf, if he reſts well-aſſured, and knows that all the deſires of mortals, all the bleſſings that are given or pray'd for, are of no great moment with regard to an happy life. For that to which any acceſſion can be made, is as yet imperfect; that which can loſe any thing, cannot be perpetual: he whoſe

joy

joy is like to be perpetual, for ever triumphs in his own: whereas the things that the vulgar are gaping after, are ever upon the ebb and flow: fortune gives not the conveyance of any thing in perpetuity; yet even theſe caſual things can give delight, when reaſon hath well temper'd and blended them together: this is what alſo recommends external things, when they are not too greedily coveted, and if gained, uſed with diſcretion. *Attalus* was wont to uſe this ſimile: "you have ſometimes "ſeen a dog, catching with open mouth a bit of bread or fleſh toſſed "him by his maſter, whatever he gets, he ſtrait devours, and ſtill "gapes in expectation of more: ſo it is with us; whatever fortune is "pleaſed to throw to us, we ſwallow it down, without any taſte or "pleaſure, and are ſtill intent and eager after another morſel." This is not the caſe of a wiſe man; he is full; if any thing offers, he accepts it without any agitation, and lays it by; his joy is perfect and conſtant, becauſe it is his own: whereas the man, who, however good his diſpoſition, or whatever progreſs he hath made, hath not yet reached the ſummit of perfection, is alternately raiſed or depreſſed; one while lifted up to heaven, and now again thrown down upon the earth: nay to the ignorant and unſkilful, there is no end of their fall; down they go, as it were, into the *Epicurean* Chaos (or *Vacuum*) that knows no bounds.

There is a third ſort of men; who likewiſe pretend to wiſdom; but have not attained thereto: they keep it ſtill in ſight, and, if I may ſo expreſs it, can reach her with their hand (*d*); theſe ſtand their ground, ſo as not to make a ſlip: they are in the haven but not yet ſafe aſhore. Seeing then there is ſo great a diſparity between the higheſt and the loweſt, and even the middle ſtate is ſtill ſubject to ſtorms: and ſtill in danger of being carried out to ſea again; we muſt by no means indulge any avocation from this our ſtudy; one buſineſs will ſtill introduce another without end: we muſt therefore prevent them in their firſt riſe: it is better and eaſier not to ſuffer them to begin; than when once begun to put an end to them.

ANNO-

ANNOTATIONS, &c

(*a*) Lectum et otium] See Ep. 67. (N. c,) Plin. Ep. (4. 5.) Visus est sibi jacere in *lectulo* suo, compositus in habitum studentis. Caius Fannius *dreamt that he lay on his couch, in an undress, fit for study, with a desk as usual before him.* Orrery.

Non hæc in nostris, ut quondam scribimus, hortis;
Nec, consuete, meum, lectule, corpus habes. *Ovid.*
Not in the garden now, as erst, I write,
Nor on my usual couch these lines indite.

(*b*) Ep. 27. Aliquod potius bonum mansurum circumspice; nullum autem est nisi quod animus *ex se sibi* invenit: *sola virtus*, præstat gaudium, *perpetuum*, securum, &c. See also Epp. 23. (N. b.) 59.

(*c*) This distinction between the *complete* wise man, and the *proficient*, is frequent. See the foregoing Epistle, and Ep. 75. (N. b.) *Lipsius* Manud. ii. 9.

(*d*) Sub ictu habent.] As a mark, at which an archer hath taken aim, but hath not yet let fly his arrow. Or, alluding to the gladiators when they lift up their hands over an adversary, and are ready to strike. So *Lactantius*, vii. 12. Nec vim repellere potest, quia sub aspectum *et sub ictum* venit. *Gruter.*——Be that as it will, the sense is plain from the like expression in *Sen.* (de Benef. ii. 29) nihil mortale non *sub ictu* nostro positum—Its contrary we read in l. 7. Deum *contra ictum* sua divinitas posuit. *See* also De Vit. beat. c. 12. Ad Marciam, c. 19. Lucan. v. 729.

—— Quòd nolles stare *sub ictu*
Fortunæ, quo mundus erat, Romanaque fata,
Conjux sola fuit.——
See what new passions now the hero knows,
Now first he doubts success, and fears his foes;
Rome, *and the world he hazards in the strife,*
And gives up all to Fortune, *but his wife.* Rowe.

EPISTLE LXXIII.

On Philosophers,—considered as Friends to Government.

THEY seem to me, *Lucilius*, greatly mistaken, who think that such as have given up themselves strenuously to philosophy, are stubborn and refractory, despisers of magistrates and kings, and of all that bear office in the administration of public affairs (*a*). On the contrary, none are more grateful, none more affectionate; and with good reason; for to whom can we be more obliged, than to those by whose means we live in the enjoyment of ease and tranquillity? They therefore to whom a peaceful

peaceful government gives leiſure and opportunity of deſigning to live well and happily, cannot but think themſelves obliged to the kind author of this bleſſing, and honour him as a parent; much more than ſuch as are ever reſtleſs and buſy in public life; who owe many things to their princes and governors, yet ſtill think them in their debt for more; and whom no liberality can ſo fully oblige as to ſatisfy their deſires; which are ſtill increaſing the more they are indulged: for whoever is thinking upon what he is ſtill to receive, generally forgets what he has already received; nor hath covetouſneſs any greater evil attending it, than that it is ungrateful.

Add, moreover, that none of thoſe who are converſant in public affairs, conſider whom they may ſurpaſs, but by whom they may be ſurpaſſed in dignity; nor is it pleaſant to ſee many below them, as it is grievous to ſee one above them. Ambition of every kind hath this failing, never to regard what is paſt: nor is it ambition alone that is thus unſettled; but all manner of covetouſneſs; for wherever it leaves off, it begins again: whereas the man who is upright and ſincere, who hath left the court, the forum, and all concern for public buſineſs, that he may apply himſelf to ſomething greater, cannot but have a reſpect for thoſe who permit him to do this in ſafety: he acknowledgeth the favour, and is ever ready to give ample teſtimony of gratitude, as being obliged to them for a bleſſing, which they *unknowingly* have conferred upon him. As he admires and reverenceth his predeceſſors, by whoſe inſtructions he diveſts himſelf of all vice; ſo does he thoſe, under whoſe protection he freely exerciſeth the diſcipline of virtue.

But does not a king by his great power protect others likewiſe? who denies it? But as they, who have traded for the more precious wares on the ſame ſeas, think themſelves the more obliged to *Neptune* for a ſucceſsful voyage; and as a merchant pays his vows more heartily than a paſſenger; and as among the merchants he is more profuſely thankful, or has reaſon to be ſo, who hath brought over ſpices, and cochineal, and gold, than thoſe who have freighted a veſſel with ordinary things, that only ſupply the place of ballaſt; ſo the bleſſing of peace

belonging to all in general more deeply affects thoſe, who make a right uſe of it *(in cultivating the mind)*: for there are many in the retinue of the great, who find more work in peace than in war: and do you think they are under the ſame obligation for the enjoyment of peace, who are given to drunkenneſs, and riot, and other vices, which war alone can break off? unleſs perhaps you judge ſo unjuſtly of the wiſe man, as to ſuppoſe that he thinks himſelf in particular under no obligation for common bleſſings: for my part, I think myſelf indebted to the ſun and moon, though they riſe not to me alone; and I own an obligation to the ſeaſons, and the Almighty power that directs them, though they are not appointed to do me any particular honour. The fooliſh covetouſneſs of mortals makes a diſtinction between poſſeſſion and property, nor thinks any thing his own that belongs to the public: but the wiſe man judgeth nothing more his own, than what he enjoys in common with mankind (*b*): nor indeed could theſe be ſaid to be common unleſs every one partook of them: a participation of the leaſt portion whatever creates fellowſhip. Add now that what is great and truly *good*, cannot be ſo divided, as that part of it alone can be obtained by any ſingle perſon: no; the whole of it belongs to every one. A largeſs is diſtributed at ſo much a head; a treat, or dole (*c*), or whatever the hand can receive, may be divided into ſhares; but of ſuch an individual *good*, as peace or liberty, the whole belongs as much to all as to any ſingle perſon whatever: therefore the wiſe man conſiders by whoſe aſſiſtance he enjoys the benefit of theſe things, and by whoſe wiſe adminiſtration he is not compelled to bear arms, or keep watch, or guard the walls, and pay ſuch exorbitant taxes, as neceſſity requires in time of war; and therefore is thankful to his governor. For this too philoſophy eſpecially teacheth; to acknowledge favours; and duly, if poſſible, requite them; but ſometimes a bare acknowledgment ſerves for payment: he will acknowledge therefore that he is infinitely indebted to thoſe by whoſe wiſe adminiſtration and forecaſt he happens to enjoy fattening eaſe, and to be maſter of his own time, and to live undiſturbed by any public employ.

O melibæe, Deus nobis hæc otia fecit:
Namque erit ille mihi ſemper Deus.—

This

This ſoft retirement ſome kind God beſtow'd,
For never can I deem him leſs than God.

Now if ſuch pleaſurable times owe much to their Author, the great benefit whereof conſiſts only in this:

Ille meas errare boves, (ut cernis) et ipſum
Ludere quæ vellem, calamo permiſit agreſti. *Virg.* Ecl. i.

He gave my kine to graze the flowery plain,
And to my pipe renew'd the rural ſtrain.

Of how great value muſt we think that tranquillity which the gods enjoy, and which of man makes a *god!* Yes, *Lucilius*, thus it is: and thus in a compendious way, I even call you to heaven.

Sextius was wont to ſay, Jovem plus non poſſe quam bonum virum, Jupiter *could not do more than a good man (d).* *Jupiter* indeed hath the means to be more liberal to man; but among two men that are *good*, he is not the better who is the richer; any more than among two pilots, who are equally ſkilful in guiding and navigating a ſhip, you call him the better, who is maſter of the larger and finer veſſel. In what does *Jupiter* then excel a good man? He is *everlaſtingly good.* The wiſe man however does not think the worſe of himſelf becauſe his virtues are confined within a narrower ſpace. As of two wiſe men he that dies an old man is not happier than he whoſe virtue is terminated within a few years: ſo the gods excel not a wiſe man in happineſs, though they excel them in the duration of happineſs. Virtue is not greater for being of long duration: *Jupiter* poſſeſſeth all things, but he obligeth others with the uſe of them. This one enjoyment then belongs to him, that he is the cauſe of enjoyment to all others: the wiſe man likewiſe is pleaſed to ſee others enjoy theſe things; but deſpiſeth them with as much æquanimity as *Jupiter* himſelf: and in this admires himſelf the more, as *Jupiter* cannot uſe theſe vanities, and the wiſe man will not.

Let us therefore believe *Sextius* ſhewing us the moſt excellent way, and crying out, Hac itur ad aſtra, *this is the way to heaven*; this I ſay,

by frugality, by temperance, by fortitude. The gods are neither diſdainful, nor envious; they admit, and reach out their hands to, thoſe who are aſcending (*e*).—Do you wonder that men ſhould aſcend to the gods? God deſcends to men (*f*); or rather he dwells within them: there is no good man without God (*g*). The divine ſeeds are ſown in the human breaſt, which, if they meet with a good huſbandman, produce fruits like their original, and a divine crop ſprings up; but if with a bad huſbandman, they die as in a barren and marſhy ground; or bring forth cockle and weeds inſtead of corn (*h*).

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) *Seneca* (de Clem. ii. 5.) obſerves that this behaviour is frequently laid to the charge of the *Stoics* (Scio malè audire *apud imperitos* ſectam Stoicorum tanquam *nimis duram*, et minimè principibus regibuſque daturam bonum conſilium) ſed nulla ſecta benignior, leniorque eſt, nulla amantior hominum, et communibus bonis attentior; ut cui propoſitum ſit, uſui eſſe aut auxilio, nec ſibi tantum, ſed univerſis ſinguliſque conſulere. *Whereas there is no ſect more kind and gentle; none more a friend to mankind, and attentive to the common good; none more ready to aid and aſſiſt their friends when called upon; and to conſult the happineſs, not only of themſelves* (like the Epicureans,) *but of every individual*—Lipſius *Manud.* l. 151. enters further into a defence of the Stoics in this reſpect. But our buſineſs is to obſerve the ſame of the primitive Chriſtians, whoſe behaviour and writings ſufficiently clear them of the like charge. *Eſteem all men, love the brotherhood, fear God, honour the King.* i Pet. ii. 17. *Let every ſoul be ſubject unto the higher powers. For Rulers are not a terror to the evil: Wilt thou not be afraid of the power, do that which is good, and thou ſhalt have praiſe of the ſame: for he is the miniſter of God to thee for good.* Rom. xiii. 1—8. *I exhort therefore that, firſt of all, ſupplications, prayers, interceſſions, and giving of thanks be made for all men; for Kings, and for all that are in authority: that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life, in all godlineſs and honeſty.* i Tim. ii. 1, 2.

(*b*) This is another paradox of the Stoics, Omnia ſapientis; *the wiſe man poſſeſſeth every thing.* See Epp. 9. 12. 13. 62.—Cic. Parad. vi.—*Empir.* (contr. Mathem.) Qui ea poſſidet quæ ſunt magnæ æſtimationis et pretii, eſt dives, virtus autem eſt magnæ æſtimationis et pretii, ſoluſque ſapiens eam poſſidet; ſolus ergo eſt dives: *He that poſſeſſeth what is of great eſteem and value, cannot but be rich; virtue is of great eſteem and value; and the wiſe man alone poſſeſſeth virtue; therefore the wiſe man alone is rich.* See *Lipſ.* Manud. iii. 11.——And what ſay the Scriptures to this point? *They that ſeek the Lord ſhall not want any thing that is good.* Pſ. xxxiv. 10. *Wiſdom is a treaſure to men, which never faileth.* Wiſd. vii. 14, &c. *Seek ye firſt the kingdom of God, and his righteouſneſs, and all theſe things ſhall be added to you.* Matth. vi. 33.

(*c*) Viſceratio] The ſame word is uſed in Ep. 19. (ſee N. i.) but there it relates to a private ſacrifice or entertainment; and here to a public one, given by ſome prince or magiſtrate. *See* Plut. Quæſt. Conviv. 11.

(*d*) All this is ridiculous vanity, and one of the moſt objectionable points in the whole ſyſtem of Stoiciſm. The compariſon however runs ſmoothly enough under the character of *Jupiter*, whom the

the poets and others made ſo free with even from his *birth*. But what Chriſtian can bear ſuch expreſſions as, Quæris quæ res ſapientem efficit? Quæ DEUM, (Ep. 87) and the like? See Epp. 31. (N. e) 53. (N. k.)

(*e*) *The Lord is nigh to all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth.* Pſ. cxlv. 18.

(*f*) Deus ad homines venit, imo in homines.] Though the Stoic means no more here by the word Deus, *God*, than *right Reaſon*, which they held as (divinæ particula auræ) part of God: in a Chriſtian ſenſe, I think we may juſtly apply it to that of St. *John*. *The Word was made fleſh and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory*, &c. John i. 14. See Ep. 31. (N. d, h.) and particularly the following Note.

(*g*) *Hereby we know that we dwell in God and he in us, becauſe he hath given us of his Spirit.* 1 John iv. 13. *We have known and believe the love that God hath to us. God is love, and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him.* Ib. 16. *Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?* 1 Cor. iii. 16. vi. 19. *For it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleaſure.* Phil. ii. 13. See Ep. 41. (N. c.)

(*b*) See the parable of the Sower, Matth. xiii. 18. Luke viii. 5. See Ep. 38. (N. a.)

EPISTLE LXXIV.

On Virtue, and the Gifts of Fortune.

YOUR Epiſtle, my *Lucilius*, gave me great delight, and rouzed my drooping ſpirits: it alſo refreſhed my memory, which now begins to fail me. Why ſhould you not think this perſuaſion to be the chief means of an happy life, that *virtue is the only good* (*a*)? He that hath this opinion engraven on his heart, is happy in himſelf: for he that thinks there is any other *good*, ſubjects himſelf to the caprice of Fortune, and the pleaſure of others, having no will of his own. Such a one gives himſelf up to ſorrow at the loſs of his children; he is troubled at their being ſick, and greatly afflicted at their diſgrace: you will ſee him tortured with the love of another man's wife, or perhaps of his own.

own (*b*.) There are thoſe who cannot bear a repulſe of any kind, and thoſe whom honour itſelf fills with vexation.

But the greateſt part among the wretched crew of mortals are thoſe whom the expectation of death keeps in perpetual dread; as every where, and from every thing, impendent. Therefore as in an enemy's country a man is obliged to look about him, and apt to be ſtartled at every the leaſt noiſe, unleſs the *fear of death* be eradicated from the mind it is impoſſible to live, but with an aching heart. Here we meet with ſuch as are baniſhed, and turned out of their poſſeſſions; in another place with (what is the moſt grievous ſort of indigence) thoſe who are poor amidſt plenty of wealth: we meet alſo with ſome that have been ſhipwreck'd; and others that have ſuffered as great afflictions; whom popular fury (*c*) or envy (that pernicious plague to the beſt of men) hath flung down from their height of grandeur, when they thought themſelves quite ſafe and ſecure; like a ſtorm, that riſeth in the ſea at the time of an aſſured calm; or like a ſudden burſt of thunder, at the ſound whereof all things around tremble: for as in this caſe, he that ſtands near where the fire falls is not leſs terrified, than if he had been ſtricken with it; ſo, in theſe forceful accidents, calamity ſtrikes one perſon, and fear many; and the poſſibility of ſuffering affects not leſs with painful ſorrow than the ſuffering itſelf: the ſudden affliction of others harraſſeth the minds of all about them: as the ſound of an uncharged ſling terrifieth the birds; ſo are we frightened, not by any ſtroke, but a mere noiſe.

No one therefore can be happy without being diveſted of this timidity: nothing can be happy but what is intrepid: it is a miſerable life to live in ſuſpenſe and fear: who gives himſelf up to the dread of accidents, creates himſelf an infinite deal of trouble, very difficult to be got rid of. The only way wherein to walk ſecurely, is to deſpiſe all external things, and be ſatisfied with doing what is right and fit (*d*). For he that thinks there is any thing that excels virtue, or that there is any other good, opens his breaſt to the caſual largeſs of Fortune, and expects it with great anxiety. Form in your mind this picture; Fortune

Fortune proclaims an holiday; and among the crowd of mortals aſſembled on this occaſion diſtributes her favours, riches and honours, ſome of which, among the hands of the ſcramblers, are torn and greatly abuſed; other favours are unfairly divided among faithleſs companions; others prove of great detriment to the receivers; among whom are ſome who were thinking of nothing leſs than ſuch favours; others by graſping at too much, get nothing; or by greedily catching at more, loſe what they have got; and even they who have happily ſucceeded, enjoy the fruits of their rapine but a little while. Therefore ſuch as are moſt prudent, as ſoon as the *play* begins, quit the theatre, well knowing that ſuch trifles often coſt a man very dear. Diſdainful of her favours, no one contends with him that retires; no one ſtrikes him who is going off; the conteſt is there only, where the prize is exhibited. Thus it is with regard to thoſe things which Fortune ſcatters at random from above. We labour, and ſweat, wretched creatures as we are; we crowd; we are torn in pieces; we wiſh Nature had given us more hands: we look with envy upon one man, and then upon another; Fortune is dilatory; her gifts ſeem too ſlowly to fall to our lot; they provoke our appetite; and though few can enjoy them, yet all expect them; we are eager to come in Fortune's way, and rejoice to have got a chance; or are grieved at being diſappointed; we ſuffer ſome great detriment to obtain a booty, which if obtained deceives us, by being of little or no value. Let us therefore retire from theſe idle ſports, and give them up to the ſcramblers; let them hanker after theſe uncertain gifts, and live for ever in ſuſpenſe. Whoever deſires to be happy, let him think that *whatever is, is right*; if he thinks otherwiſe, he by no means judgeth rightly of Providence; ſince many inconveniencies happen to juſt men, and ſince whatever is our lot, it is but of ſhort duration in compariſon of the time paſt, and to come. From this murmuring it follows, that we are very ungrateful interpreters of divine matters; we are continually complaining, that we enjoy but few things, and them not always, or at beſt they are uncertain, and of ſhort duration: and from hence it is, that we neither wiſh to live, nor wiſh to die: we grumble at life, and are afraid of death: our thoughts are ever wavering, and no felicity whatever can fill our minds with com-

placency and ſatisfaction. Now, the reaſon of this is, we are not come to that immenſe and ſuperlative *good*, where the *will* muſt neceſſarily ſtop; for, beyond the laſt and *chief good* there is no room for progreſſion.

Do you aſk, *Lucilius*, why virtue knows no want? It is becauſe ſhe rejoiceth in what ſhe has, nor hankereth after what ſhe has not: every thing is great to her, becauſe, be it what it will, it ſatisfies. Set aſide this opinion, and there can be no piety, no fidelity; as many things, which are called evil, muſt be endured by him who deſires to perform his duty in theſe two points; and many things of thoſe we call good, and are therefore fond of, expended: there can be no fortitude, which cannot be known but upon trial: there can be no magnanimity, but when diſplayed in contemning thoſe things which the vulgar look upon as the greateſt bleſſings; all courteſy is loſt, and the requital of a good turn accounted unneceſſary labour, if we think any thing preferable to a faithful diſcharge of duty, and the purſuit of what is beſt.

But to paſs by theſe, either ſuch things as are good, are not ſo, or man is happier than God: becauſe the things that are provided for us, God hath no need of for his own uſe; no inordinate pleaſures, no banquetings, no wealth, nor any of thoſe things that decoy and enſnare man with the vile bait of pleaſure, belong to God. Therefore either (what is incredible) God muſt want ſuch things as are *good*; or, this is an argument that ſuch things are not good, becauſe God does not want them. Add alſo, that of many things which unto man ſeem *good*, other animals enjoy a greater portion: they eat with a better appetite; they cloy not themſelves with love; their ſtrength is greater, and more conſtantly firm; from whence it would follow, they are happier than man; foraſmuch too, as they live without malice, and diſhoneſty; and enjoy their pleaſures more abundantly and eaſier, without fear either of ſhame or repentance.

Conſider therefore, *Lucilius*, whether that can be called *good*, in which man ſurpaſſeth God: no, as the ſeat of the chief good is in the mind,

mind, it loſeth all its value when transferred from the beſt part of us to the worſt; and even to the ſenſes, which are ſtronger and more alert in many brute beaſts. The ſum of our happineſs conſiſts not in gratifying the fleſh (*e*). That only is the *true good*, which is preſcribed by reaſon; ſolid, and everlaſting; which cannot decreaſe or be diminiſhed: other things are good merely in fancy and opinion; they may have the name of *good*, but without propriety: let them be called, if you pleaſe, *conveniencies*, or, as we ſay, revenues; but we muſt conſider them as conveyed over to us for a time, not our certain portion; we may have them, but muſt remember at the ſame time they are foreign to us; even if we have them, I ſay, we muſt look upon them as too low and mean for a man to pride himſelf in: for what can be more fooliſh than to vaunt of thoſe things which a man hath not done himſelf *(f)*? They may come near to us, but not cleave ſo cloſe to us, as when taken away to diſtract and tear the man; we may uſe them, but not glory in them; and we muſt uſe them ſparingly too, as things depoſited with us, only for a ſeaſon (*g*).

Whoever poſſeſſeth theſe worldly goods, without regard to reaſon, holds them on a weak tenure; even happineſs becomes a burthen to itſelf, if it be not uſed with diſcretion: if it hath truſted in ſuch tranſitory goods, it ſoon finds itſelf deſerted; or if not deſerted, chagrined and caſt down: few men can forego their happineſs calmly and gradually; the generality fall at once with all their grandeur; and the very things that exalted them, now ſerve only to depreſs them. Providence therefore, which teacheth moderation and parſimony, muſt be timely applied, becauſe a diſordinate liberty hurries on the deſtruction of its own wealth; nor can ever ſo great an abundance laſt long, unleſs conducted and reſtrained by inſtructive reaſon. This is manifeſt from what hath befallen many large cities, which, in their moſt flouriſhing ſtate, have been ruined by licentiouſneſs, and whoſe luxury and intemperance have deſtroyed all that valour and virtue had gained.

We muſt be guarded againſt theſe accidents: but as no wall is impregnable againſt the power of fortune, we muſt be well armed within:

if this the better part be ſafe, a man indeed may be aſſaulted, but he cannot be taken. And if you deſire to know how he muſt be armed, let him not repent or repine at any thing that may befal him; and know, that thoſe things which ſeem to hurt *him*, tend however to the preſervation of the whole; and without which the order and courſe of the world would be defective. Let whatever hath pleaſed God, pleaſe man (*h*). Let him admire and reverence himſelf, and all that belongs to him on this account; that he cannot be overcome; that he is above misfortune; that he can ſubdue by reaſon (than which nothing is more powerful) chance, pain, or injury.—Love Reaſon: the love of Reaſon will arm you againſt the ſevereſt troubles. Affection for their young, drives the wild beaſts into toils; whom otherwiſe their natural ferocity and raſh vehemence render untameable. A thirſt of glory hath impelled ſome young and brave diſpoſitions to the contempt of fire and ſword; even the reſemblance or ſhadow of virtue hath forced others upon a voluntary death (*i*). Now by how much ſtronger and more conſtant than all theſe incitements Reaſon is, by ſo much the more ſtrenuouſly will it make its way through all manner of dread and danger. But you will ſay, that "we contradict ourſelves, when we deny there is any "other *good* but the *honeſtum*, *(what is right and fit)*; or pretend that "this is a ſufficient protection againſt fortune: foraſmuch as we allow "a place among good things to dutiful children, affectionate parents, "and a people of good and ſound morals; and that we cannot ſee any "of theſe in danger without concern: or not be troubled if our country "is beſieged, if our children die, or our parents are carried into "ſlavery." Now, I will firſt lay down what anſwer is generally made for us, to ſuch as make theſe objections; and then I will add what further anſwer, I think, may be given them.

I. Very different is the nature of things; ſome, when taken away from us, ſubſtitute in their room what may be diſagreeable and hurtful to us; as a good ſtate of health, when impaired, turns to ſickneſs; and the ſight of the eyes, when extinguiſhed, affects us with blindneſs; or if the hamſtring be cut, not only our ſpeed is taken away, but perpetual lameneſs enſues. But there is no ſuch danger in the things before

ſpoken

ſpoken of: if I have loſt a faithful friend, there is no reaſon that perfidiouſneſs ſhould ſupply his place; or if I have buried a dutiful child, that impiety ſhould ſucceed him: neither by their deaths have I loſt either the friend or the child, but their bodies only. Good is to be loſt but one way; by being changed into evil; which is contrary to the nature of things; becauſe every virtue, and every effect of virtue, remain incorruptible. Beſides, though our friends, and dutiful children, anſwering every wiſh of a fond parent, have died; there is ſtill ſomething to ſupply their place: even *virtue*, that alſo made *them* good.

Virtue ſuffers no vacancy in the place ſhe inhabits; ſhe fills the whole ſoul; takes away the ſenſibility of any loſs, and is of herſelf ſufficient: for in *her* conſiſts the origin and ſtrength of all *good*. What matters it if a ſtream be interrupted or cut off, if the fountain from whence it flowed be ſtill alive? You will not call a man more juſt, more temperate, more prudent, more honeſt, and conſequently a better man, becauſe his children are either alive or dead; a goodly troop of friends make not a man more wiſe, nor the want of them more fooliſh; and conſequently not more happy in himſelf, nor more wretched. So long as virtue is preſerved entire, you cannot be ſenſible of any loſs. What then? is not a man the happier for being ſurrounded with friends and children? perhaps not; for the *chief good* is not to be dimniſhed or encreaſed: it ever remains in its proper ſtation; let Fortune behave herſelf as ſhe pleaſes, whether a man hath reached a good old age, or died in his prime, the meaſure of the *chief good* is ſtill the ſame, whatever difference there may be in years. Whether you deſcribe a larger circle or a leſs, the difference relates only to the ſpace, not to the form of it: though one remains a long while, and you obliterate the other, the form was ſtill the ſame in both: what is right and fit, is not meaſured by greatneſs, or number, or time; it cannot be extended or contracted. Reduce a virtuous life, as much as you pleaſe, from an hundred years to one day, it is equally a virtuous life. Virtue is, one while, expanded; and diſplays itſelf in the government of cities, kingdoms, provinces; it cultivates friendſhips; and diſpenſeth its good offices among our neighbours and children; at another time, it is con-

tracted within the narrow bounds of poverty, baniſhment, ſolitude; without a child, without a friend; yet it is not the leſs, for being reduced, from grandeur to a private ſtate; from royalty to a mean condition; or from the enjoyment of a ſpacious field of liberty, to the ſcanty boundaries of an houſe, or a little cell; nay, it is equally great, if, being every where extended, it retires into itſelf; foraſmuch as it ſtill keeps up a great and noble ſpirit, is ſtrictly prudent, and inflexibly juſt; conſequently is equally happy: for this happineſs is ſituated in one and the ſame place; it is fixed in the mind, ever ſteady, grand, and tranquil: which cannot be effected without the knowledge of things both human and divine. But,

II. With regard to what I propoſed as a further anſwer from my own opinion---A wiſe man is not afflicted at the loſs of children or friends, for he bears *their* death with the ſame firmneſs of mind that he expects *his own:* he no more fears the one, than he grieves at the other. Virtue conſiſts in the fitneſs of things, and all her works in their agreement and conſonancy thereto: now, this concord is diſſolved; if the mind, which ought to be ſublime and ſtately, ever ſubmits to demean itſelf with grief and ſorrow: all manner of trepidation, anxiety or remiſſneſs in any action is unfit and diſhonourable. For the *honeſtum (virtue)* is ſecure, expeditious, unterrified, and prepared againſt all events. What then? will not a wiſe man be obliged to ſuffer ſomething, that looks, at leaſt, like perturbation (*l*)? Will he not ſometimes change colour; his countenance be diſordered; his limbs tremble; or whatever elſe happens, not by command of the will, but by a certain unadviſed impulſe of nature? It may be ſo, but ſtill he will retain the ſame perſuaſion, that none of theſe things are evils, nor worthy that a ſound mind ſhould grieve, much leſs deſpond on this account. All that is poſſible to be done, or he ought to do, will be performed with earneſtneſs and courage.

It is conſummate folly for men to do what they do, with regret, idly and frowardly; to have the body impelled one way and the mind another; and to be diſtracted with a variety of contrary motions. Hence

it is, that where they expect admiration and honour, they meet with ſhame and contempt; nor do they undertake thoſe things willingly and with affection, wherein they glory: if any evil is apprehended, they are diſturbed with the expectation of it, as if it were really come; and what they are afraid leſt they ſhould ſuffer, they ſuffer through fear. As in our bodies certain ſymptoms precede a fit of ſickneſs, a ſudden liſtleſſneſs ſeizeth upon the nerves, we gape and yawn, and, without any toil, wearineſs and a ſhivering run through the limbs; ſo, an infirm mind, before it is oppreſſed with any evil, is ſhaken; it anticipates the evil, and ſubmits to an untimely fall. But what can be more ridiculous, than to be troubled for what is not yet come to paſs? not to reſerve, as it were, one's ſelf for it; but to provoke miſery and call it to ourſelves, when it is certainly the beſt way to put it off as long as poſſible, though it cannot be prevented? Would you know, why no one ought to torment himſelf with what is to come? Conſider, when a criminal has got a reprieve for fifty years, he is no longer troubled at the thoughts of his puniſhment, unleſs he ſkips over the intermediate ſpace, and flings himſelf upon anxiety an age beforehand; in like manner it happens, that even former ills, and ſuch as ought to have been forgotten, diſturb the minds of thoſe who are voluntarily ſick, and catch at every cauſe of grief and pain: whereas, both the evils that are paſt, and ſuch as are to come, are alike abſent; we feel neither the one nor the other; and there can be no real pain, but from what we at preſent feel.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

(*a*) —— Neque ulla officii præcepta firma, ſtabilia, conjuncta naturæ tradi poſſunt, niſi aut ab iis qui *ſolam*, aut ab iis qui maximè *honeſtatem* propter ſe dicant expetendam. Cic. (de Off. l. 2.) *Neither can any firm, permanent, or natural rule of duty, be laid down, but by thoſe who eſteem* virtue *to be the ſole, or by thoſe, who deem her to be the chief object of deſire.* See Ep. 71. (N. b.)

(*b*) Like *Mecænas.* Ep. 19. But I believe examples may be found in every age.

(*c*) As lately in this our metropolis, ſee Ep. 8. (N. b.)

(*d*) *He that walketh uprightly, walketh ſecurely.* Prov. x. 9. xxviii. 18. *Who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?* 1 Pet. iii. 13.

(*e*) *It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the fleſh profiteth nothing.* John vi. 63. *For they that are in the fleſh cannot pleaſe God.* Rom. viii. 1, 13. *Remember that ye were in time paſt Gentiles in the fleſh, aliens from the commonwealth in* Iſrael, *having no hope, and without God in the world. But now ye are*

no

no more ſtrangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the ſaints and of the houſhold of God. Epheſ. ii. 11, 19. *See alſo* Rom. vii. 6. ix. 8. Gal. v. 16, 19. Phil. iii. 3, 11. Cor. vii. 1. i Pet. iv. 2, 6. ii John, 15, 17.

(*f*) Nam quæ non fecimus ipſi
Vix ea noſtra voco. *Ovid.* Met. 13, 140.
We cannot call another's deeds our own.

(*g*) *Conveniencies*, commoda Ευχρηστα. Thus ſaith the Lord, *Let not the wiſe man* glory *in his wiſdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his ſtrength, nor let the rich man glory in his riches; but let him that gloryeth, glory in this, that he underſtandeth and knoweth me that I am the Lord.* Jer. ix. 23. i Cor. i. 31. ii Cor. x. 17. *But this I ſay, the time is ſhort: it remaineth that they that rejoice as though they rejoiced not; and they that buy as though they poſſeſſed not; and they that uſe this world as not abuſing it; for the faſhion of this world paſſeth away.* i Cor. vii. 29.

(*h*) Reſting aſſured, as before, that *whatever is, is right.* Thy will be done. Matth. vi. 10.

(*i*) I know not but that we may juſtly apply this to the *Decii, Curtius*, and other antient Heathens, animated with expectation of immortal fame after death; who had ſome excuſe for thus *glorying in their ſhame*; but are by no means to be ſet up for our guides or patterns, in the ordinary ſituation of human life.

(*k*) Ep. 120. Magnam rem puta, unum hominem agere. *D. Ambroſ.* Ep. 83.—Vetus dictum eſt, adſueſce *unus* eſſe; ut vita tua quandam picturam exprimat, eandem ſervans imaginem, quam acceperit. *Endeavour to be always one and the ſame; repreſenting a laſting picture.* See Ep. 20. (N. b.)

(*l*) See Ep. 57. (N. d.) 75. (N. e.)

EPISTLE LXXV.

Our Actions muſt agree with our Words.—There are certain Degrees in the Way to Perfection.

YOU are pleaſed, *Lucilius*, to complain, that my Epiſtles are not ſo accurate as uſual: he that ſtudies to ſpeak accurately, generally ſpeaks affectedly: in the ſame free and eaſy ſtile that I would converſe with you, were we ſitting or walking together, I would fain write my Epiſtles; without any thing forced or diſguiſed by art. If it were poſſible, I ſhould chuſe to expreſs my mind rather by ſigns than words. Even

Even were I diſputing, I would not ſtamp with my feet or toſs about my hands, or raiſe my voice; I would leave ſuch geſtures and vociferation to public orators, being ſatisfied with conveying to you my meaning, without endeavouring to adorn, and explain it away: and of this one thing I ſhould be glad to convince you, that I ſpeak as I think; that whatever I advance, I not only *believe* myſelf, but *love* it alſo. Men ſalute not their children with that ardency they do their miſtreſſes, yet even in that ſacred and moderate embrace they give ſufficient teſtimony of their affection. However I would not what I write on theſe great matters ſhould be dry and jejune; nor indeed does philoſophy renounce all manner of wit and humour: yet there is no neceſſity for taking much pains in ſeeking proper words. Let this be the ſum of our intention, to ſpeak what we think, and to think what we ſpeak: let our ſpeech agree with our conduct in life. He hath fulfilled his engagements, who, both when you ſee, and when you hear, him, is the ſame man. We ſhall ſoon ſee, what, and how great a man he is, whoſe importance conſiſts in ever being one and the ſame (*a*).

Our words muſt be formed rather to inſtruct, than to pleaſe; yet, if a man is not over-anxious after eloquence, if it flows naturally, without pains or affectation, let him uſe and employ it on the moſt worthy ſubjects; yet ſo as to diſplay the thing deſign'd, rather than his own vanity. Other arts belong wholly to ingenuity and fancy; but here the very ſoul is concerned. The ſick man enquires not after an eloquent phyſician, one that can prattle, but one that can cure him. But ſhould it ſo happen, that the ſame perſon who knows how to cure, can alſo harangue fluently and neatly upon what he is about, let it be taken in good part; there is no reaſon however the patient ſhould congratulate himſelf upon the happineſs of having ſo facetious a doctor; for this is no more a neceſſary qualification in a phyſician, than for a ſkilful pilot to be an handſome man. (I ſhould ſay, were it my caſe, " why do you tickle my ears? why do you ſtudy to delight me? " This is not our preſent buſineſs, I am to be cauterized, to be lanced, " * to be almoſt ſtarved: you are called in to preſcribe ſuch things, in " order to cure an old, ſtubborn, and grievous diſeaſe; you have as

" much

" much buſineſs cut out for you, as for a phyſician in time of peſti-
" lence; and do you think that talking is all you have to do? it will
" be time enough to talk and even to rejoice, if you can perform a
" cure." (Or without a metaphor) When will you learn the many things that are to be learned? When will you ſo fix them in the mind that they cannot be eraſed? When will you put them to trial? For it is not enough to treaſure up theſe like other things in the memory; they muſt be called forth to action. He is not the happy man, who knoweth theſe things, but he that *doeth* them.

What then, is there no degrees below ſuch a one? Is a man exalted at once to the perfection of wiſdom? I think not. For though a man, who has made a beginning, may ſtill be reckoned among the ignorant, yet there is a wide difference between them; as there is even among the proficients themſelves (*c*); who are divided, according to ſome, into three claſſes: the firſt are they (*d*), who, though they have not reached wiſdom, are come to the borders of it; and being only near, are ſtill *without*: I mean thoſe, who having laid aſide all vicious paſſions and affections, are come to the knowledge of what is right; but they have not put their confidence to trial, nor their good in practice: yet even now, there is no fear of their relapſing into thoſe vices they have ſolemnly eſchewed; they are arrived there, from whence they cannot go back: but this is not as yet manifeſt to themſelves; or, as I have elſewhere expreſſed myſelf in a former Epiſtle, they *are ignorant of their own knowledge*; they are ſo happy as to enjoy their *good*, but not ſo happy as to confide therein. Some conſider theſe proficients of whom I am ſpeaking, as men who have eſcaped the diſeaſes of the mind, but not being as yet entire maſters of their affections, they ſtill walk in ſlippery places, becauſe no one is out of the reach of malignity, but he that hath entirely thrown it off; and no one hath entirely thrown it off, but he that hath ſubſtituted virtue in its room.

I have ſhewn you, *Lucilius*, the difference between the diſeaſes of the mind and the affections (*e*); and ſhall now remind you of it again. The diſeaſes of the mind are inveterate and ſtubborn vices, ſuch as avarice, and

and vain-glorious ambition: when they have infected the mind, and begin to fix a perpetual reſidence therein. In a word, it is a grievous diſeaſe, when the judgment is ſo perverted as to be pertinacious of trifles; as if thoſe things that are attainable by the ſlighteſt means were to be purſued with all our might; or thus, if you pleaſe:—to deſire that over-vehemently, which ought ſcarcely to be wiſhed for, or perhaps not at all *(f)*; and to hold *that* in great eſteem, which deſerves but little, or perhaps contempt. But the affections are certain motions of the mind, unaccountable, ſudden, and violent, which being frequent, and for a while neglected, introduce a troubleſome malady; as a ſmall defluxion of rheum, not yet grown conſtitutional, cauſeth a cough; but by continuance and neglect brings on a confirmed aſthma. Therefore, they who have made the greateſt proficiency in the way we are ſpeaking of, however ſubject to the affections, yet being free from the diſeaſes of the mind, come neareſt to the adepts in wiſdom.

The ſecond ſort are they who have thrown off the greateſt evils of the mind, and all untoward paſſions; yet not ſo as to be in full poſſeſſion of their ſecurity; for 'tis poſſible they may relapſe.

A third ſort are they who have taken leave of many and great vices, but not all. They avoid covetouſneſs, but are ſtill ſubject to anger: they are not ſolicited by voluptuouſneſs, but ſtill are ambitious; they are not much tortured by deſire, but they ſtill live in fear; but even amidſt their fear, the mind is ſufficiently firm againſt ſome things, yet yields to others; it deſpiſeth death, yet dreads to ſuffer pain.

Let us reflect a little upon the laſt order; it were well if we were admitted even here: by a particular felicity of nature, and by continual ſtudy and application of the mind, a place in the ſecond is attainable; yet the third has its merit. Conſider what numberleſs evils are ſpread around: there is no ſin but what you ſee exemplified: wickedneſs is daily making greater progreſs both in public and private life: and you will learn from hence, that it is ſomewhat commendable, not to be ſo wicked as the reſt of the world. But, you ſay, you hope to be admit-

ted of an higher order. This indeed is what I could rather wiſh for ourſelves than promiſe: we ſeem pre-engaged: we aim at virtue, but are buſied in vice: I am aſhamed to ſay it, we follow what is good only as opportunity ſerves (*g*).

But how great will be our reward if we throw off our preſent engagements, and releaſe ourſelves from theſe bonds! So ſhall no unwarrantable deſire nor fear aſſail us; unharraſſed by terrors, uncorrupted by pleaſures, we ſhall fear neither death, nor the power of the gods; we ſhall know that death is no evil, and the gods too good to be the authors of evil (*h*): he that hurteth is as weak as he that is hurt: the beſt things have no noxious qualities. If then we diſengage ourſelves from theſe dregs, and riſe to the ſublime and noble height of wiſdom; tranquillity of mind, and abſolute liberty, all ſin and error excluded, will be our portion (*i*). And what is this, but not to fear man below, nor dread the powers above; not to will what is baſe and vile, nor covet ſuperabundance; and eſpecially to have an abſolute command over ourſelves? for believe me, *Lucilius*, to be maſter of one's ſelf, is to be in poſſeſſion of an ineſtimable treaſure.

ANNOTATIONS, &c.

I cannot but think, the former part of this Epiſtle inſtead of concluding this Volume, would have ſerved very well for a Preface to it; but ſuppoſing ſomewhat more would be required, I endeavour'd to oblige the courteous reader therewith.

(*a*) See Ep. 20. (N. b.) 35. 74. (N. k.)

* I have ſomewhere before obſerved that the *phyſicians* of old, were likewiſe *ſurgeons*. So, in *Homer*, λ. 832.

Ιητροὶ μὲν γὰρ ποδαλειριος ἠδὲ Μαχαων.——
Of two fam'd ſurgeons Podolarius *ſtands*
This hour ſurrounded by the Trojan *bands*;
And great Machaon *wounded, in his tent*,
Now wants the ſuccour, which ſo oft he lent. Pope.

Who obſerves in his Note, that *Machaon* in having cured *Philoctetes*, was an abler phyſician than *Chiron*, who could not cure himſelf of the like poiſonous wound.

They are ſtill ſo abroad; as under a print of my friend, the incomparable *Handel's* father, there is a *German* inſcription, to the following purpoſe:

This print George Handel's *pourtraiture diſplays*;
'Tis hard to ſay, which moſt demands our praiſe,
His dextrous hand, or well experienc'd art,
In the phyſician's, *or the* ſurgeon's *part*.

(*b*) See

(*b*) See Ep. 16. (N. c.) 20. (N. a.) *If ye know theſe things, happy are ye if ye do them.* John xiii. 17. *Not the hearers of the law are juſt before God, but the doers of the law ſhall be juſtified.* Rom. ii. 15. *Be ye doers of the word, not hearers only, deceiving your own ſelves,* &c. James i. 22. See alſo Matth. vii. 21.

(*c*) See Ep. 71. 72. (N. c.) *Noſtrum vitium eſt,* qui quod dicitur de ſapiente, exigimus et a proficiente. *Sen.* (de vit. beat. c. 24.) *We are much to blame if we expect from the proficient the perfection of a wiſe man.*

(*d*) Stobæ. 101. Ὁ δ' ἐπ' ἀκρων προκοπτων, ἅπαντα πάντως ἀποδιδωσι τὰ καθήκοντα, κ. τ. λ. *Chryſippus* aſſerts, *that though a proficient of the firſt claſs ſhould do every thing, and leave nothing undone, that becomes a good man; yet his life cannot be ſaid to be completely happy, until theſe ordinary actions are worked up into habit, and a peculiar firmneſs and conſtancy of mind.*

(*e*) *Cicero* often confounds them, and calls *affections* diſeaſes.—Tuſcul. iv.—Intelligatur perturbationem (*Senecæ*, affectum) jactantibus ſe opinionibus inconſtanter et turbide, in motu eſſe ſemper; cum autem hic fervor concitatio que animi inveteraverit, et tanquam in venis medulliſque inſederit, tum exiſtit et morbus. *Let us then underſtand* perturbation, (*called by Seneca* affection) *to imply a reſtleſſneſs from the variety and confuſion of contradictory opinions*; and that when *this heat or diſturbance of the mind is of any ſtanding, and has taken up its reſidence, as it were, in the veins and marrow, then commence diſeaſes and ſickneſs, and thoſe averſions which are in oppoſition to them.*

(*f*) The like definition in *Laertius*; Νοσημα, ἐστίν οτιοῦν σφοδρα δοκοῦντος αἱρετὸν· *It is a diſeaſe, to ſet ſo high a value upon any thing, however deſirable.*

(*g*) See Ep. 52. (N. a.)

(*b*) This reminds me of the extravagant rant in *Randolph's* Muſes' Looking-glaſs.—

Aphobos. "What can there be
"That I ſhould fear? The gods? If they be good,
"'Tis ſin to fear them: if not good, no gods;
"And then let them fear *me.*"——Act ii. Sc. 2.

(*i*) *Who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good? But if ye ſuffer for righteouſneſs ſake, happy are you; be not afraid of their terror, neither be troubled, but ſanctify the Lord God in your hearts,* &c. 1 Pet. iii. 13.

I ſhall conclude this volume, with an obſervation from *Cicero's Lælius*, pertinent to this Epiſtle. "I would not be thought (ſays he) to adopt the ſentiments of thoſe ſpeculative moraliſts, who pretend that no man can juſtly be deemed *virtuous*, who is not arrived at that ſort of abſolute perfection, which conſtitutes, according to their ideas, the character of genuine wiſdom. This opinion may appear true, perhaps, in theory, but is altogether inapplicable to any uſeful purpoſe of ſociety; as it ſuppoſes a degree of virtue, to which no mortal was ever capable of riſing.—In my opinion, whoever reſtrains his paſſions within the bounds of reaſon, and uniformly acts, in all the various relations of life, upon one ſteady conſiſtent principle of approved honour, juſtice, and beneficence, that man is, in reality, as well as in common eſtimation, ſtrictly and truly *good:* inaſmuch as he regulates his conduct (ſo far, I mean, as is compatible with human frailty) by a conſtant obedience to thoſe beſt guides of moral rectitude, *the ſacred laws of Nature.*"——So far *Cicero*; and his elegant tranſlator, as a good and grateful Chriſtian, is pleaſed to add his acknowledgment of the ſuperior excellency of divine revelation; "which not only exhorts to virtue, upon motives far more ſuitable to the moral conſtitution and circumſtances of human nature, but ſupplies in the perſon of its ſacred Author, that real and animating example of *conſummate* perfection, which the diſciples of *Zeno* could only form to themſelves in *imagination.*" (Remark, N. 19.)—Moreover, though it is certain, on the Chriſtian ſcheme, that ever ſince the apoſtacy and rebellion in Paradiſe, *he that faith*

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he hath no ſin deceives himſelf, and there is no truth in him; yet it is alſo certain that there have been in all ages, and ſtill are, we truſt, many who ſo earneſtly give their hearts unto wiſdom, as to act upon ſteady principles, imbibed by a virtuous education, and their own ſtrong ſenſe; and who ſo live in the fear of God, with due reſpect to his Commandments, that notwithſtanding many human frailties and infirmities, they come under the ſcriptural title of *good* and righteous men, *the ſons of wiſdom, and the children of God*; who, we truſt, will be graciouſly pleaſed to accept our hearty endeavours inſtead of performance, and our ſincerity inſtead of perfection. T. M.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.